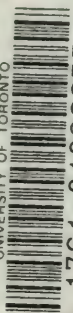


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 01098855 8

HANDBOUND
AT THE



UNIVERSITY OF
TORONTO PRESS



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

THE BRUCE;

AND

WALLACE;

PUBLISHED

FROM TWO ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS

PRESERVED IN THE LIBRARY OF THE FACULTY
OF ADVOCATES.

WITH

NOTES, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES,
AND A GLOSSARY.

A NEW EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

GLASGOW:
MAURICE OGLE & CO.
1869.

LE
B25955

THE BRUCE;

OR,
THE METRICAL HISTORY
OF
ROBERT I. KING OF SCOTS.

BY MASTER JOHN BARBOUR,

ARCHDEACON OF ABERDEEN.

PUBLISHED FROM A MANUSCRIPT DATED M.CCCC.LXXXIX.

WITH
NOTES, AND A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

By JOHN JAMIESON, D.D.

A NEW EDITION.



GLASGOW:
MAURICE OGLE & CO.

1869.

480950
4.11.48

DA

783

.4

A2 B2

1869

NOTE BY THE PUBLISHERS.

THE present issue of Barbour's National Poem is—with the exception of a few trivial, but necessary, alterations in the Notes—a verbatim reprint of Dr. Jamieson's edition of 1820, with which the Poem reads page for page.

The reputation of Dr. Jamieson for scrupulous accuracy as an editor has been amply sustained by this Work, which was carefully printed from the Manuscript in the Advocates' Library—the only complete MS. of the Poem extant.

As the impression was limited, and the Work much esteemed, copies seldom occur for sale, and when they do they can only be had at a very high price.

These considerations have induced the Publishers to make the present volume the first of a Series of moderate-priced Works in Early Scottish Literature.

P R E F A C E .

EVERY nation has testified the greatest veneration for her ancient poets. She has honoured them, not merely as the stars that have first illuminated her horizon with the rays of genius, but as the guardians of her early history, and the depositaries of her former language, manners, rites, and modes of thinking. This attachment, far from being confined to nations during their uncivilized state, has continued to characterize them when most celebrated for refinement. Every one knows the high honours paid to their first poetical writers by Greece and Rome, even when they had reached the zenith of their glory.

With these it is not meant to compare the more humble writers of our own country. But they are to us what Homer, and Æschylus, and Ennius, were to the Greeks and Romans. It has, therefore, been matter of regret with those who feel a patriotic attachment to our early lore, that we have hitherto had no authentic editions of some of the first productions of the northern part of our island. The interest, of late excited by these, is by no means confined to one

division of Britain. The friends of the ancient literature of England are now convinced, that many of the obsolete terms, used by the earliest writers of the south, must be elucidated from the north.

Among all our writers, next to Thomas of Ercildoun, the well-known *Barbour*, the historian of Robert Bruce, has an undoubted claim to priority.

The best edition of this Poem, which has yet appeared, is that of Mr. Pinkerton, A. 1790. But the learned editor, though he did all in his power to obtain a faithful copy of the manuscript, is satisfied, that, as he had not an opportunity of examining it himself, the work is in many respects inaccurate. He, therefore, with laudable candour, has, in common with many other literary friends, for some years past, urged the writer of this Preface to undertake a new edition.

It was not till nearly a century after the age of Barbour, that *Henry the Minstrel* appeared; and it must be acknowledged, that his history of Wallace has much more of romance than the work of the Arch-deacon of Aberdeen. Yet, as it has been always extremely popular, and contains many curious *traits* of ancient manners, while it glows with that ardent spirit of patriotism which animated the soul of its immortal hero, it has been judged proper to give it as a companion to the Life of Bruce.

Both these works are given from the manuscript copies of them in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, written by a person of the name of Ramsay, of whom some account is given in the *Memoir of the Life*

of *Barbour*. His transcript of *The Bruce* was finished A. 1489, the year after he had copied the poem of Henry; as appears by the colophon added in Latin to each of these works.

It has been supposed, that the Editor had it in his power to give a more correct edition of both works than any one that has yet been published, as he had bestowed much attention on the antiquated language in which they are written. In his search for the best authorities for illustrating the words in his *Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language*, he found it necessary not merely to consult the manuscripts, but, for ensuring all possible accuracy, twice to correct the printed editions from them *literatim*.

In preparing these works for the press, he has again had recourse to the manuscripts, and has paid all the attention that he was capable of to their accuracy. He cannot presume to boast that they are free from errors, but he flatters himself that these will be found to be few; and where he has observed any of consequence, he has corrected them in the Notes. He has also marked the *folios* of each manuscript on the margin at the proper places, that a reference to them might be more easy, if any reader should find it necessary.

He may be blamed by some readers, because he has frequently retained the reading of the manuscript where it may seem to be erroneous. He has done so in various instances, indeed, when this was his own conviction. But, even in regard to these poems, so

many have been the proofs of the danger of substituting, as the true reading, what may be merely the suggestion of fancy, or the fruit of ignorance as to the language of our ancestors, or their peculiar modes of thinking, that he has been still on his guard against giving way to the Bentleian boldness of criticism. Comparatively, very few changes have been made; and where he has preferred the reading of editions, or deviated both from them and the manuscripts, the places are almost invariably distinguished by brackets, or specified in the Notes.

He could have wished to have had it in his power to have enriched this edition with a greater portion of new historical matter in the Notes. But those, who have bestowed most labour on antiquarian research, knowing the frequent disappointments attending this species of study, and the very imperfect accounts which have been left of persons or events that deeply interest succeeding ages, will be most disposed to plead his apology. To render these valuable remains of antiquity as intelligible as possible, he has added to the second volume a Glossary, explaining the difficult words in both Poems.

EDINBURGH, DEC. 16, 1819.

MEMOIR
OF THE
LIFE OF BARBOUR;
WITH
NOTICES CONCERNING THIS POEM,
AND
OTHER WORKS WRITTEN ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the celebrity which Barbour has justly acquired, both as a poet and an historian, although a considerable number of important incidents in his life have been recorded, we cannot ascertain either the time or place of his birth. His name is variously written: by Ramsay, the transcriber of his poem, *Barber*; by Wyntoun, *Barbere* and *Barbare*; now more generally *Barbour*. But did we pay any regard to our more ancient scribes, who usually give such a Latin version of the names, which they met with, as either expressed their own ideas as to their original signification, or afforded an opportunity for the display of their ingenuity, if not merely for the play of fancy,—we would in this instance prefer that orthography which connects it with a

particular profession; as it is rendered, in several charters of Robert Bruce, by *Barbitonsor*. Robertson's Index, 5, 20, 21, 23. In another, however, where it occurs in the vernacular tongue, it is written *Barbour*. Ibid. I. 4.

The learned Dr Henry, on the authority of the Biographia, gives the city of Aberdeen as his birth-place. Hist. VIII. 249. In regard to the time of his birth there is a variation of fourteen years. According to Sir David Dalrymple, he was born about the year 1316. This event has been also dated about 1320, Biograph. Dict.; and by others brought down to 1326 or 1330. Pinkerton's List Scot. Poets, LXXIX. Kerr's Hist. Bruce, Intr. xi. Sir David prefers so early a date, because "Barbour, when he describes the person of Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray,—who died in 1331,—seems to speak as from his own observation." He adds; "Supposing Barbour to have been 80 at his death, he was 15 at the death of Randolph." Annals, II. 3, N. Mr Pinkerton says, that Barbour "might recollect him well, though he was but five years old at the time." The recollection, however, of a person, whom one has seen only when five years of age, cannot be supposed to be very vivid about forty-five years after, the period which must have elapsed according to this calculation. Far less can it be supposed that, at such a distance of time, the recollection of features, lineaments, and manners, should be so distinct as to give birth to so lively a description as that which we have of Randolph in Book VII. ver. 572, &c. The truth is, all reasoning from this passage is unsatisfactory; for there is nothing in it which even tacitly conveys the idea that Barbour had ever seen the Earl of Moray.

Sir D. Dalrymple has also said, that "he died an aged man." The proof to which he refers does not bear him out in this assertion; for he founds it on the time of the death of Barbour, as viewed in connexion with the early date which he has himself assigned to his birth.

Perhaps the strongest presumption of his being born as early as 1316 has been overlooked. As he had been advanced to the dignity of being Archdeacon of Aberdeen by the year 1357, unless his interest had been powerful indeed, it is very improbable that his age did not exceed twenty-seven or thirty-one years, to one of which the dates of 1326 or 1330 must reduce it. He was more than usually fortunate, if he attained this honour by the time that he was forty; especially as there is no evidence that he had then distinguished himself as a writer.

As "in 1328 an order for the payment of a certain sum of money to a John Barbour or Barber appears to have been issued by Robert the First to Sir Alexander Seaton, governor of Berwick," it has been said that "this perhaps was the father of the poet." Irving's *Lives of the Scottish Poets*, I. 254. This order is mentioned by Nisbet, *Heraldry*, I. 105, as found by him "in the borough rolls of Exchequer." But every thing, save the identity of the name, is unfavourable to this conjecture. It would seem that some of this name were proprietors in the south of Scotland. William Barber receives charters for the lands of Kirkborthewick within the barony of Minto, (apparently Minto,) and for part of Philliphagh, from Robert the First. *Ind. Chart.* 5. 20, 21, 23. From the place of his residence and clerical advancement, it is more probable that our Barbour was a

native of the north country. It has indeed been asserted, on what authority I know not, that he was "educated in the Abbey of Aberbrothock, where he took orders, and obtained a living near Aberdeen." Biogr. Dict. Whether he was educated at Aberbrothock or Aberdeen, his residence in the north would rather induce the idea that he might be related to Robert Barbour, who, A. 1309, received a charter from Robert I. "of the lands of Craigie, within the shirefdom of Forfar, quhilk sumtym wer Joannis de Baliolo." Ind. Chart. I. 4.

In a charter by David II. to the Carmelite Friars of Aberdeen, dated May 7, 1360, there is confirmed a charter by Matthew Pinchach, burgess of Aberdeen, (dated March 31, 1350,) granting to the Carmelite Friars an annuity of 6s. 8d. "*de illa terra cum pertinentiis jacente in vico castri quae fuit quondam Andreae Barbitonsoris inter terram Jaq. Trampour versus austrum et terram Johannis de Salchoo versus boream,*" &c.

From the locality, and from correspondence as to time, it has been supposed that this Andrew may have been the father of the Archdeacon.

Dr Henry dates his promotion to the archdeaconry by David II. A. 1356. The king, we are told, also "appointed him one of his chaplains." Biogr. Dict. But the short account given of our author in this compilation is so inaccurate, that no stress can be laid on any assertion that is not otherwise verified. However this might be, it is evident that he must have been in great favour with David Bruce, as he made application to Edward III. for liberty to Barbour to reside at Oxford. The reader may perhaps wish to see the passport, as it stands in the record.

R. [Rex] universis et singulis vicecomitibus, majoribus, ballivis, ministris, et aliis fidelibus suis, ad quos, &c., Salutem.

Sciatis quod ad supplicationem David de Bruys, suscepimus Johannem Barber, Archidiaconum de Abredene, veniendo, cum tribus scholaribus in comitiva sua, in regnum nostrum Angliæ, causa studendi in universitate Oxoniæ, et ibidem actus scolasticos exercendo, morando, et exinde in Scotiam ad propria redeundo, in protectionem et defensionem nostram, necnon in saluum et securum conductum nimirum. Et ideo vobis mandamus quod eidem archidiacono, &c. In cujus, &c. per unum annum duraturus. Teste Rege; apud Westmonasterium, xiii die Augusti. Per ipsum regem. The words that follow *archidiacono* are in the common style of letters of safe-conduct.

This instrument has been thus translated by Dr Henry: "Edward, &c. Know ye, that we have taken under our protection (at the request of David de Bruce) John Barber, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, with three scholars in his company, in coming into our kingdom of England, in order to study in the University of Oxford, and perform his scholastic exercises, and in remaining there, and in returning to his own country of Scotland; and we hereby grant him our safe-conduct, which is to continue in force for one year. Witness the king at Westminster. A. D. 1357, August 13." Rymer. *Fœdera*, vi. 31. *Rotuli Scotiæ*, I. 808.

Both Sir D. Dalrymple and Dr Henry view this as a permission for him to study at Oxford. The latter indeed has observed, that "his love of learning was so strong, that he continued to prosecute his studies after his promotion." Mr Pinkerton, as if he felt the

honour of our national literature injured by the idea, will by no means admit that Barbour went thither with any view of study on his own account. He supposes that the original bears "*morand. and exercend.*;" as thus, the verbs might be viewed as plural, and as properly referring to the "three scholars." "At any rate," he says, "the sense is, that the three scholars should remain there. for the sake of studying and performing scholastic exercises. Perhaps the scholars were of a noble family, or his relations, and he remained at Oxford to look to their education and morals." Referring to another passport, he adds; "These writs have been strangely misapprehended, as if Barbour went to prosecute his studies in 1357 and 1365; while there is not a word of his studies in either of them. That an Archdeacon should have performed *actus scolasticos* would have been a phenomenon indeed, when he could not have been in that rank without having gone through them a dozen years before." List of Scot. Poets, LXXX.

Dr Irving has adopted the same idea; but he admits "that it is by no means improbable that he completed his studies in this celebrated University, though it must have been at an earlier period of his life." *Ubi sup.* p. 255. It appears to me, however, that those who have taken the other side of the question have paid the best compliment to Barbour, by ascribing to him such a thirst for learning, that, from the greatness of his mind, he was determined to gratify it even at the expence of his pride. But, as the language of the protection is evidently meant to extend to all the four whom it respected, it is perhaps scarcely fair to reason against the idea of Barbour having any intention to study at all at

Oxford, from the phrase *actus scolasticos* being introduced; because, there being only one deed, it was necessary that it should be expressed with such latitude as to include all the courses of study that these scholars might respectively incline to pursue. It must be observed, however, that the language would more naturally suggest the idea that Barbour himself was contemplated as the principal student. For Mr Pinkerton is mistaken in his conjecture. From a comparison of Rymer's copy of the safe-conduct with that in the *Rotuli Scotiæ*, which is printed with the contractions, it appears that the terms appear in the record fully written, — *veniendo, studendi, exercendo, morando*. Vol. I. p. 808.

Another attempt has been made to save the honour of the good Archdeacon by the aid of a posterior ancient writing. "By a deed, dated at Fetherin (Aberdeenshire), 13th Sept. 1357, we find Barbour appointed by the Bishop of Aberdeen, one of his commissioners, to meet at Edinburgh about the ransom of David II. Rymer, VI. 39. This evinces that the sole intent of the above passport was, that Barbour might see the three scholars properly entered at Oxford, then return, and have it in his power to visit them when there, if necessary." Pinkerton; V. also Irving and Kerr, *ubi sup.* But may it not be supposed, that this might be merely a compliment paid by his own Bishop to Barbour as a dignitary of the church of Aberdeen,—an appointment meant to be dispensed with, on account of his circumstances? This, indeed, seems to have been the case. For, as another is named as coadjutor with Barbour in this instrument; as there were many commissioners besides them from several dioceses and from different parts of the king-

dom; a clause is added, which, if it can bear any meaning, intimates, that if only one of the two from Aberdeen could attend, it should be no obstruction to progress in the business:—*Eorum quemlibet in solidum, ita quod non sit melior conditio occupantis, set [sed] quod per unum eorum inceptum fuerit, per alium seu alios prosecui, mediari valeat, et finiri.* *Fœdera*, VI. 39. This seems obviously meant as by anticipation an apology for the absence of the Archdeacon.

But there is no occasion for spending time in mere conjecture. A considerable number of years after this, Barbour was not ashamed expressly to avow his design to study at Oxford, or any other place where he could find means to increase his knowledge. In the *Rotuli Scotiæ*, I. 886, there is a safe-conduct, dated Nov. 6, 1364, “to Master John Barber, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, with four horsemen (*equites*) coming from Scotland, by land or sea, into England, to study at Oxford, or elsewhere, as he may think proper.” Another bears date of Nov. 30, 1368—“to Master John Barber, with two valets and two horses, to come into England, and travel through the same to the other dominions of the king, versus Franciam *causa studendi*, and of returning again.” *Rot. Scot.* I. 926. If it should be imagined that the four horsemen, mentioned in the first instrument, were, to the exclusion of Barbour, the only students, this can never be supposed concerning any one of his concomitants mentioned in the last. For this important communication, and for several others to be mentioned afterwards, I am indebted to the kindness of my learned friend, Thomas Thomson, Esq., Advocate, Deputy Clerk Register for Scotland.

It is well known that a similar safe-conduct had

been previously granted to him by Edward, Oct. 16, 1365, "to come into England, and travel throughout that kingdom, cum sex sociis suis equitibus usque Sanctum Dionisium," i. e. St. Dennis in France. *Fœdera*, VI. 478. *Rotuli Scot.* I. 897.

We have no written document regarding Barbour from the year 1368 till 1373. In the list of Auditors of Exchequer for February 18 of that year, he appears as one of them. *Johanne Barbere, Archidiacono Abirdonense, clerico probacionis domus domini nostri Regis, &c. Auditoribus ad hoc specialiter deputatis de omnibus receptis suis et expensis, &c.* Accounts of the Great Chamberlains of Scotland, II. 19.

Godscroft, speaking of "the Bruce's book," says; "As I am informed, the book was penned by a man of good knowledge and learning, named Master *John Barbour*, Archdeacon of Aberdeene, for which work he had a yearely pension out of the exchequer during his life, which he gave to the Hospitall of that towne, to which it is allowed and paid still in our dayes." *Hist. Douglasses*, p. 30, 31. That he received this pension for composing this work, has been said by Bishop Nicolson, avowedly on the authority of Godscroft. *Scot. Hist. Library*, p. 145; also by Mackenzie, in his *Lives of Scots Writers*, I. 264, and by Tanner, in his *Bibliotheca Britann.-Hibern.* p. 73: by both the latter, it has been supposed, on the same authority. Tanner, indeed, says, that he had a pension during his life, *ex scaccario regio, quem dedit hospitali ibidem.* Dr Henry carries the matter still further. "Our archdeacon," he says, "was not only famous for his extensive knowledge in the philosophy and divinity of these times, but still more admired for his admirable genius for English poetry: in which he

composed a history of the life and glorious actions of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, *at the desire of King David Bruce*, his son, who granted him a considerable pension for his encouragement, which he generously bestowed on an hospital at Aberdeen." Hist. Brit. VIII. 250.

I have met with no evidence that *The Bruce* was written "at the desire of King David;" although it might naturally have been supposed that this prince, having an early favour for Barbour, and being well acquainted with his genius and learning, would assign this work to him, as being the fittest person he knew for it, and to prevent its being undertaken by some writer of an inferior character and less information. That a pension was given him for it, is not matter of mere hearsay or conjecture. The fact is authenticated by an unquestionable document. In the Rotuli Ballivorum Burgi de Aberdonia, for 1471, the entry of the discharge for this royal donation bears, that it was expressly made "for the compilation of the book of the Deeds of King Robert the First," referring to a prior statement of this circumstance in the more ancient rolls:—*Et Decano et Capitulo Abirdonensi percipienti annuatim viginti solidos pro anniversario quondam Magistri Johannis Barbere, pro compilatione libri gestorum Regis Roberti primi, ut patet in antiquis Rotulis de anno Compoti, xx. s.*

Dr Mackenzie having "asserted that it was David the Second, and afterwards that it was Robert the Second, who conferred this pension on Barbour," Lives, I. 264, 297, it is not surprising that this should be viewed, by an intelligent writer, as a proof of his usual inaccuracy. V. Irving's Lives, I. 256, N. Any one, who had not the national records before him,

might have formed the same idea. But there can be no doubt that Barbour was indebted to Robert the Second for the gift of a pension; for in the Roll for April 26, 1398. this language occurs:—*Quam recolende memorie quondam dominus Robertus secundus, rex Scottorum, dedit, concessit, et carta sua confirmavit quondam Johanni Barbere archidiacono Aberdonensi, &c.* Accounts of the Chamberl. II. 402. In a later Computum, dated June 2, 1424, it is thus expressed:—*Decano et capitulo ecclesie cathedralis Abredonensis percipientibus annuatim viginti solidos de firmis dicti burgi pro anniversario quondam magistri Johannis Barbar pro compilacione libri de gestis Regis Roberti Brwise, ex concessione regis Roberti secundi, in plenam solucionem dicte pensionis, &c.* Ibid. III. 269. Here the gift of the pension is ascribed to Robert the Second, according to the common legal interpretation of the term *concessio*.

There is, in fact, no proper evidence that any pension had been granted by David Bruce; or indeed that he ever laid his commands on Barbour to write the life of his royal parent. He died A. 1371; that is, four or five years before Barbour had written much more than the half of his work. For he says:

— In the tyme of the compiling
Off this buk, this Robert wes king,
And off hys kynrik passit was
Fyve yer; and wes the yer off grace
A thousand, thre hundyr, sevynty
And fyve; and off his eld sixty.

B. IX. 886.

The first intimation that we have of his receiving a pension, is no less than fifteen years after this, or Feb. 18. 1390, only about two months before the death of

Robert the Second, who died April 17, that year. Now, although the entries of payment of this pension are not regular, yet as they afterwards occur for the years 1392 and 1393, had it been granted by David II., it is improbable that there should not have been the slightest intimation of it during his reign. Indeed, as Robert II. began his reign A. 1371, it is equally inconceivable that, during the nineteen years of his reign, there should be no notice taken of it till two months before his death. The most natural induction is, that it had not been previously granted. It may be added, that had David desired Barbour to write this book, it can hardly be supposed that he would have paid so little regard to the authority of his sovereign, as not to engage in it till after his decease.

The fact is, that Barbour had, by royal donation, two different pensions, one of L.10 Scots from the customs of Aberdeen, and another of 20s. from the rents or *burrow-mails* of the same city. As far as we may judge from priority of entry, that from the customs had been the first donation; and we have proof of at least one payment having been made before the death of Robert II. From the mode of expression used, *percipienti*, it may be conjectured that this was not the first liquidation. But how long he might have enjoyed it before, we cannot determine. The generality of the phraseology concerning the pension of L.10, is the only thing that might give a colour to the idea of its having been granted long before. For it is still designed *de dono regis*, without the mention of any king; whereas that which was granted from the rents of the burgh, is *ex concessione regis Roberti Secundi*.

Whereas the first pension is still limited to "the life of Barbour," the first notice of the second is accom-

panied with a grant of it to "his assignees whomsoever, although he should have assigned it in the way of mortification:"—*Pro se et suis assignatis quibuscunque, eciam si assignauerit ad manum mortuam.* Ibid. II. 250, 251. In posterior rolls, the express consent of the king to this assignation is intimated:—*Cum licencia mortificandi, et in manum mortuam ponendi imperpetuum.* P. 402. 467. This is afterwards expressed as the right of the chapter of Aberdeen. Ibid. p. 526, 527. Robertson mentions, in his Index of Charters by King Robert III., a charter of mortification by Master John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, of twenty shillings to the cathedral of Aberdeen. P. 138. 21.

From these valuable documents, we are enabled to correct another mistake. It has been asserted by Bishop Nicolson, by Dr Mackenzie, by Tanner, by Dr Henry, and by Kerr, all, as would seem, misled by the testimony of Godscroft, that Barbour bestowed this pension on an hospital in Aberdeen. Regard to historical truth requires the correction of this mistake, although it should be at the expence of a partial depreciation of character, in the estimation of those who justly admire the enlargement of Barbour's mind, in so dark an age as that in which he lived. This sum was appropriated by him, not to any hospital, but "to the chapter of the cathedral church of Aberdeen," for the express purpose of having mass said for his soul annually after his decease: "That the dean and canons of Aberdeen, for the time being, also the chapter, and other ministers officiating at the same time in the said church, shall annually for ever solemnly celebrate once in the year an anniversary for the soul of the said umquhile John:"—*Quod decanus et*

canonici Abirdonen. qui pro tempore fuerint necnon capitulum et alii ministri qui pro tempore fuerint in dicta ecclesia officiantes, annuatim imperpetuum celebrabunt solempniter semel in anno — anniuersarium pro anima dicti quondam Johannis. April 26, 1398. Accounts Great Chamberl. II. 402, 403. This is repeated almost in the same words, *ibid.* p. 467, 526, and 582.

As Godscroft has asserted, not only that Barbour devoted his yearly pension to an hospital in Aberdeen, but that it was “allowed and paid” to this hospital when he wrote his History of the Douglasses; it seemed probable, that the sum, appropriated to Barbour’s anniversary, might have been given to an hospital at the time of the Reformation; and that this later appropriation might have originated the idea of its having been dedicated to this use by Barbour himself. But from an examination of the records of Aberdeen on this head, it appears that Barbour’s mortification had never been applied in this way. His anniversary, it is supposed, continued till the Reformation; and then the sum allowed for it reverted to the crown.

Robert Bruce having granted to this burgh a variety of lands, with the salmon fishings on the rivers Dee and Don, for which the *reddendo* was fixed at L.213, 6s. 8d. Scots; and Thomas de Erskyne having obtained from David II. a grant of L.100 out of this sum, this was afterwards acquired by Bishop Gavin Dunbar, and in so far appropriated by him for the support of an hospital which he had founded in Old Aberdeen, A. 1532. Since this period, the burgh has annually paid to this hospital the L.100 Scots abovementioned; and continues to pay into the exchequer the remaining sum

of L. 113, 6s. 8d., which includes the 20s. formerly paid for Barbour's requiem. Godscroft, it would appear, has mistaken the L. 100 paid to Bishop Dunbar's hospital, for the 20s. bestowed for the repose of Barbour. One, carelessly looking into the records, might be led into this error, from the circumstance of Erskine's sum being, in every instance save one, mentioned in the same *Computum* with Barbour's, and sometimes in immediate connexion.

Very different calculations have been made as to the time spent by Barbour in composing his work. "Such a poem," says Mr Pinkerton, "could hardly be written in less than two or three years. But he must have been employed in collecting materials many years." Scot. Poets, LXXXI. Dr Henry assigns a much longer period to the composition: "*While* he was engaged in this work," he says, "he obtained permission and safe-conduct from Edward III. A. D. 1365, to travel through England into France, with six horsemen his attendants. He *finished* his history of the heroic Robert Bruce, A. D. 1373." Hist. Brit. *ubi sup.* We must certainly view 1373 as an *erratum* for 1375.

From all that we can learn from the records, it seems highly probable, that the good archdeacon, finding the decay of nature, had applied to the king for the grant latterly made to him, expressly with the view of devoting it to what he reckoned a pious use after his decease; especially as the very first intimation of the grant bears the right of assignation. As he did not outlive the year 1396, it deserves to be remarked, that the last entry of the L. 10, given "during the term of his life," is dated April 3, 1395.

The same learned historian subjoins; "The time and circumstances of our author's death are unknown." Sir D. Dalrymple has said; "He died an aged man in 1396. This circumstance is to be learned from the Chartulary of Aberdeen, fol. 115, where, 10th August 1398, mention is made of '*quondam* Joh. Barber Archidiaconus Aberd.' and where it is said that he died two years and a half before; therefore in 1396." Annals, II. 3, N. In the deed referred to by Sir David, of the date above mentioned, the time of the death of Barbour is thus expressed;—*A tempore mortis dicti domini Archidiaconi, scilicet per duos annos cum dimidio et ultra.* Thus his death must have taken place rather towards the close of 1395, which is in fact the last year in which the payment of his pension, *pro tempore vitæ*, stands on the record. While some suppose that he was only 66 or 70 years of age, others extend it to 80. It is a proof of astonishing inaccuracy in the Biographical Dictionary, when it is said; "He died at Aberdeen 1378, aged 58."

It is a singular circumstance, that Hector Boece, although contemporary with Barbour, does not, as far as I can find, once mention his name. Although he had overlooked this in his History, one could scarcely suppose that he should have been chargeable with the same neglect in his *Aberdonensium Episcoporum Vitæ*.

Sir D. Dalrymple has thrown out rather a singular idea with respect to the work itself: "There is reason to believe that the language of Barbour, obsolete as it may now seem, has been modernised by some officious transcriber." Annals, *ubi sup.* As far as I am capable of forming a judgment, there is not the slightest foundation for this idea. We have, indeed, no prior work by

which we can form a comparative estimate; unless we should view in this light *Sir Tristrem*, the poetical romance ascribed to Thomas of Ercildoun. But the style of this is so terse, and on the whole so different from that adopted by all our other ancient writers, that we cannot have recourse to it as a test. It may, indeed, be supposed, that Barbour, being not merely a man of learning, but one who had frequently resided in England, might attempt to conform his language to the English, as far as he could do it, without rendering himself unintelligible to his countrymen. But it is a clear proof, that no intentional alterations have been made by any “early transcriber,” that in the passages quoted by Wyntown, the diction is almost *literatim* the same as in the MS. of *The Bruce*. Sir David seems, indeed, to have had scarcely any reason for the assertion he has made, save the circumstance of his having confined himself to the use of the quarto edition of 1714, in which considerable liberty has been taken with the orthography.

The value of Barbour’s work, even as an historical record, was early acknowledged. The continuator of Fordun’s *Scotichronicon* gives apparently as the principal reason for his not writing the memorable transactions of King Robert the First more fully, that they had been elegantly and copiously written by Barbour: “Ejus particularia gesta scribere postpono, — quia magister Johannes *Barbarii*, Archidiaconus Abirdonensis, in lingua nostra materno disertè et luculenter satis ipsa ejus particularia gesta, necnon multum eleganter peroravit. Lib. XII. c. 9. Wyntown was actuated by similar feelings. He not only in various instances gives long extracts from Barbour, but avows

his own incompetency to write on the same subject after him; as in the following passage:

The Stewartis originale
 The Archedekyne has tretyd hal
 In metre fayer, mare wertwsly
 Than I can thynk be my study, &c.
 CRONYKIL, B. VIII. c. 7. v. 143.

In regard to the merit of the work, it is not necessary that much should be said here; as this has been appreciated by preceding writers, who were fully capable of forming a proper judgment. Warton, the learned author of the *History of English Poetry*, says that "Barbour has adorned the English language by a strain of versification, expression, and poetical images, far superior to the age."—"The Bruce," says a writer, whose judgment, and whose taste, will be universally acknowledged, "is evidently the work of a politician as well as of a poet. The characters of a king, of his brother, of Douglas, and of the Earl of Moray, are discriminated, and their separate talents always employed with judgment; so that every event is prepared and rendered probable by the means to which it is attributed." *Ellis's Specimens of Early English Poets*, I. p. 355.

For a further elucidation of the character and comparative merit of Barbour as a writer, I beg leave to refer the reader to Dr Irving's *Lives of the Scottish Poets*, I. 257—265, a work which, in respect of the variety of reading, patient research, and vigour of mind, that it displays, has not yet met with that degree of attention from the public to which it is unquestionably entitled.

Mr Pinkerton speaks of *The Bruce* as Barbour's "only poem." But, from several passages in Wyn-town's Chronicle, it appears undeniable, that Barbour wrote another metrical work, which he seems to have denominated *The Brute*, as containing the genealogical history of the kings of Scotland, from the fabulous *Brutus* downwards. I shall give only two extracts, which put the matter beyond doubt.

This Nynus had a sone alsua
Sere Dardane lord de Frygja,
Fra quham *Barbere* sutely
Has made a propyr genealogy
Tyl Robert oure secownd kyng,
That Scotland had in governync.

CRONYKIL, B. II. c. I. v. 130.

Of Bruttus lyneage quha wyll her,
He luke the tretis of *Barbere*
Mad in-tyl a genealogy
Rycht wele, and mare perfytyl
Than I can on ony wys
Wytht all my wyt to yowe dewys.

Ibid. B. III. c. iii. v. 139.

To me it seems highly probable that to the same work Barbour himself refers, when, in speaking of the conquests of Arthur, he says :

. The *Broite* beris thairoff wytnes.

THE BRUCE, B. I. v. 560. V. Note.

"Of this work," it has been justly observed, "no manuscript is known to be extant." Irving, I. 256.

Some account may be expected of the transcriber of the MS. from which this edition is taken. But here our materials are indeed very scanty. He simply

designs himself in the subscription of this work, as well as in that of the Minstrel, *Johannes Ramsay*. Concerning the latter subscription, it has been remarked by the late Reverend James Scott of Perth, the learned annotator on *Wallace*, Perth edition, A. 1790; "It is not written in the ordinary form of a notorial attestation. The writer probably had some other professional character than that of a Notary Public." He deduces the same inference from the devotional manner in which he commences his transcript of *Wallace*. "It may be reckoned," he adds, "no improbable conjecture, that he was one of those who wrote Chronicles in the monasteries. From writs extant at Perth, which belonged to the Carthusian monastery there, it appears that a 'religious man, *Dean* John Ramsay, of the house of the Valley of Virtue, of the Carthusian order, near the burgh of Perth,' was Procurator for the said monastery, May 23, 1493. The procurator[ship] was an usual step to the dignity of Prior. Before 1498, John Ramsay ceases to be mentioned as Procurator. But in April that year, John, whose surname is not mentioned in any of the writs of Perth, is Prior, and continues in the Prior's office till his death in 1501. He was probably the same person who had been Procurator. The transcriber of Henry's book was therefore, perhaps, a Charterhouse monk, who near the end of his life rose to be Prior of the convent. He might also have been the writer of the *Liber Carthusianorum de Perth*, which was written in the monastery there, and which is said to contain, with some additions, a compend in twelve books of what Fordun and Bowmaker had written." Vol. III. Notes, p. 6, 7.

From the use of the title *Dean*, as prefixed to the

name of Ramsay, in the preceding extract, there is no reason to suppose that the *dean* of a cathedral was meant. There is indubitable proof that *Den*, or *Deyn*, was indiscriminately given as a title of honour to religious men. V. Chartul. Aberbroth. Fol. 127. There is certainly great probability in the conjecture that this Ramsay was a monk, and that he resided in, or at no great distance from, Perth; because it appears that the person, at whose request he transcribed *The Bruce*, lived nearly in the same quarter. For this is said to have been done, — *ex jussu venerabilis et circumspecti viri, viz. Magistri Symonis Lochmalony, de Ouchtermuinsye Vicarii bene digni.* *Circumspecti* does not, perhaps, correspond with our modern term *circumspect*, as it is rendered in the Notes referred to, but may rather signify honourable or respectable. “The lands of Lochmalony,” it is observed, “in the parish of Kilmeny, in the north-east part of Fife, gave a surname to a family in Fife, which subsisted for a considerable time.” We accordingly find Allan Lochmalony, and Alexander Lochmalony, both of that ilk, A. 1466 and 1517, mentioned in Sibbald’s History of Fife, pp. 82, 83, 89. Edit. Cupar, 201. 211. “Simon Lochmalony, Vicar of Moonsie,” it is said, the venerable friend of Ramsay, must have been a descendant of this family.—The parish church of Moonsie, about two miles north-west from Cupar in Fife, in a record, March 31, 1517, has the name of *Auchter Monsey*. Ibid. p. 86. It may seem improbable that a monk, perhaps by this time the Prior of a convent, should express himself in such humble language,—*ex jussu*,—in relation to the vicar of a country parish. But the term *jussus* does not necessarily imply the idea of authority or superiority. It seems to be used in the

same complimentary way with *commands* in modern language. Or, it may be supposed, that Lochmalony, from his birth and connexions, was a man of considerable influence.

The manuscript is written in a fair and distinct hand, in columns, as the lines are very short, consisting of eight syllables only. It contains seventy folios, or nearly 139 pages. For the sake of future reference, each folio is, in this edition, twice marked on the margin where the respective pages commence. The MS. itself is not divided into Books; the only distinction being that of long paragraphs or sections, each commencing with a blank for an illuminated letter. These blanks have never been filled up; but the transcriber had, in each of them, noted in a small character the letter which was afterwards to be supplied. Mr Pinkerton having, in his edition, preferred the plan of dividing the poem into books, as rendering so large a work less tiresome, as well as more intelligible, I have adopted the same mode. It did not seem necessary, however, to extend the number of books as far as twenty; they are here reduced to fourteen. From the connexion of the matter, it was impossible to avoid inequality in their size.

The MS. contains a number of short rubrics, in prose, referring to the subjects of the sections, towards the beginning given in Latin, afterwards in Scottish. These are apparently in the same handwriting with the text: but the words are very much contracted; and having been placed at the extremity of the foot-margin, they have in many places been either wholly or partially cut off when the volume was bound up. It seemed therefore most proper to omit them in the body of the work. Even where the margin at the

foot of the page is most full, there is no appearance that they had been carried on beyond Fol. 36. All of these that are legible are subjoined to this Memoir. Others occasionally appear on the side of the page, but apparently of a later date.

This valuable MS. had formerly belonged to the Burnets of Aberdeenshire, as appears from what is inscribed in a variety of forms, and even of hand-writings, although without any date, on the last page. "This Buik pertenis to ane honorable man William Burnat of Ester Slowy." In another hand, "This Buike pertenes to ane honorable mane Alexander Burnet of Leys. *Qui longos vivet, letosque dies.*" In a third hand, "Alexander Burnet of Kynnesky withe my hand. Ita est. Mr Robertus Jaffray Notarius ad hec.—Alexander Burnat with my hand at the pen led at the command of my maister.—Alexander Burnet with my hand at the pen led."

The oldest edition of this work known to exist, which I have never seen, is that of 1616, 8vo. But Mr. Pinkerton justly remarks, that there must have been at least one more ancient; for Gordon, in the preface to his *Historie of Bruce*, a poem printed at Dort 1615, 4to. mentions this poem as "the old printed book." Pref. to *The Bruce*, xxiii. N. I have compared with the MS. the following editions in my possession: that of Hart, 1620, 8vo. black letter, in which great liberties are used with the language of Barbour, so as often to change the sense; one by Andrew Anderson, Edinburgh 1670, 12mo. bl. l., of an aukward shape, and with types that appear blurred from the spunginess of the paper; one by Robert Sanders, Glasgow 1672, small 12mo. very neat and well printed; the edition of 1714, 4to. of which a

further account will be found in the Preliminary Remarks on the Life, &c. of Henry the Minstrel; and that published by Mr. Pinkerton, London 1790, in three volumes 8vo.

If we are literally to interpret the language of Andro Hart, more than one ancient MS. of this poem had been known to him. This appears from the title of his edition, A. 1620: "The Actes and Life of the most Victorious Conquerour, Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. Wherein also are contained the martiall deeds of the valiant Princes, Edward Bruce, Sir James Dowglas, Erle Thomas Randel, Walter Stewart, and sundrie others. Newly corrected and *conferred with the best and most ancient Manuscripts.*"

I have retained the title of *The Bruce*, which Mr Pinkerton had properly given to this poem, as being "its genuine ancient name." Wyntown refers to it by a designation very nearly allied to this:

The archedene in *Bresys Buk*,
Quha will in it the fyrst end luk,
Sayis, &c. CRONYKIL, B. VIII. c. 18, v. 27.

How that he wes tane on hand,
Well purportis *Bresys Buk*,
Quhay will tharof the matere luke.
Ibid. B. VIII. c. 23, v. 51.

This poem, it would seem, was commonly known by the name of *The Bruce*, when the Complaynt of Scotland was written, A. 1548. For the author, when describing the "recreatione" which was reckoned "best, that cuyrie ane suld tel ane gude tayl or fabil," of which "syn vas in prose, and syn vas in verse," among the rest "the Bruce" is mentioned. Compl. p. 98.

The name of the hero of this poem is variously

spelled in ancient writings, and even in Barbour's work. It assumes the form of *Broiss*, *Bross*, and *Bruss*, in the *Acta Dominorum Concilii*, pp. 212. 214, &c. It is written *Bruys*, *Brwiss*, *Brwyss*, *Broyss*, *Brææ*, *Bræss*, and *Bruce*, by Barbour; but as the latter orthography occurs perhaps more generally than any other, I have preferred it, as being that of our own age, and therefore most intelligible as giving name to the work.

The name itself, I apprehend, is of Norwegian origin. It has been generally admitted, that the family of Bruce were of Norman extract. V. Nisbet I. 133. One of the sons of Sigurd, the Norwegian Earl of the Orkneys, A. 1014, was *Brusius*, as he is designed in the Latin of Torfæus, Orcad. Lib. I. c. 12; or *Brusi*, in the Icelandic of Orkneyinga Saga, p. 44. He was collaterally related to the celebrated Hrolf or Rollo, who about a century before had taken possession of Neustria, and peopled it with *Nordmen*, whence its name of Normandy.

It is well known that "Patrick Gordon, Gentleman," wrote "in heroic verse, *The Famous History of the Renown'd and Valiant Prince, Robert, sirnamed the Bruce, King of Scotland.*" Having been printed at Dort, 1615, it was afterwards very neatly reprinted at Edinburgh by that excellent typographer, James Watson, 1718, in 12mo. This is given as *Book First*, and comes down no farther than the battle of Bannockburn; but no more of the work was ever printed.

I refer to this publication chiefly with a view to mention, that, as we learn from Gordon in his Preface, a poem was written on the same subject even before Barbour had completed his. To some, who have not

access to Gordon's work, it may not be unacceptable to know what he has said concerning this ancient production. Speaking of Barbour's *Bruce*, he says,—like one that had imbibed the spirit of many of his countrymen, who, after the union of the crowns, seemed ashamed of the language of their brave ancestors:—“The old printed book, besides the *out-worn barbarous speech*, was so ill compos'd that I could bring it to no good method, till my loving friend Donald Farquharson, (a worthy gentleman, whose name I am not ashamed to express, for that he was a restless suter to me to take this work in hand,) brought me a book of virgin-parchment, which he had found among the rest of his books. It was old and torn, almost illegible, in many places wanting leaves, yet had it the beginning; and had been set down by a monk in the abbey of Melros, called *Peter Fenton*, in the year of God one thousand three hundred sixty-nine, which was a year before the death of King David Bruce. It was in old rhyme like to Chaucer, but wanting in many parts; and especially from the battle of Bannockburn forth, it wanted all the rest almost, so that it could not be gotten to the press; yet such as I could read thereof had many remarkable tales, worthy to be noted, and also probable, agreeing with the truth of the history, as I have followed it, as well as the other.” Preface, XIII. XIV.

One cannot help regretting that Gordon, instead of bestowing his labour on a new poem, had not favoured the public with even the fragments of that written by Fenton.

Before concluding this account, it is proper to take notice of another poem on the same subject, the exist-

ence of which is known only to a few individuals. This is a manuscript in the archives of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland, entitled; “The Acts and Lyf of the most wictorious conqueroure Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. Wherein also ar contained the martiall deeds of the walian Prince Eduard Bruce, Sir James Douglas, Earle Thomas Randell, Walter Steuart, and diuerse other.”

This MS. is fairly written in folio, consisting of about 216 leaves, 33 or 34 lines in each page. It is divided into three books; the first of which contains twenty-six chapters, the second and third thirty-one each. The work has been composed towards the close of the reign of James the Sixth, being dedicated to “The illustrious, most highe and mightie Prince Charles Pr. of Wales, Duke of Rosay and Cornewale, Great Stewart of Scotland, Count Palatine of Chester, Earle of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, and Knight of the most noble orders of the Thistle and Garter.” This is followed by two stanzas of poetry, addressed to Charles, in which the author alludes to the death of his amiable brother Prince Henry. After a rhythmical Argument of the First Book, it commences with the following rubric:

Wherefore the Bruce layd clame vnto the croune,
And why his warres began, heir is set doune.

The design of the author seems to have been merely to modernize Barbour, for the same weighty reason, most probably, that is assigned by Gordon,—because of “the out-worn barbarous speech.” But there is obviously a great deal of unnecessary amplification and puerile *verbiage*; as will appear from the follow-

ing extract, which forms the beginning of the first chapter:—

The actes of antique tymes wnto the care,
And historeis delightfull ar to heare;
Tho' they be trifles that no treuthe contene,
And bot fond fables that had newer bene.
Then be autentique storeis that ar trwe,
If they dilated be in dictioune dwe,
Yea more sould be nor triple pleaser bred,
Since there the truth ryghtlic refynd is red.
And that that's soothe the lector best it loves,
So most delightfull and the mynd most moves.
Therefore I wald, and it is weill my will,
If that my wit wold ryse and reatche theretill,
To wreite a faithful storie, and no fable,
For to remaine for euer memorable,
Sua that no tract of tyme nor lenthe may let
Nor cause it be oregrowne, nor yit forget;
Since historeis and recordes that men reads,
They represent and dois dilate the deades
Of strong and stalwart men that lived aire,
As they were present and in persoun thair.
And certes suche sould haue bothe praise and pryse,
That whill they liv'd war walerows and wyse,
And led thar lyves but ease and sleping soft,
In trawellis and in bloodie battels oft
That worschip wan, woyd of all cowardtrie,
Be knightlie courage and kene chivalrie;
As did this great king Robert of renowne,
That withe his hands reconqued his crowne;
Egregious Eduard, his brawe martiall brother,
Inferiour in fight wnto no other;
And good Sir James, the dreadfull black Douglas,
That in his dayes so wyse and worthe was,
Wha heir, and on the infidels of Spain,
Such honour, prayse, and triumphes did obtain;
The Steuart strong; bold Randolphe, Hay, and Keith,
And gallant Grame, that long since deid the deathe;
Withe many more of mark and nobill name,
Whose facts sall be for ewire sung furthe by fame;

Whiche all for walour and ther wertues than,
At home and in far countreis, worschip wan.
In wars thair gestes and mony worthye deads,
Done withe thair captain, and thair hardie heads,
Into this tome t'intreat of I intend;
Wnto whiche worke God grant the wisched end!
And for myself beseeks that I insart
Bot what is trwthe in all and ewrie part.

When Alexander, of his name the thrid,
Was dead, the king that be misfortoun did
Fall at Kingorne, be furie and the force
Of his ill rained and wnhandsome horse, &c.

The poem concludes with the following lines concerning Thomas Earl Randolph:—

And in Dumfermelyng him inhowmed thay,
Whair mony royall kings and regents lay.

RUBRICS,

APPEARING IN THE MANUSCRIPT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE.

-
- Fol. 2 b, Veritas vincit —
 — 3 a, Scoti assimilantur Sancto Machabeo.
 — 4 a, Hic Johannes Cumyn et alii occiduntur in ecclesia
 fratrum [i. e. *Freris kirk.*]
 — - b, Hic rex Anglie inquit Robertum Bruce *sed non*
inuenit.
 Hic Robertus Bruce mittit literas ad conuocandum.
 — 6 b, Hic rex cum suis magnam patitur penuriam.
 — — Hic rex Robertus cum suis vadit vsque Abberden.
 — 7 a, Hic dominus de Lorne inuadit regem propter mortem
 Jo. Cumyn.
 — 10 a, Hic Comes de Levenax insequitur a suis proditorie.
 — 11 b, Hic castrum de Kyldrome obsidetur et proditorie
 capitur.
 — 12 a, Hic rex Anglie congregat suos in Scociam.
 — — b, Hic Edwardus a demone decipitur et moritur.
 — 14 b, Hic hospita *predicit* regi futura, et dat ei ij filios.
 — 15 b, Hic rex Robertus applicat nauigio ad Carryk.
 — — Hic rex intrat villam latenter, occidens omnes.
 — 16 a, Quedam domina regis consanguinea venit ad eum
 cum xl.
 — — Hic Henricus Percy sleys in Ingland.
 — — b, Hic James Douglas vadit ad recuperandam suam
 hereditatem.
 — 17 a, Here Ja. of Dowglas slayis thaim in the kyrk.
 — — b, Here makis he the Dowglas lardnar.
 — — Here Clyffurd byggis the castel agayn.
 — 18 a, Heire the Inglis *Knycht* feys a tratour to—
 — — Heire king Robert is in greit peral.
 — — b, Heire the nobyll kyng slays 3 tratowris hym allane.
 — 19 a, Heire Galloway sekis hym.

- Fol. 19 b, Heire he fechtis allan agayne ij hundyr.
 — 20 b, Here the Inglis captane and othir ar slayn.
 — 21 b, Heire folows the king R. Schir Emery, and John of
 Lorne, with a slowth-hund.
 — 22 a, Heire v chosyn men ar send to tak the kyng.
 — — b, Here the slouth hund tynt his sent.
 — — — Tells he wes slayn with an arrow.
 — 23 a, Here ij tratowris metis the king with a weddir.
 — — b, Heire he slew the ij tratowris.
 — — — Here—the kyng *til* his tryste.
 — 24 a, Heire metis he with his menyne.
 — — — Heyre the kyng with his menyne cumis hastely apon
 thair ennemyis and slew mony.
 — — b, Heire Schir Emery passis til Carlele.
 — — — Here the kyng metis ij tratowris.
 — 25 a, Here Schir Emery settis the kyng in greit juperty.
 — — b, Heire wes xv hundyr discumfyt with few Scottis.
 — 26 b, Heire Schir Emery conquesis bargan in the plane.
 — — — Heire king R. providis for wantage in the place
 quhar thai suld fecht.
 — 27 a, Heire Schir Emery cumis with hys ost in sycht.
 — — — Heire king Robert metis hym with few.
 — — b, Heire king R. wynnys in plane battale.
 — — — Heire Schir Emery passis in England.
 — 28 a, Heire kyng R. passis our the Month.
 — — — Heire Schir James *he wynnys* mony men, and makis
 fyrst a trane on the castal.
 — — b, Heire king R. fel seyke at Innerowry.
 — 29 a, Heire the erl of Buchquhan gaderis agan the king.
 — — b, Heire the king wox hale throw bost.
 — 30 a, Heire the erl of Bowchquane fleys and Schir David
 Brechen yeldis hym to the kyng.
 — — — Heire the king byrnys all Bowchquhane and *gettis* the
 castell of Forfaire and distrois it.
 — — b, Heire the king segis Sanct Jonstoun.
 — — — Heire he gettis it with juperty.
 — 31 a, Heire al Scottis obeys the king *except* Lorne.
 — — — Heire is mekyl commendid Schir Edward Bruss.
 — 31 b, Heire Schir Edward Bruss discumfytis the Inglis
 men at the watter of Cre.

- Fol. 31 b, Heire he discumfytis fer ma manfully, that is to say
 xv c with l.
 ——— 32 a, Schir Édward Bruss in a yer wan xij castells.
 ——— ——— Heire Schir James Dowglas metis with Schir
 Alexander Stewart' lord Bonkle.
 ——— — b, Heire Schir James Dowglas cumis to the king with
 Schir Alexander Stewart and Thomas Randale.
 ——— ——— Heire the king passis agayn Jhon of Lorne.
 ——— 33 a, Heire the king metis with Jhon of Lorne menye.
 ——— ——— Heire the king segis and wynnys Dunstaffynch——
 ——— 34 a, Heire is mekil commendit Thomas Randale.
 ——— — b, Heire Schir James Dowglas segis Roxburg with
 juperty.
 ——— 35 a, Heire Schir Thomas Randale segis Edynburgh.
 ——— — b, Heire is the castel of Edynburgh won.

N.B. Where the words are printed in *Italics*, it signifies that the Editor hesitates as to the true reading; where they appear dotted under, that they are partly or wholly cut off, and conjecturally supplied from the rubrics of the Editions.

ARGUMENTS

OF

THE DIFFERENT BOOKS.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

PROEM.—State of Scotland at the death of Alexander III., v. 37.—Of the succession to the crown, and reference to Edward I. of England, v. 49.—John Baliol assents to his terms, v. 168.—Encomium on Liberty, v. 225.—Of William de Douglas and his son James, v. 281.—Covenant between Robert de Bruce and John de Cumyn, v. 477.—Treachery of Cumyn, v. 561.—Bruce escapes to Scotland, and kills Cumyn, v. 631.—Douglas leaves the Bishop of St Andrews, and goes to Bruce, v. 721.—Bruce crowned at Scone, v. 805.

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

The king challenges Aymer de Vallange to battle, v. 53.—Lodges in the park of Methven, v. 109.—Battle of Methven, v. 152.—His defeat, v. 200.—Retreat to the Grampian Hills, v. 300.—Goes to Aberdeen, where he meets with the queen and other ladies, v. 318.—Story of Aristas, v. 334.—Hardships among the hills, v. 374.—The king attacked by John of Lorn, and defeated, v. 396.—Kills the three Makindrossers, v. 448.—Comforts his men by relating the history of Hannibal, v. 582.—The Earl of Athol and Niell de Bruce convey the queen and ladies to Kildrummy, v. 702.—The king crosses Lochlomond, v. 800.—Meets with the Earl of Lennox, v. 876.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

The king sails by the Isle of Bute to Cantire, v. 43.—Is well received by Angus of Ilay, v. 125.—Crosses to the Isle of Rachrin, where he winters, v. 187.—Crystal of Seatoun betrayed, v. 244.—Barns of Ayr, v. 266.—The queen made prisoner, v. 279.—Kildrummy taken, v. 313.—Edward I., on his way to Scotland, dies at Brugh in the Sand, v. 417.—Folly of necromancy, v. 447.—Douglas passes from Rachrin to Arran, v. 564.—After him the king, who sends a spy to Carrick, v. 682.—The king's hostess predicts his success, v. 863.—Digression on astrology and necromancy, v. 900.

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

The king arrives in Carrick, v. 30.—Attacks and defeats the English, v. 89.—Percy flees into England, v. 213.—Douglas wins his own castle in Douglasdale, v. 255.—The Douglas Larder, v. 404.—Sir Ingrame Bell sent against the king, v. 481.—He kills three traitors, who had been bribed to murder him, v. 490.—Discomfits two hundred Galwegians, v. 690.—A similar example from the Theban history, v. 835.—Praise of courage, v. 981.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

Douglas kills Thirlwall, v. 7.—Vallange and Lorne advance against the king, v. 135.—Employ a slouth-hound, v. 181.—He escapes to a wood, v. 301.—Adventure of the three thieves, v. 411.—Douglas finds the king in a hut, v. 572.—Defeats part of Vallange's host, v. 620.—Kills three men who sought his life, v. 709.—Defeats Vallange at Glentrule, v. 794.

ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

Douglas discomfits Moubray, v. 41.—Also Vallange at Loudon Hill, v. 207.—Goes to the north, leaving Douglas to recover the

south of Scotland, v. 392.—Douglas takes Lanark, v. 447.—The king, having passed the Mounth, falls sick at Inverury, v. 553.—Is carried to the Slenauch, v. 650.—Is attacked by John Cumyn Earl of Buchan, v. 669.—Is recovered by the threatening of his enemies, and defeats Buchan at Inverury, v. 751.—Herschip of Buchan, v. 821.—Takes Forfar Castle, and Perth, v. 831.

ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

Sir Edward Bruce defeats Sir Aymer de St John at the water of Cree in Galloway, v. 15.—Douglas takes Randell and Sir Alexander Stewart prisoners, v. 258.—The king, at Cruachenben, defeats the men of Lorne, v. 305.—Takes Dunstaffnage, v. 410.—Alexander, lord of Argyle, submits to him; his son escapes by sea, v. 421.—Linlithgow Pele taken by Bunnok, v. 435.—Randell made Earl of Moray; description of him, v. 557.—Besieges Edinburgh Castle, v. 609.—Roxburgh Castle taken by Douglas, v. 653.—Edinburgh Castle taken, v. 808.—Prophecy of St Margaret, v. 1037.—Edward Bruce takes Rutherglen Fort, and Dundee, v. 1092.—Terms given to Stirling, v. 1106.

ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Assembling of the English host, v. 78.—Edward II. advances from Berwick, v. 184.—The Scottish army assembled, v. 208.—Battle of Bannockburn; division of the troops, v. 268.—Potts made in a field, v. 352.—The English advance to Falkirk, v. 439.—Randell, with five hundred men, attacks eight hundred, v. 543.—King Robert kills Henry de Bohun, v. 688.—Randell defeats the English squadron, v. 758.—The Scottish king addresses his army, v. 869.

ARGUMENT OF THE NINTH BOOK.

Mass said in the morning, v. 1.—The armies join in battle, v. 89.—Valour of the Earl of Moray, v. 125.—Also of Stewart and Douglas, v. 185.—And Sir Robert of Keith, v. 242.—Rage of

battle, v. 315.—The Scottish swains appear in battle array, v. 406.—The English betake themselves to flight, v. 441.—Death of Sir Giles de Argentine, v. 480.—Douglas pursues Edward, v. 566.—The Earl of Hereford saved in Bothwell Castle, v. 582.—Escape of Edward, v. 812.—Bothwell taken; exchange of prisoners, v. 856.—King Robert ravages Northumberland, v. 919.

ARGUMENT OF THE TENTH BOOK.

Edward de Bruce goes to Ireland, v. 1.—Gains a battle near Carrickfergus, v. 42.—Earl of Moray seizes the pass of Inner-mallane, v. 113.—Edward de Bruce gains the battle of Dundalk, v. 193.—Again victorious near Cogniers, v. 389.—Chieftains opposed to the Scots, v. 511.—A fourth battle won by Edward de Bruce, v. 555.—He is declared King of Ireland, v. 714.—Death of Sir Niell Fleming, v. 790.—King Robert subdues the Isles, v. 825.—Douglas kills Edmund de Cailow, v. 875.—Also Sir Robert Nevil, v. 975.—Denominated “the Black Douglas,” v. 1108.

ARGUMENT OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

King Robert goes to Ireland to assist his brother, v. 29.—With five thousand fights against forty thousand, v. 104.—Marches through Ireland, v. 256.—Returns to Carrickfergus without battle, v. 299.—Douglas slays the Earl of Richmond, v. 342.—Saintcler, Bishop of Dunkeld, defeats the English near Dunfermline, v. 553.—King Robert returns to Scotland, v. 685.—He takes Berwick, v. 767.—Walter, steward of Scotland, made governor of it, v. 915.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

Edward II. collects an army to besiege Berwick, v. 1.—The siege begins, v. 35.—An English ship burnt, v. 139.—Moray and Douglas ravage England, v. 245.—Chapter of Mytoun, v. 316.—The sow employed, v. 337.—Crab, the Flemish engincer,

destroys it and other means of attack, v. 345.—The English king raises the siege, v. 624.—Supply sent to Ireland, v. 683.—Edward de Bruce defeated and slain, v. 794.—The reinforcement arrives at Carrickfergus after his death, v. 873.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

Edward II. invades Scotland, v. 20.—Douglas lies in ambush at Melrose, v. 81.—King Robert pursues Edward, v. 132.—Battle at Biland, v. 148.—Two French knights taken, v. 259.—Walter Stewart pursues the English to the gates of York, v. 276.—The French knights liberated without ransom, v. 331.—The Scots return homeward with great spoil, v. 346.—De Soullis and others conspire against King Robert, 363.—A parliament called, which condemns the traitors, v. 404.—Umfraville leaves Scotland, v. 431.—Scottish ships taken by the English, v. 551.—Death of Walter Stewart, v. 565.

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

Moray and Douglas invade England, v. 1.—Edward III. crowned, v. 31.—The English army advances, v. 50.—Stratagem of Douglas, v. 125.—First use of fire-arms, v. 173.—Douglas by night attacks the English camp, v. 302.—Story of the fox and the fisher, v. 419.—Retreat of the Scots, v. 491.—King Robert assembles three hosts to invade England, v. 591.—Lays waste Northumberland, v. 605.—The King of England makes overtures of peace, and proposes a marriage between David, King Robert's son, and his sister, v. 614.—Sickness of King Robert, v. 636.—The marriage of Prince David, v. 666.—King Robert summons a parliament, and his son is crowned, v. 707.—Engages Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land, v. 768.—Death of the king, v. 837.—Solemnly interred at Dunfermline, v. 875.—Moray governor of the kingdom, v. 889.—Douglas lands in Spain, v. 915.—Is slain, fighting against the Saracens, v. 1015.—Character of Douglas, v. 1097.—Conclusion, v. 1201.

THE BRUCE.

INCIPIT LIBER COMPOSITUS PER MAGISTRUM
IHOANNEM BARBER ARCHIDIACONUM ABYR-
DONENSEM, DE GESTIS, BELLIS ET VIRTUTIBUS,
DOMINI ROBERTI DE BRWYSS REGIS SCOCIE
ILLUSTRISSIMI, ET DE CONQUESTU REGNI SCO-
CIE PER EUNDEM, ET DE DOMINO JACOBO DE
DOUGLAS.

THE BRUCE.

BUKE FYRST.

- S**TORYSS to rede ar delitabill,
Suppos that thai be nocht bot fabill:
Than suld storyss that suthfast wer,
And thai war said on gud maner,
5 Hawe doubill plesance in heryng.
The fyrst plesance is the carpyng;
And the tothir the suthfastnes,
That schawys the thing rycht as it wes:
And such thyngis that are likand
10 Tyll mannys heryng ar plesand.
Tharfor I wald fayne set my will,
Giff my wyt mycht suffice thartill,
To put in wryt a suthfast story,
That it lest ay furth in memory
15 Swa that na tyme of lenth it let,
Na ger it haly be foryet.
For auld storys, that men redys,
Representis to thaim the dedys
Of stalwart folk, that lywynt ar,
20 Rycht as thai than in presence war.
And certes, thai suld weill hawe pryss
That in thair tyme war wycht and wiss;

- And led thair lyff in gret trawail,
 And oft, in hard stour off bataill,
 25 Wan rycht gret price off chewalry,
 And war woydyt off cowardy.
 As wes king Robert off Scotland,
 That hardy wes off hart and hand;
 And gud Schyr James off Douglas,
 30 That in his tyme sa worthy was,
 That off hys price, and hys bounté,
 In fer landis renownyt wes he.
 Off thaim I thynk this buk to ma:
 Now God gyff grace that I may swa
 35 Tret it, and bryng it till endyng,
 That I say nocht bot suthfast thing!

- Quhen Alexander the king wes deid,
 That Scotland haid to steyr and leid,
 The land sax yer, and mayr perfay,
 40 Lay desolat eftir hys day;
 Till that the barnage at the last
 Assemblyt thaim, and fayndyt fast
 To cheyss a king thar land to ster,
 That off awncestry cummyn wer
 45 Off kingis, that aucht that reawté,
 And mayst had rycht thair king to be.
 Bot enwy, that is sa felouné,
 Maid amang thaim gret discencioun.
 For sum wald haiff the Balleoll king;
 50 For he wes cummyn off the offspryng
 Off hyr that eldest syster was.
 And othir sum nyt all that cass;
 And said, that he thair king suld be
 That war in alsner degre,

- 55 And cummyn war of the neist male,
And in branch collaterale.
Thai said, successioun of kyngrik
Was nocht to lawer feys lik;
For thar mycht succed na female,
- 60 Quhill foundyn mycht be ony male,
How that, in his ewyn descendand,
Thai bar all othir wayis on hand;
For than the neyst cummyn off the seid,
Man or woman, suld succeid.
- 65 Be this resoun that part thought hale,
That the lord off Anandrydale,
Robert the Brwyss erle off Carryk,
Aucht to succeid to the kynryk.
The barownys thus war at discord,
- 70 That on na maner mycht accord;
Till at the last thai all concordyt,
That all thar spek suld be recordyt
Till Schyr Eduuard off Yngland king;
And he suld swer that, bot fenyeyng,
- 75 He suld that arbytre disclar,
Off thir twa that I tauld off ar,
Quhilk succeid to sic a hycht;
And lat him ryng that had the rycht.
This ordynance thaim thought the best,
- 80 For at that tyme wes pess and rest
Betwyx Scotland and Ingland bath;
And thai couth nocht persawe the skaith
That towart thaim wes apperand;
For that at the king off Ingland
- 85 Held swylk freyndschip and cumpany
To thar king, that wes swa worthy,
Thai trowyt that he, as gud nychtbur,
And as freyndsome compositur,

Wald hawe jugyt in lawté:

90 Bot othir wayis all yheid the gle.

Fol. 1b A! blynd folk full off all foly!

Haid ye wmbethought yow enkrely,

Quhat perell to yow mycht apper,

Ye had nocht wroucht on that maner:

95 Haid ye tane keip how at that king

Always, for owtyn soiournyng,

Trawayllyt for to wyn senyhory,

And throw his mycht till occupy

Landis, that war till him marcheand,

100 As Walis was, and als Ireland;

That he put to swylk thrillage,

That thai, that war off hey parage,

Suld ryn on fute, as rebaldaill,

Quhen he wald our folk assaill.

105 Durst nane of Walis in bataill ride;

Na yhet, fra ewyn fell, abyd

Castell or wallyt tounce with in,

That he ne suld lyff and lymmys tyne.

In to swilk thrillage thaim held he,

110 That he ourcome throw his powsté.

Ye mycht se he suld occupy

Throw slycht, that he ne mycht throw maistry.

Had ye tane kep quhat was thrillage,

And had consideryt his vsage,

115 That gryppyt ay, but gayne gevyng,

Ye suld, for owtyn his demyng,

Haiff chosyn yow a king, that mycht

Have haldyn veyle the land in rycht.

Walys ensample mycht have bene

120 To yow, had ye it forow sene.

- That be othir will him chasty,
And wyss men sayis he is happy.
For wnfayr thingis may fall perfay,
Alss weill to morn as yhisterday.
125 Bot ye traistyt in lawté,
As sympile folk, but mawyté;
And wyst nocht quhat suld eftir tyd.
For in this warld, that is sa wyde,
Is nane determynat that sall
130 Knaw thingis that ar to fall:
But God, that is off maist powesté,
Reserwyt till his maiesté,
For to knaw, in his prescience,
Off allryn tyme the mowence.
- 135 In this maner assentyt war
The barownis, as I said yow ar:
And throuch thar aller hale assent,
Messingeris till hym thai sent,
That was than in the haly land,
140 On Saracenys warrayand.
And fra he wyst quhat charge thai had,
He buskyt hym, but mar abad,
And left purpos that he had tane;
And till Ingland agayne is gane.
145 And syne till Scotland word send he,
That thai suld mak ane assemblé;
And he in hy suld cum to do
In all thing, as thai wrayt him to.
But he thoucht weile, throuch thair debate,
150 That he suld slely fynd the gate
How that he all the senyhowry,
Throw his gret mycht, suld occupy.

- And to Robert the Brwyss said he;
 " Gyff thow will hald in cheyff off me
 155 " For euirmar, and thine ofspryng,
 " I sall do swa thow sall be king."
 ' Schyr,' said he, ' sa God me save,
 ' The kynryk yharn I nocht to have,
 ' Bot gyff it fall off rycht to me:
 160 ' And gyff God will that it sa be,
 ' I sall als frely in all thing
 ' Hald it, as it afferis to king;
 ' Or as myn eldris forouch me
 ' Held it in freyast rewaté.'
 165 The tothir wreyth him, and swar
 That he suld have it neuir mar:
 And turnyt him in wreth away.
 Bot Schyr Jhon the Ballecoll perfay
 Assentyt till him, in all his will;
 170 Quhar through fell eftir mekill ill.
 He was king bot a litill quhile;
 And through gret sutelté and ghyle,
 For litill enchesone, or nane,
 He was arestyt syne and tane,
 175 And degradyt syne wes he
 Off honour and off dignité.
 Quhethir it wes through wrang or rycht,
 God wat it, that is maist off mycht.

- Quhen Schyr Edward, the mychty king,
 180 Had on this wyss done his likyng
 Off Jhone the Ballecoll, that swa sone
 Was all defawtyt and wndone,
 To Scotland went he than in hy,
 And all the land gan occupy:

- 185 Sa hale that bath castell and toune
 War in till his possessioun,
 [Fra Weik anent Orkenay,]
 Fol. 2a To Mullyr snwk in Gallaway;
 And stuffyt all with Ingliss men.
 190 Schyrreffys and bailyheys maid he then;
 And alkyn othir officeris,
 That for to gowern land afferis,
 He maid off Inglis nation;
 That worthyt than sa rych fellone,
 195 And sa wykkyt and cowatouss,
 And swa hawtane and dispitouss,
 That Scottis men mycht do na thing
 That euir mycht pleyss to thar liking.
 Thar wyffis wald thai oft forly,
 200 And thar dochtrys dispitusly:
 And gyff ony of thaim thair at war wrath,
 Thai watyt hym wele with gret scaith;
 For thai suld fynd sone enchesone
 To put hym to destructione.
 205 And gyff that ony man thaim by
 Had ony thing that wes worthy,
 As horss, or hund, or othir thing,
 That war plesand to thar liking;
 With rycht or wrang it have wald thai.
 210 And gyf ony wald thaim withsay;
 Thai suld swa do, that thai suld tyne
 Othir land or lyff, or leyff in pyne.
 For thai dempt thaim eftir thair will,
 Takand na kep to rycht na skill.
 215 A! quhat thai dempt them felonly!
 For gud knychtis that war worthy,
 For litill enchesoune, or than nane,
 Thai hangyt be the nekbane.

Als that folk, that euir wes fre,
220 And in fredome wount for to be,
Throw thar gret myschance, and foly,
War tretyt than sa wykkytly,
That thair fays thair jugis war :
Quhat wrechitnes may man have mar?

225 A! fredome is a noble thing!
Fredome mayss man to haiff liking;
Fredome all solace to man giffis:
He levys at ess that frely levys!
A noble hart may haiff nane ess,
230 Na ellys nocht that may him pless,
Gyff fredome failyhe: for fre liking
Is yharnyt our all othir thing.
Na he, that ay hass levyt fre,
May nocht knaw weill the propyrté,
235 The angyr, na the wrechyt dome,
That is cowplyt to foule thyrlidome.
Bot gyff he had assayit it,
Than all perquer he suld it wyt;
And suld think fredome mar to pryss,
240 Than all the gold in warld that is.
Thus contrar thingis euir mar,
Discoveryngis off the tothir ar.
And he that thryll is has nocht his;
All that he hass embandownyt is
245 Till hys lord, quhat euir he be.
Yheyt has he nocht sa mekill fre
As fre wyll to leyve, or do
That at hys hart hym drawis to.
Than mayss clerkis questioun,
250 Quhen thai fall in disputacioun,

- That gyff man bad his thryll owcht do,
And in the samyn tym come him to
His wyff, and askyt hym hyr det,
Quhethir he his lordis neid suld bet,
255 And pay fryst that he awcht, and syne
Do furth his lordis commandyne;
Or leve onpayit his wyff, and do
Thai thingis that commandyt is him to?
I leve all the solucioun
260 Till thaim that ar off mar renoun.
Bot sen thai mak sic comperying
Betwix the dettis off wedding,
And lordis bidding till his threll;
Ye may weile se, thought nane yow tell,
265 How hard a thing that threldome is.
For men may weile se, that ar wyss,
That wedding is the hardest band,
That ony man may tak on hand:
And thryldome is weill wer than deid;
270 For quhill a thryll his lyff may leid,
It merrys him, body and banys;
And dede anoyis him bot anys.
Schortly to say, is nane can tell
The halle conditioun off a threll.
- 275 Thus gat levyt thai, and in sic thrillage;
Bath pur, and thai off hey perage.
For off the lordis sum thai slew;
And sum thai hangyt, and sum thai drew;
And sum thai put in presoune,
280 For owtyn causs, or enchesoun.
And amang othir off Dowglas
Put in presoun Wilyam was,

- Fol.2b That off Dowglas was lord and syr;
 Off him thai makyt a martyr.
- 285 For thai in presounne him sleuch,
 Hys land, that is fayr inewch,
 Thai the lord off Clyffurd gave.
 He had a sone, a litill knave,
 That wes than bot a litill page;
- 290 Bot syne he wes off gret waslage,
 Hys fadyr dede he wengyt sua,
 That in Ingland, I wnderta,
 Wes nane off lyve that hym ne dred;
 For he sa fele off harnys sched,
- 295 That nane that lyvys thaim can tell.
 Bot wondirly hard thing fell
 Till him, or he till state wes brocht.
 Thair wes nane auentur that mocht
 Stunay hys hart, na ger him let
- 300 To do the thing that he wes on set;
 For he thocht ay encrely
 To do his deid awysily.
 He thocht weill he wes worth na seyle,
 That mycht of nane anoyis feyle;
- 305 And als for till escheve gret thingis,
 And hard trawalyis, and barganyngis,
 That suld ger his price dowblyt be.
 Quharfor, in all hys lyve tyme, he
 Wes in gret payn, ec gret trawail;
- 310 And neuir wald for myscheiff fail,
 Bot dryve the thing rycht to the end,
 And tak the vre that God wald send.
 Hys name wes James of Douglas:
 And quhen he herd his fadyr was
- 315 Put in presounne sa fellounly,
 And at his landis halyly

- War gevyn to the Clyffurd, perfay
 He wyst nocht quhat to do na say;
 For he had na thing for to dispend,
 320 Na thair wes nane that euir [him] kend
 Wald do sa mekill for him, that he
 Mycht sufficiantly fundyn be.
 Than wes he wondir will off wane;
 And sodanly in hart has tane,
 325 That he wald trawaile our the se,
 And a quhile in Paryss be,
 And dre myscheiff quhar nane hym kend,
 Till God sum succouris till hym send.
 And as he thocht he did rycht sua,
 330 And sone to Paryss can he ga;
 And levyt thar full sympylly.
 The quhethir he glaid was and joly;
 And till swylk thowlesnes he yeid,
 As the courss askis off yowtheid;
 335 And wmqhill in to rybbaldaill:
 And that may mony tyme awaill.
 For knowlage off mony statis
 May quhile awailye full mony gatis;
 As to the gud erle off Artayis
 340 Robert, befell in his dayis.
 For oft feynyeyng off rybbaldy
 Awailyeit him, and that gretly.
 And Catone sayis ws, in his wryt,
 That to fenyhe foly quhile is wyt.
 345 In Parys ner thre yer duellyt he;
 And then come tythandis our the se,
 That his fadyr wes done to ded.
 Then wes he wa, and will of red;
 And thocht that he wald hame agayne,
 350 To luk gyff he, throw ony payn,

- Mycht wyn agayn his herytage,
 And his men out off all thryllage.
 To Sanct Androwis he come in hy,
 Quhar the byschop full curtasly
 355 Resavyt him, and gert him wer
 His knyvyys forouch him to scher;
 And cled him rycht honorabilly,
 And gert ordayn quhar he suld ly.
 A weile gret quhile thair duellyt he;
 360 All men lufyt him for his bounté;
 For he wes off full fayr effer,
 Wyss, curtaiss, and deboner;
 Larg and luffand als wes he,
 And our all thing luffyt lawté.
- 365 Leavté to luff is gretumly;
 Throuch leavté liffis men rychtwisly:
 With a wertu, and leavté
 A man may yeit sufficyand be:
 And but leawté may nane haiff price,
 370 Quhethir he be wycht, or he be wyss;
 For quhar it failyeys, na wertu
 May be off price, na off valu,
 To mak a man sa gud, that he
 May symply callyt gud man be.
- 375 He wes in all his dedis lele;
 For him dedeynycit nocht to dele
 With trechery, na with falset.
 His hart on hey honour wes set:
 And hym contenyt on sic maner,
 Fol.3a 380 That all him luffyt that war him ner.
 Bot he wes nocht so fayr, that we
 Suld spek gretly off his beauté:

- In wysage wes he sumdeill gray,
 And had blak har, as Ic hard say;
 385 Bot off lymmys he wes weill maid,
 With banys gret, and schuldrys braid.
 His body wes weyll [maid, and lenye;]
 As thai that saw hym said to me.
 Quhen he wes blyth he wes luffy,
 390 And meyk and sweyt in cumpany:
 Bot quha in battaill mycht him se
 All othir contenance had he.
 And in spek wlispyt he sum deill;
 Bot that sat him rycht wondre weill.
 395 Till gud Ector of Troy mycht he
 In mony thingis likynt be.
 Ector had blak har, as he had;
 And stark lymmys, and rycht weill maid;
 And wlyspit alsua as did he;
 400 And wes fulfillt of leawté;
 And wes curtaiss, and wyss, and wycht.
 Bot off manheid, and mekill mycht,
 Till Ector dar I nane comper,
 Off all that euir in warldys wer.
 405 The quethyr in his tyme sa wrocht he,
 That he suld gretly lovyt be.

- He duellyt thar, quhill on a tid,
 The king Eduuard, with mekill prid,
 Come to Strevillyne with gret mengye,
 410 For till hald thar ane assemblé.
 Thiddirwart went mony baroune;
 Byschop Wylyame off Lambyrtoun
 Raid thiddyr als, and with him was
 This squyer James of Dowglas.

- 415 The byschop led him to the king,
 And said; "Schyr, heyr I to yow bryng
 "This child, that clemys your man to be;
 "And prayis you per cheryté,
 "That ye resave her his homage,
 420 "And grantis him his herytage."
 'Quhat landis clemys he?' said the king.
 "Schyr, giff that it be your liking,
 "He clemys the lordschip off Douglas;
 "For lord tharoff hys fadyr was."
 425 The king then wrethyt him encrely,
 And said; 'Schyr byschop, sekyrly
 'Gyff thow wald kep thi fewté,
 'Thow maid nane sic speking to me.
 'Hys fadyr ay wes my fay feloun,
 430 'And deyt tharfor in my presoun;
 'And wes agayne my maiesté:
 'Tharfor hys ayr I aucht to be.
 'Ga purches land quhar euir he may;
 'For tharoff haffys he nane perfay:
 435 'The Clyffurd sall thaim haiff, for he
 'Ay lely has serwyt to me.'
 The byschop hard him swa ansuer,
 And durst than spek till him na mar;
 Bot fra his presence went in hy,
 440 For he dred sayr his felouny:
 Swa that he na mar spak thairto.
 The king did that he com to do;
 And went till Ingland syn agayn,
 With mony man off mekill mayn.

- 445 LORDINGIS, quha likis for till her,
 The Romanys now begynnys her,

- Off men that war in gret distress,
 And assayit full gret hardynes,
 Or thai mycht cum till thair entent:
 450 Bot syne our Lord sic grace thaim sent,
 That thai syne, throw thar gret walour,
 Come till gret hycht, and till honour,
 Magre thair fayis euirilkane,
 That war sa fele, that ane till ane
 455 Off thaim thai war weill a thowsand.
 Bot quhar God helpys quhat may withstand?
 Bot and we say the suthfastnes.
 Thai war sum tyme erar may then les.
 Bot God that maist is of all mycht,
 460 Preserwyt thaim in his forsycht,
 To weng the harme, and the contrer,
 At that fele folk and pantener
 Dyd till sympill folk and worthy,
 That couth nocht help thaim self: for thi,
 465 Thai war lik to the Machabeys,
 That, as men in the Bibill seys,
 Throw thair gret worschip and walour,
 Faweht in to mony stalwart stour,
 For to delyuir thar countré
 470 Fra folk that, throw iniquité,
 Held thaim and thairis in thrillage:
 Thai wrocht sua throw thar wasselage,
 That, with few folk, thai had wictory
 Fol. 3b Off mychty kingis, as sayis the story,
 475 And delyueryt thar land all fre;
 Quharfor thar name suld lovyt be.

Thys lord the Brwyss, I spak of ayr,
 Saw all the kynryk swa forfayr;

- And swa trowblyt the folk saw he,
 480 That he tharoff had gret pitté.
 Bot quhat pité that euir he had,
 Na contenance thar off he maid;
 Till on a tym Schyr Jhone Cumyn,
 As thai come ridand fra Strewillyn,
 485 Said till him; "Schyr, will ye nocht se,
 "How that gouernyt is this countré?
 "Thai sla our folk but enchesoune,
 "And haldis this land agayne resoune,
 "And ye tharoff suld lord be.
 490 "And gyff that ye will trow to me,
 "Ye sall ger mak [yow] tharoff king,
 "And I sall be in your helping;
 "With thi ye giff me all the land,
 "That he haiff now in till your hand:
 495 "And gyff that ye will nocht do sua,
 "Na swylk a state apon yow ta,
 "All hale my land sall youris be;
 "And lat me ta the state on me,
 "And bring this land out off thyrlage.
 500 "For thair is nothir man, na page,
 "In all this land than thai sall be
 "Fayn to mak thaim selwyn fre."
 The lord the Brwiss heard his carping,
 And wend he spak bot suthfast thing.
 505 And, for it likit till his will,
 He gave his assent sone thartill:
 And said, 'Sen ye will it be swa,
 'I will blythly apon me ta
 'The state, for I wate that I have rycht;
 510 'And rycht mayss oft the feble wycht.'

- The barownys thus accordyt ar;
 And that ilk nycht writyn war
 Thair endenturis, and aythis maid,
 To hald that thai forspokyn haid.
 515 Bot off all thing wa worth tresoun!
 For thair is nothir duk, ne baroun,
 Na erle, na prynce, na king off mycht.
 Thocht he be neuir sa wyss na wycht.
 For wyt, worschip, price, na renoun,
 520 That euir may wauch hym with tresoune.
 Wes nocht all Troy with tresoune tane,
 Quhen ten yeris of the wer wes gane?
 Then slayn wes moné thowsand
 Off thaim with owt, throw strenth of hand;
 525 As Dares in his buk he wrate,
 And Dytis, that knew all thar state.
 Thai mycht nocht haiff beyn tane throw mycht;
 Bot tresoun tuk thaim throw hyr slycht.
 And Alexander the Conqueroure,
 530 That conqueryt Babilonys tour,
 And all this world of lenth and breid.
 In twelf yher, throw his douchty deid.
 Wes syne destroyit throw pwsoune,
 In his awyne howss, throw gret tresoune.
 535 Bot, or he deit, his land delt he:
 To se his dede wes gret pité.
 Julius Cesar als, that wan
 Bretane and Fraunce, as dowchty man,
 Affryk, Arrabe, Egipt. Surry,
 540 And all Evrope halyly;
 And for his worschip and valour
 Off Rome wes fryst maid emperour;
 Syne in hys capitole wes he,
 Throw thaim of his consaill priué.

- 545 Slayne with pusoune, rycht to the ded:
 And quhen he saw thair wes na rede,
 Hys eyn with his hand closit he,
 For to dey with mar honesté.
 Als Arthur, that throw chevalry
 550 Maid Bretane maistres and lady
 Off twelf kin [rykis] that he wan;
 And alsua, as a noble man,
 He wan throw bataill Fraunce all fre;
 And Lucius Yber wencusyt he,
 555 That then of Rome was emperour:
 Bot yeit, for all his gret valour,
 Modreyt his systir son him slew;
 And gud men als ma then inew,
 Throw tresoune, and throw wikkitnes;
 560 The Broite beris thair off wytnes.
 Sa fell off this conand making:
 For the Cwmyn raid to the king
 Off England, and tald all this cass;
 Bot, I trow, nocht all as it was.
 565 Bot the endentur till him gaf he,
 That soune schawyt the iniquité:
 Quharfor syne he tholyt ded;
 Than he couth set thairfor na rede.

- Quhen the king saw the endentur,
 570 He wes angry out of mesur,
 And swour that he suld wengeance ta
 Fol.4a Off that Brwyss, that presumyt swa
 Aganys him to brawle or ryss,
 Or to conspyr on sic a wyss.
 575 And to Schyr Jhon Cwmyn said he,
 That he suld, for his leawté,

- Be rewardyt, and that hely:
 And he him thankit humyly.
 Than thought he to have the leding
 580 Off all Scotland, but gane saying,
 Fra at the Brwce to dede war brocht.
 Bot oft failyeis the fulis thocht;
 And wyss mennys etling
 Cummys nocht ay to that ending
 585 That thai think it sall cum to;
 For God wate weill quhat is to do.
 Off hys etlyng rycht swa it fell,
 As I sall efterwartis tell.
 He tak his leve, and hame is went;
 590 And the king a parlyament
 Gert set thaireftir hastely;
 And thidder somownys he in hy
 The barownys of his reawté.
 And to the lord the Bruce send he
 595 Bydding to come to that gadryng.
 And he that had na persawying
 Off the tresoun, na the falset,
 Raid to the king but langer let.
 And in Landon hym herberyd he,
 600 The fyrst day off thair assemblé;
 Syn on the morn to court he went
 The kyng sat into parleament;
 And forouch hys consaile priué.
 The lord the Bruce thar callyt he,
 605 And schawyt hym the endentur.
 He wes in full gret auentur
 To tyne his lyff; bot God of mycht
 Preserwyt him till hyer hycht,
 That wald nocht that he swa war dede.
 610 The king betaucht hym in that steid

- The endentur, the seile to se;
 And askyt, gyff it enselyt he?
 He lukyit the seyle entently,
 And answeryt till hym humyly,
 615 And sayd; "How that I sympill be,
 "My seyle is nocht all tyme with me;
 "Ik have ane othir it to ber.
 "Tharfor giff that your willis wer,
 "Ic ask yow respyt for to se
 620 "This lettir, and thairwith awysit be,
 "Till to morn that ye be set:
 "And then, for owtyn langer let,
 "This lettir sall I entyr heyr,
 "Befor all your consaill planer;
 625 "And thair till in to borwch draw I
 "Myn herytage all halily."
 The king thought he wes traist inewch,
 Sen he in bowrch hys landis drewch;
 And let hym with the lettir passe,
 630 Till entyr it, as for spokin was.

- The Bruys went till his innys swyth;
 Bot wyt ye weile he wes full blyth,
 That he had gottyn that respyt.
 He callit his marschall till him tyt,
 635 And bad him luk on all maner,
 That he ma till his men gud cher;
 For he wald in his chambre be,
 A weill gret quhile in priuaté,
 With him a clerk for owtyn ma.
 640 The marschell till the hall gan ga,
 And did hys lordys commanding.
 The lord the Bruce, but mar letting.

- Gert priuely bryng stedys twa.
 He and the clerk, for owtyn ma,
 645 Lap on, for owtyn persawying:
 And day and nycht, but soiournyng,
 Thai raid; quhill, on the fyften day,
 Cummyn till Louchmaban ar thai.
 Hys brodyr Eduuard thar thai fand,
 650 That thocht ferly, Ic tak on hand,
 That thai come hame sa priuely:
 He tauld hys brodyr halyly,
 How that he thar soucht was,
 And how he chapyt wes throw cass.
 655 Sa fell it in the samyn tid,
 That at Drumfress, rycht thair besid,
 Schir Jhone the Cumyn soiournyng maid;
 The Bruss lap on, and thiddir raid;
 And thought, for owtyn mar letting,
 660 For to qwyth hym his discoueryng.
 Thiddir he raid, but langer let,
 And with Schyr Jhone the Cumyn met,
 In the Freris, at the hye awter,
 And schawyt him, with lauchand cher,
 665 The endentur; syne with a knyff,
 Rycht in that sted, hym rest the lyff.
 Schyr Edmund Cumyn als wes slayn,
 And othir mony off mekill mayn.
 Nocht for thi yeit sum men sayis,
 670 At that debat fell othir wayis;
 Bot quhat sa euyr maid the debate,
 Fol. 4b Thar throuch he deyt, weill I wat.
 He mysdyd thair gretly but wer,
 That gave na gyrrh to the awter.
 675 Tharfor sa hard myscheiff him fell,
 That Ik herd neuir in Romanys tell

Off man sa hard frayit as wes he,
That eftirwart com to sic bounté.

- Now agayne to the king ga we ;
680 That on the morn, with his barné,
Sat in till his parleament ;
And eftyr the lord the Brwyss he sent,
Rycht till his in, with knychtis kene.
Quhen he oft tyme had callit bene,
685 And his men eftir him askit thai,
Thai said that he, sen yhystirday,
Duelt in his chambyr ythanly,
With a clerk with him anerly.
Than knokyt thai at his chamur thar ;
690 And quhen thai hard nane mak ansuar,
Thai brak the dur ; bot thai fand nocht,
The quethir the chambre hale thai socht.
Thai tauld the king than hale the cass,
And how that he eschapyt was.
695 He wes off his eschap sary ;
And swour in ire, full stalwartly,
That he suld drawyn and hangit be.
He manausyt as him thought : bot he
Thought that suld pass ane othir way.
700 And quhen he, as ye hard me say,
In till the kyrk Schyr Jhone haid slayn,
Til Louchmabane he went agayne ;
And gert men, with his lettres, ryd
To freyndis apon ilk sid,
705 That come to hym with thar mengye ;
And his men als assemblit he :
And thought that he wald mak him king.
Our all the land the word gan spryng,

- That the Bruce the Cumyn had slayn ;
 710 And amang othir lettres ar gayn
 To the byschop off Androwss towne,
 That tauld how slayn wes the baroun,
 The lettir tauld hym all the deid :
 And he till his men gert reid ;
 715 And sythyn said thaim ; “ Sekyrly
 “ I hop, Thomas prophecy
 “ Off Hersildoune sall weryfyd be
 “ In him ; for, swa our Lord help me !
 “ I haiff gret hop he sall be king,
 720 “ And haiff this land all in leding.”

- James off Dowglas, that ay quhar
 All wayis befor the byschop schar,
 Had weill hard all the lettir red ;
 And he tuk alsua full gud hed
 725 To that the byschop had said.
 And quhen the burdys doun war laid,
 Till chamyr went thai then in hy :
 And James off Dowglas priuely
 Said to the byschop ; “ Schyr, ye se
 730 “ How Inglis men, throw thair powsté,
 “ Dysherysys me off my land ;
 “ And men has gert yow wndirstand,
 “ Als that the erle off Carryk
 “ Clamys to govern the kynryk :
 735 “ And, for yon man that he has slayn,
 “ All Inglis men ar him agayn,
 “ And wald disheryss hym blythly ;
 “ The quhethir with him duell wald I.
 “ Tharfor, Schir, giff it war your will,
 740 “ I wald tak with him gud and ill.

- "Throw hym I trow my land to wyn,
 "Magre the Clyffurd and his kyn."
 The byschop hard, and had pité,
 And said; 'Swet son, sa God help me!
 745 'I wald blythly that thow war thair,
 'Bot at I nocht reprowyt war.
 'On this maner weile wyrk thou may
 'Thow sall tak Ferrand my palfray;
 'And for thair is na horss in this land
 750 'Sa swycht, na yeit sa weill at hand;
 'Tak him as off thine awyne hewid,
 'As I had gevyn thar to na reid.
 'And gyff his yhemar oucht gruchys.
 'Luk that thow tak hym magre his;
 755 'Swa sall I weill assonyeit be.
 'Mychty God, for his powsté,
 'Graunt that he that thow passis to,
 'And thow, in all tyme sa weill to do,
 'That ye yow fra yowr fayis defend.'
 760 He taucht him siluer to dispend;
 And syne gaitt him gud day,
 And bad him pass furth on his way;
 For he na wald spek till he war gane.
 The Dowglas then his way has tane
 765 Rycht to the horss, as he him bad:
 Bot he, that hym in yhemsell had,
 Than warnyt hym dispitously.
 Bot he, that wreth him encrely,
 Fellyt hym with a suerdys dynt.
 Fol. 5 a 770 And syne, for owtyn langer stynt,
 The horss he sadylt hastely;
 And lap on him delyuerly;
 And passyt furth but leve taking.
 Der God, that is off hevyn king,

- 775 Sawff hym, and scheld him fra his fayis!
All him alane the way he tais
Toward the towne off Louchmabane;
And, a litill fra Aryk stane,
The Bruce with a gret rout he met,
780 That raid to Scone, for to be set
In kingis stole, and to be king.
And quhen Dowglas saw hys cummyng,
He raid, and hailst hym in hy,
And lowtyt him full curtasly;
785 And tauld him haly all his state,
And quhat he was, and als how gat
The Clyffurd held his herytage:
And that he come to mak homage
Till him as till his rychtwiss king;
790 And at he boune wes, in all thing,
To tak with him the gud and ill.
And quhen the Bruce had herd his will,
He resawyt him in gret daynté,
And men, and armys, till him gaff he.
795 He thought weile he suld be worthy;
For all his eldris war douchty.
Thusgat maid thai thair aquentance,
That neuir syne, for nakyn chance,
Depertyt quhill thai lyffand war.
800 Thair frendschip woux ay mar and mar:
For he serwyt ay lelely;
And the tothir full wilfully,
That was bath worthy, wycht, and wyss,
Rewardyt him weile his seruice.
805 The lord the Bruce to Glaskow raid,
And send about him, quhill he haid

- Off his freyndis a gret menyhe.
And syne to Scone in hy raid he,
And wes maid king but langer let,
810 And in the kingis stole was set;
As in that tyme wes the maner.
Bot off thar noble gret affer,
Thar seruice, na thar realté,
Ye sall her na thing now for me;
815 Owtane that he off the barnage
That thidder come tok homage;
And syne went our all the land,
Frendis, and frendschip purchesand,
To maynteym that he had begunnyn.
820 He wyst, or all the land war wonnyn,
He suld fynd full hard barganyng
With him that wes off Ingland king:
For thair wes nane off lyff sa fell,
Sa pantener, na sa cruell.

BUKE SECUND.

- AND quhen to King Eduuard wes tauld,
How at the Brwyss, that wes sa bauld,
Had broucht the Cumyn till ending,
And how he syne had maid him king,
5 Owt off his wyt he went weill ner;
And callit till him Schir Amer
The Wallang, that wes wyss and wycht,
And off his hand a worthy knyght,
And bad him men off armys ta,
10 And in hy till Scotland ga,
And byrn, and slay, and raiss dragoun:
And hycht all Fyfe in warysoun
Till him that mycht othir ta or sla
Robert the Bruce, that wes his fa.
15 Schir Aymer did as he him bad,
Gret chewalry with him he had;
With him wes Philip the Mowbray,
And Ingram the Umfrawill perfay,
That wes bath wyss and awerty,
20 And full of gret chewalry;
And off Scotland the maist party
Thai had in till thair cumpany.
For yheit then mekill off the land
Wes in till Inglis mennys hand.
25 Till Perth then went thai in a rout
That then wes wallyt all about

- With feile towris, rycht hey bataillyt,
 To defend giff it war assaylit.
 Thar in duellyt Schyr Amery,
 30 With all his gret chewalry.
 The king Robert wyst he wes thar,
 And quhat kyn chyftanys with him war.
 And assemblyt all his mengye.
 He had feyle off full gret bounté;
 35 Bot thair fayis war may then thai,
 Be fifteen hundyr, as Ik herd say.
 The quhethir he had thair, at that ned,
 Full feill that war douchty off deid;
 And barownys that war bauld as bar.
 40 Twa erlis alsua with him war;
 Off Leuynax and Atholl war thai.
 Fol. 5b Eduuard the Bruce wes thair alsua,
 Thomas Randell, and Hew de le Hay,
 And Schyr Dauid the Berclay,
 45 Fresale, Somerucile, and Inchmertyn;
 James off Dowglas thair wes syne,
 That yheyt than wes bot litill off mycht;
 And othir fele folk forsye in fycht:
 Bot I can nocht tell quhat thai hyecht. }
 50 Thocht thai war qwheyn, thai war worthy,
 And full of gret chewalry.
 And in bataill, in gud aray,
 Befor Sanct Jhonystoun com thai,
 And bad Schyr Amery isch to fycht:
 55 And he, that in the mekill mycht
 Traistyt off thaim that wes him by,
 Bad his men arme thaim hastily.
 Bot Schir Ingram the Umfrawill
 Thocht it war all to gret perill

- 60 In playne bataill to thaim to ga,
Or quhill thai war arayit sa:
And till Schyr Amer said he;
‘Schir, giff that ye will trow to me,
‘Ye sall nocht ische thaim till assaile.
- 65 ‘Till thai ar purwayt in bataill.
‘For thair ledar is wycht and wyss,
‘And off his hand a noble knyght is;
‘And he has in his cumpany
‘Mony a gud man, and worthi,
- 70 ‘That sall be hard for till assay.
‘Till thai ar in sa gud aray.
‘For it suld be full mekill mycht,
‘That now suld put thaim to the flycht:
‘For quhen folk ar weill arayit,
- 75 ‘And for the bataill weill purwait,
‘With-thi-that thai all gud men be,
‘Thai sall fer mair be awisé,
‘And weill mar for to dreid, then thai
‘War set sumdele out off aray.
- 80 ‘Thairfor ye may, Schir, say thaim till.
‘That thai may this nycht, and thai will,
‘Gang herbery thaim, and slep and rest;
‘And at to morn, but langar lest,
‘Ye sall isch furth to the bataill,
- 85 ‘And fecht with thaim, bot gyf thai faile.
‘Sa till thair herbery went sall thai,
‘And sum sall went to the forray;
‘And thai that duellis at the logyng,
‘Sen thai come owt off trawelling,
- 90 ‘Sall in schort tyme wnarmyt be.
‘Then on our best maner may we,
‘With all our fayr chewalry,
‘Ryd towart thaim rycht hardyly;

' And thai that wenys to rest all nycht
 95 ' Quhen thai se ws arayit to fycht,
 ' Cummand on thaim sa sudanly,
 ' Thai sall affraiyt be gretumly.
 ' And or thai cummyn in bataill be,
 ' We sall speid ws swagat that we
 100 ' Sall be all redy till assemblill.
 ' Sum man for erylness will trymbill,
 ' Quhen he assayit is sodanly,
 ' That with awisement is douchty.'

As he awisyt, now have thai done;
 105 And till thaim wtouth send thai sone,
 And bad thaim herbery thaim that nycht,
 And on the morn cum to the fycht.
 Quhen thai saw thai mycht no mar,
 Towart Meffayn then gan thai far;
 110 And in the woud thaim logyt thai;
 The thrid part went to the forray;
 And the lave sone wnarmyt war,
 And skalyt to loge thaim her and thar.
 Schyr Amer then, but mar abaid,
 115 With all the folk he with him haid,
 Ischyt in forcely to the fycht;
 And raid, in till a randoun rycht,
 The strawcht way towart Meffen.
 The king, that wes wnarmyt then,
 120 Saw thaim cum swa inforcely;
 ' Then till his men gan hely cry,
 " Till armys swyth, and makys yow yar!
 " Her at our hand our fayis ar!"
 And thai did swa in full gret hy:
 125 And on thair horss lap hastily.

- The king displayit his baner,
 Quhen that his folk assemblyt wer;
 And said, "Lordingis, now may ye se
 "That yone folk all, throw sutelté,
 130 "Schapis thaim to do with slycht,
 "That at thai drede to do with mycht.
 "Now I persawe he that will trew
 "His fa, it sall him sum tyme rew.
 "And nocht for thi, thocht thai be fele,
 135 "God may rycht weill our werdis dele;
 "For multitud maiss na victory;
 "As men has red in mony story,
 "That few folk has oft wencusyt ma.
 "Trow we that we sall do rycht sua.
 140 "Ye are ilkan wycht and worthy,
 Fol. 6a "And full of gret chewlry;
 "And wate rycht weill quhat honour is.
 "Wyrk yhe then apon swylyk wyss,
 "That your honour be sawyt ay.
 145 "And a thing will I to yow say,
 "That he that dois for his cuntré
 "Sall herbryit in till hewyn be."
 Quhen this wes said, thai saw cummand
 Thar fayis ridand, ner at the hand,
 150 Arayit rycht awisély,
 Willfull to do chewalry.

- On athir syd thus war thai yhar,
 And till assemble all redy war.
 Thai straucht their speris, on athir syd,
 155 And swa ruydly gan samyn ryd,
 That speris all to fruschynt war;
 And feyle men dede, and woundyt sar;
 The blud owt at their byrnys brest.

- For the best, and the worthiest,
160 That wilfull war to wyn honour,
Plungyt in the stalwart stour,
And rowtis ruyd about thaim dang.
Men mycht haiff seyn in to that thrang
Knychtis that wycht and hardy war,
165 Wndyr horss feyt defoulyt thair;
Sum woundyt, and sum all ded:
The gress woux off the blud all rede.
And thai, that held on horss, in hy
Swappyt owt swerdis sturdyly;
170 And swa fell strakys gave and tuk,
That all the renk about thaim quouk.
The Bruyssis folk full hardely
Schawyt thair gret chewalry:
And he him selff, atour the lave,
175 Sa hard and sa hewy dyntis gave,
That quhar he come thai maid him way.
His folk thaim put in hard assay,
To stynt thair fais mekill mycht,
That then so fayr had off the fycht,
180 That thai wan feild ay mar and mar:
The kingis small folk ner wencusyt ar.
And quhen the king his folk has sene
Begyn to faile, for propyr tene,
Hys assenyhe gan he cry;
185 And in the stour sa hardyly
He ruschyt, that all the semble schuk;
He all till hewyt that he our tuk;
And dang on thaim quhill he mycht drey.
And till his folk he cryt hey;
190 "On thaim! On thaim! Thai feble fast!
"This bargane neuir may langar last!"
And with that word sa wilfully

He dang on, and sa hardely,
 That quha had sene him in that sycht
 195 Suld hald him for a douchty knycht.
 Bot thocht he wes stout and hardy,
 And othir als off his cumpany,
 Thar mycht na worschip thar awailye;
 For thar small folk begouth to failye,
 200 And fled all skalyt her and thar.
 Bot the gude at enchausyt war,
 Off ire abade, and held the stour
 To conquyr thaim endles honour.

And quhen Schyr Amer has sene
 205 The small folk fle all bedene,
 And sa few abid to fycht,
 He releyt to him mony a knycht;
 And in the stour sa hardyly,
 He ruschyt with hys chewalry,
 210 That he ruschyt his fayis ilkane.
 Schyr Thomas Randell thair wes tane,
 That then wes a young bacheler;
 And Schyr Alexander Fraseyr;
 And Schyr Daid the Breklay,
 215 Inchmertyne, and Hew de le Hay,
 And Somerweil, and othir ma;
 And the king him selff alsua
 Wes set in till full hard assay,
 Throw Schyr Philip the Mowbray,
 220 That raid till him full hardyly,
 And hynt hys rengye, and syne gan cry;
 "Help! help! I have the new maid king!"
 With that come gyrdand, in a lyng,
 Crystall of Seytoun, quhen he swa
 225 Saw the king sesyt with his fa;

- And to Philip sic rout he raucht,
 That thocht he wes off mekill maucht,
 He gert hym galay disyly;
 And haid till erd gane fullyly,
 230 Ne war he hynt him by his sted.
 Then off his hand the brydill yhed;
 And the king his essenye gan cry,
 Releyt his men that war him by,
 That war sa few that thai na mycht
 235 Endur the forss mar off the fycht.
 Thai prikyt then out off the press;
 And the king that angry wes,
 Fol.6b For he his men saw fle him fra,
 Said then; "Lordingis, sen it is swa
 240 "That vre rynnys agane ws her,
 "Gud is we pass off thar daunger,
 "Till God ws send eftsonys grace:
 "And yeyt may fall, giff thai will chace,
 "Quyt thaim torn but sum dele we sall."
 245 To this word thai assentyt all,
 And fra thaim walopyt owyr mar.
 Thar fayis alsua very war,
 That off thaim all thar chassyt nane:
 Bot with prisoneris, that thai had tane,
 250 Rycht to the toune thai held thair way,
 Rycht glaid and joyfull off thair pray.
 That nycht thai lay all in the toun;
 Ther wes nane off sa gret renoun,
 Na yeit sa hardy off thaim all,
 255 That durst herbery with out the wall.
 Sa dred thai sar the gayne cummyng
 Off Schyr Robert, the douchty king.
 And to the king off Ingland sone,
 Thai wrate haly as thai haid done;

- 260 And he wes blyth off that tithing,
And for dispyte bad draw and hing
All the prisoneris, thocht thai war ma.
Bot Schyr Amery did nocht sua;
To sum bath land and lyff gaiff he,
265 To leve the Bruyssis fewté,
And serve the king off England,
And off him for to hald the land,
And werray the Brwss as thair fa.
Thomas Randell wes ane off tha,
270 That for his lyff become thair man.
Off othyr, that war takyn than,
Sum thai ransownyt, sum thai slew,
And sum thai hangyt, and sum thai drew.

- In this maner rebutyt was
275 The Bruyss, that mekill murnyn maiss
For his men that war slayne and tane.
And he wes als sa will off wane,
That he trowit in nane sekyrly,
Owtane thaim off his cumpany;
280 That war sa few that thai mycht be
Fyve hundyr ner off all mengye.
His brodyr alwayis wes him by,
Schyr Eduuard, that wes sa hardy;
And with him wes a bauld baroun,
285 Schyr Wilyam the Boroundoun;
The erle off Athole als wes thar.
Bot ay syn thai discomfyt war,
The erle off the Leuenax wes away,
And wes put to full hard assay,
290 Or he met with the king agayn:
Bot always, as a man off mayn,
He mayntemyt him full manlyly.

- The king had in his cumpany
 James alsua of Dowglas,
 295 That wycht, wyss, and awerty was.
 Schyr Gilbert de le Hay alsua,
 Schir Nele Cambell, and othyr ma,
 That I thair namys can nocht say,
 As wtelaufs went mony day;
 300 Dreand in the Month thair pyne;
 Eyte flesch, and drank water syne.
 He durst nocht to the planys ga,
 For all the commownys went him fra;
 That for thair liff war full fayn
 305 To pass to the Inglis pes agayn.
 Sa fayris ay commounly;
 In commownys may nane affy,
 Bot he that may thair warand be.
 Sa fur thai then with him; for he
 310 Thaim fra thair fais mycht nocht warand:
 Thai turnyt to the tothyr hand.
 Bot threldome, that men gert thaim fele,
 Gert thaim ay yarne that he fur wele.

- Thws in the hyllis levyt he,
 315 Till the maist part off his menyne
 Wes rewyn, and rent; na schoyne thai had,
 Bot as thai thaim off hydys mad.
 Tharfor thai went till Abyrdeyne,
 Quhar Nele the Bruyss come, and the queyn,
 320 And othir ladyis fayr, and farand,
 Ilkane for luff off thair husband;
 That for leyle luff, and leawté,
 Wald partenerys off thair paynys be.
 Thai chesyt tyttar with thaim to ta
 325 Angyr, and payn, na be thaim fra.

- For luff is off sa mekill mycht,
 That it all paynys makis lych[t;]
 And mony tyme maiss tender wychtis
 Off swilk strenthtis, and swilk mychtis,
 330 That thai may mekill paynys endur,
 And forsakis nane auentur
 That euyr may fall, with thi that thai
 Fol. 7a Thar throw succur thair liffys may.
 Men redys, quhen Thebes wes tane,
 335 And King Aristas men war slane.
 That assailyt the cité,
 That the women off his cuntré
 Come for to fech him hame agayne,
 Quhen thai hard all his folk wes slayne;
 340 Quhar the King Campaneus.
 Throw the help off Menesteus.
 That come percass ridand tharby,
 With thre hundyr in cumpany.
 That throw the kingis prayer assailyt,
 345 That yeit to tak the toun had failyeit.
 Then war the wiffys thyrland the wall
 With pikkis, quhar the assailyeis all
 Entryt, and dystroyit the tour.
 And slew the pupill but recur.
 350 Syn quhen the duk his way wes gayne.
 And all the kingis men war slayne,
 The wiffis had him till his cuntré,
 Quhar wes na man leiffand bot he.
 In weimen mekill comfort lyis;
 355 And gret solace on mony wiss.
 Sa fellyt her, for thar cummyng
 Reiosyt rycht gretumly the king;
 The quhethir ilk nycht him sel wyn wouk
 And his rest apon daiis touk.

- 360 A gud quhile ther he soiournyt then,
And esyt wondir weill his men;
Till that the Inglis men herd say
That he thair with his mengye lay,
All at ese and sekyrly.
- 365 Assemblit thai thair ost in hy;
And thar him trowit to suppress.
Bot he, that in his deid wes wyss,
Wyst thai assemblyt war, and quhar;
And wyst that thai sa mony war,
- 370 That he mycht nocht agayne thaim fycht.
His men in hy he gert be dycht,
And buskyt of the toune to ryd:
The ladyis raid rycht by his syd.
Then to the hill thai raid thar way,
- 375 Quhar gret defaut off mete had thai.
Bot worthy James off Dowglas
Ay trawailand and besy was,
For to purches the ladyis mete;
And it on mony wiss wald get.
- 380 For quhile he venesoun thaim brocht:
And with his handys quhile he wrocht
Gynnys, to tak geddis and salmonys,
Trowtis, elys, and als menovnys.
And quhill thai went to the forray;
- 385 And swa thair purchesyng maid thai.
Ilk man traweillyt for to get
And purchess thaim that thai mycht ete.
Bot off all that cuir thai war,
Thar wes nocht ane amang thaim thar,
- 390 That to the ladyis profyt was
Mar then Jamys of Dowglas.
And the king oft confort wes,
Throw his wyt, and his besynes.

On this maner thaim gouernyt thai,
395 Till thai come to the hed off Tay.

The lord off Lorne wonnyt thar by,
That wes capitale ennymy
To the king, for his emys sak,
Jhon Comyn; and thought for to tak
400 Wengence apon cruell maner.
Quhen he the king wyst wes sa ner,
He assemblyt his men in hy;
And had in till his cumpany
The barownys off Argyle alsua;
405 Thai war a thowsand weill or ma:
And come for to suppriss the king,
That weill wes war of thair cummyng.
Bot all to few with him he had,
The quhethir he bauldly thaim abaid;
410 And weill ost, at thair fryst metyng,
War layd at erd, but recoveryng.
The kingis folk full weill thaim bar,
And slew, and fellyt, and woundyt sar.
Bot the folk off the tothyr party
415 Fawcht with axys sa fellyly,
For thai on fute war euer ilkane,
That thai feile off thair horss has slayne;
And till sum gaiff thai woundis wid.
James off Dowglas wes hurt that tyd;
420 And als Schyr Gilbert de le Hay.
The king his men saw in affray,
And his ensenye can he cry;
And amang thaim rycht hardyly
He rad, that he thaim ruschyt all;
425 And fele of thaim thar gert he fall.
Bot quhen he saw thai war sa feill,

- And saw thaim swa gret dyntis deill,
 He dred to tyne his folk, forthi
 His men till him he gan rely,
 Fol. 7 b 430 And said; ' Lordyngis, foly it war
 ' Tyll ws for till assemblill mar,
 ' For thai fele off our horss has slayn;
 ' And gyff yhe fecht with thaim agayn
 ' We sall tyne off our small mengye,
 435 ' And our selff sall in perill be.
 ' Tharfor me thynk maist awenand
 ' To withdraw ws, ws defendand,
 ' Till we cum owt off thar daunger,
 ' For owr strenth at our hand is ner.'
- 440 Then thai withdrew thaim halely:
 Bot that wes nocht full cowardly;
 For samyn in till a sop held thai;
 And the king him abandonyt ay
 To defend behind his mengye.
- 445 And throw his worschip sa wrouch[t] he,
 That he reskewyt all the flearis,
 And styntyt swagat the chassaris,
 That nane durst owt off batall chass,
 For alwayis at thair hand he was.
- 450 Sa weile defendyt he his men,
 That quha sa cuir had seyne him then
 Prowe sa worthely wasselage,
 And turn sa oft sythis the wisage,
 He suld say he awcht weill to be
- 455 A king of gret rewaté.

Quhen that the lord of Lorne saw
 His men stand off him ane sik aw,
 That thai durst nocht folow the chase,

- Rycht angry in his hart he was;
 460 And for wondyr that he suld swa
 Stot thaim, him ane but ma,
 He said; " Me think, Marthokys son,
 " Rycht as Golmakmorn was wone
 " To haiff fra hym all his mengne,
 465 " Rycht swa all his fra ws has he."
 He set ensample thus mydlike,
 The quhethir he nicht, mar manerlik,
 Lyknyt hym to Gaudifer de Laryss,
 Quhen that the mychty duk Betyss
 470 Assailyeit in Gadyrris the forrayours.
 And quhen the king thaim made rescours,
 Duk Betyss tuk on him the flycht,
 That wald ne mar abid to fycht.
 Bot gud Gaudifer the worthi
 475 Abandonyt him so worthyly,
 For his reskew all the fleieris,
 And for to stonay the chasseris,
 That Alysander to erth he bar;
 And alsua did he Tholimar,
 480 And gud Coneus alsua,
 Danklyne alsua, and othir ma.
 Bot at the last thar slayne he wes:
 In that failyeit the liklynes.
 For the king, full chewalrusly,
 485 Defendyt all his cumpany,
 And wes set in full gret danger;
 And yeit eschapyt haile and fer.

- For twa brethir war in that land,
 That war the hardiest off hand
 490 That war in till all that cuntré;
 And thai had sworn, iff thai nicht se

- The Bruyss, quhar thai mycht him our ta,
 That thai suld dey, or then hym sla.
 Thar surname wes Makyne Drosser ;
 495 That is al so mekill to say her
 As the Durwarth sonnys perfay.
 Off thar cowyne the thrid had thai ;
 That wes rycht stout, ill, and feloune.
 Quhen thai the king of gud renoune
 500 Saw sua behind his mengne ride,
 And saw him torne sa mony tide,
 Thai abaid till that he was
 Entryt in ane narow place,
 Betuix a louchside and a bra ;
 505 That wes sa strait, Ik wnderta,
 That he mycht nocht weill turn his sted.
 Then with a will till him thai yede ;
 And ane him by the bridill hynt :
 Bot he raucht till him sic a dynt,
 510 That arme and schuldyr flaw him fra.
 With that ane othir gan him ta
 Be the lege, and his hand gan schute
 Betuix the sterap and his fute :
 And quhen the king feld thar his hand,
 515 In his sterapys stythly gan he stand,
 And strak with spuris the stede in hy ;
 And he lansyt furth delyuerly,
 Swa that the tothyr failycit fete ;
 And nocht for thi his hand wes yeit
 520 Wndyr the sterap, magre his.
 The thrid, with full gret hy, with this
 Rycht till the bra syd he yeid,
 And stert be hynd hym on his sted.
 The king wes then in full gret press ;

Fol. 8a 525 The quhethir he thought, as he that wes

- In all hys dedys awisé,
 To doe ane owtrageouss bounté.
 And syne hyme that behynd hym wass,
 All magre his will him gan he rass
 530 Fra be hynd hym, thocht he had sworn,
 He laid hym ewyn him beforne.
 Syne with the suerd sic dynt hym gave,
 That he the heid till the harnys clave.
 He rouschit doun off blud all rede,
 535 As he that stound feld off dede.
 And then the king, in full gret hy,
 Strak at the tothir wigorusly,
 That he eftir his sterap drew,
 That at the fyrst strak he him slew.
 540 On this wiss him delyuerit he
 Off all thai felloun fayis thre.

- Quhen thai of Lorne has sene the king
 Set in hym selff sa gret helping,
 And defendyt him sa manlely;
 545 Wes nane amang thaim sa hardy
 That durst assailye him mar in fycht:
 Sa dred thai for his mekill mycht.
 Thar wes a baroune Maknaughtan,
 That in his hart gret kep has tane
 550 To the kingis chewalry,
 And prisyt hym in hert gretly.
 And to the lord off Lorne said he;
 ‘ Sekyrly now may ye se
 ‘ Betane the starkest pundelan,
 555 ‘ That ewyr your lyff tyme ye saw tane.
 ‘ For yone knycht, throw his douchti deid,
 ‘ And throw his owtrageous manheid,
 ‘ Has fellyt intill litill tyd

- ‘Thre men of mekill [mycht and] prid:
 560 ‘And stonayit all our mengye swa,
 ‘That eftyr him dar na man ga;
 ‘And tournys sa mony tyme his stede,
 ‘That semys off ws he had na dred.’
 Then gane the lord of Lorn say;
 565 ‘It semys it likis the perfay,
 ‘That he slayis yongat our mengye.”
 ‘Schyr,’ said he, ‘sa our lord me se!
 ‘To sauff your presence it nocht swa.
 ‘Bot quhethir sa yhe be freynd or fa,
 570 ‘That wynnys pryss off chewalry,
 ‘Men suld spek tharoff lelyly.
 ‘And sekyrly, in all my tyme.
 ‘Ik hard neur, in sang na ryme,
 ‘Tell off a man that swa smertly
 575 ‘Eschewyt swa gret chewalry.’
 Sic speking off the king thai maid:
 And he eftyr his mengye raid;
 And in till saufté thaim led,
 Quhar he his fayis na thing dred.
 580 And thai off Lorne agayn ar gayn,
 Menand the scaith that thai haiff tain.

- The king that nycht his wachis set,
 And gert ordayne that thai mycht et;
 And bad conford to thaim tak,
 585 And at thar mychtis mery mak.
 ‘For disconford,’ as then said he,
 ‘Is the werst thing that may be.
 ‘For throw mekill disconforting
 ‘Men fallis off in to disparyng.
 590 ‘And fra a man disparyt be,
 ‘Then trewly wtterly wencusyt is he.

' And fra the hart be discumfyt,
 ' The body is nocht worth a myt.
 ' Tharfor,' he said, ' atour all thing,
 595 ' Kepys yow fra disparyng:
 ' And thynk thouch we now harmys fele,
 ' That God may yeit releve ws weill.
 ' Men redys off mony men that war
 ' Fer hardar stad then we yhet ar;
 600 ' And syne our lord sic grace thaim lent,
 ' That thai come weill till thair entent.

' For Rome quhilum sa hard wes stad,
 ' Quhen Hanniball thaim wencusyt had,
 ' That off ryngis with rich stanys,
 605 ' That war off knychtis fyngyris taneys,
 ' He send thre bollis to Cartage:
 ' And syne to Rome tuk his wiage,
 ' Thar to distroye the cité all.
 ' And thai with in, bath gret and small,
 610 ' Had fled, quhen thai saw his cummyng,
 ' Had nocht bene Scipio the king;
 ' That or thai fled wald thaim haiff slayn,
 ' And swagat turnyt he thaim agayn.
 ' Syne for to defend the cité,
 Fol. 8b 615 ' Bath serwandis and threllis mad he fre;
 ' And maid thaim knychtis euirilkane:
 ' And syne has off the templis tane
 ' The armys, that thar eldrys bar,
 ' In name off wictory offerryt thar.
 620 ' And quhen thai armyt war, and dycht,
 ' That stalwart karlis war and wycht,
 ' And saw that thai war fre alsua,
 ' Thaim thocht that thai had leuir ta
 ' The dede, na lat the toun be tane.

- 625 ' And with comowne assent, as ane,
' Thai ischit off the toune to fycht,
' Quhar Hannyball his mekill mycht
' Aganys thaim arayit was.
' Bot, throw mycht off Goddis grace,
630 ' It ranyt sa hard and hewyly,
' That thar wes nane sa hardy
' That durst in to that place abide;
' Bot sped thaim in till hy to ride:
' The ta part to thar pailyownys,
635 ' The tothyr part went in the toune is.
' The rayne thus lettyt the fechtyn:
' Sa did it twyss thar eftir syne.
' Quhen Haniball saw this ferly,
' With all his gret chewalry
640 ' He left the toune, and held his way;
' And syne wes put to sik assay,
' Throw the power off that cité,
' That his lyff and his land tynt he.
' Be thir quheyne, that sa worthily
645 ' Wane sik a king, and sa mychty,
' Ye may weill be ensampill se,
' That na man suld disparyt be:
' Na lat his hart be wencusyt all,
' For na myscheiff that euir may fall
650 ' For nane wate, in how litill space,
' That God wmquhile will send grace.
' Had thai fled, and thar wayis gane,
' Thar fayis swith the toune had tane.
' Tharfor men, that werrayand war,
655 ' Suld set thair etlyng euir mar
' To stand agayne thair fayis mycht,
' Wmquhile with strenth, and quhile with slycht;
' And ay thynk to cum to purpos:

‘ And giff that thaim war set in choss,
 660 ‘ To dey, or to leyff cowardly,
 ‘ Thai suld erar dey chewalrusly.’

Thusgat thaim confort the king ;
 And, to confort thaim, gan inbryng
 Auld storys off men that wer
 665 Set in tyll hard assayis ser ;
 And that fortoun contraryit fast,
 And come to purpos at the last.
 Tharfor he said, that thai that wald
 Thar hartis wndiscumfyt hald
 670 Suld ay thynk ententily to bryng
 All thair enpress to gud ending :
 As quhile did Cesar the worthy,
 That traweillyt ay so besyly,
 With all his mycht, folowing to mak
 675 To end the purpos that he wald tak ;
 That hym thocht he had doyne rycht nocht,
 Ay quhill to do him levyt ocht :
 For thi gret thingis eschewyt he,
 As men may in his story se.
 680 Men may se be his ythen will,
 And it suld als accord to skill,
 That quha taiss purpos sekyrly,
 And followis it syne ententily,
 For owt fayntice, or yheit faynding,
 685 With thi it be conabill thing,
 Bot he the mar be wnhappy,
 He sall eschew it in party.
 And haiff he lyff dayis, weill mai fall,
 That he sall eschew it all.
 690 For thi suld [nane] haff disparing
 For till eschew a full gret thing :

For giff it fall he thar off failye,
The sawt may be in his trawailye.

- He prechyt thaim on this maner ;
 695 And fenyeit to mak better cher,
 Then he had matir to, be fer :
 For his causs yeid fra ill to wer.
 Thai war ay in sa hard trawaill,
 Till the ladyis began to fayle,
 700 That mycht the trawaill drey na mar ;
 Sa did othir als that thar war.
 The erle Jhone wes ane off tha,
 Off Athole, that quhen he saw sua
 The king be discumfyt twyss,
 705 And sa feile folk agayne him ryss ;
 And lyff in sic trawaill and dout,
 His hart begane to faile all out.
 And to the king, apon a day,
 He said ; “ Gyff I durst to yow say,
 710 “ We lyff in to sa mekill dreid,
 “ And haffis oft syss off met sik ned,
 Fol. 9a “ And is ay in sic trawailing,
 “ With cauld, and hungir, and waking ;
 “ That I am sad off my selwyn sua,
 715 “ That I count nocht my liff a stra.
 “ Thir angrys may I ne mar drey,
 “ For thought me tharfor worthit dey,
 “ I mon sojourne, quhar euir it be.
 “ Leuys me tharfor per cheryté.”
 720 The king saw that he sa wes failyt,
 And that he ik wes for trawailyt.
 He said ; ‘ Schyr erle, we sall sone se,
 ‘ And ordayne how it best may be.
 ‘ Quhar euyr ye be, our Lord yow send

- 725 'Grace, fra your fais yow to defend!'
With that in hy to him callyt he
Thaim, that till him war mast priué:
Then amang thaim thai thocht it best,
And ordanyt for the liklyest,
730 That the queyne, and the erle alsua,
And the ladyis, in hy suld ga,
With Nele the Bruce, till Kildromy.
For thaim thocht thai mycht sekyrly
Duell thar, quhill thai war wictaillit weile:
735 For swa stalwart wes the castell,
That it with strenth war hard to get,
Quhill that thar in wer men and mete.
As thai ordanyt thai did in hy:
The queyne, and all hyr cumpany,
740 Lap on thair horss, and furth thai far.
Men mycht haiff sene, quha had bene thar,
At leve takyng the ladyis gret,
And mak thar face with teris wet:
And knychtis, for thar luffis sak,
745 Bath sich, and wep, and murnyng mak.
Thai kyssyt thair luffis, at thair partyng,
The king wmbethocht him off a thing;
That he fra thine on fute wald ga,
And tak on fute bath weill and wa;
750 And wald na horss men with him haiff.
Tharfor his horss all haile he gaiff
To the ladyis, that mystir had.
The queyn furth on hyr wayis rade;
And sawffly come to the castell,
755 Quhar hyr folk war ressawyt weill;
And esyt weill with meyt and drynk.
Bot mycht nane eyss let hyr to think
On the king, that wes sa sar stad,

That bot twa hundre with him had.
760 The quhethir thaim weill confortyt he ay :
God help him, that all mychtis may !

The queyne duelt thus in Kyldromy :
And the king, and his cumpany,
That war twa hundre, and na ma,
765 Fra thai had send thar horss thaim fra,
Wandryt emang the hey montanys
Quhar he and his oft tholyt paynys.
For it wes to the wynter ner ;
And sa feile fayis about him wer,
770 That all the countré thaim werrayit.
Sa hard anoy thaim then assayit,
Off hungir, cauld, with schowris snell,
That nane that levys can weill it tell.
The king saw how his folk wes stad,
775 And quhat anoyis that thai had ;
And saw wynter wes cummand ner ;
And that he mycht on na wyss der,
In the hillys, the cauld lying,
Na the lang nychtis waking.
780 He thought he to Kyntyr wald ga,
And swa lang soiowrnyng thar ma,
Till wynter weddyr war away :
And then he thought, but mar delay,
In to the manland till arywe,
785 And till the end hys werdis dryw.
And for Kyntyr lysis in the se,
Schyr Nele Cambel befor send he,
For to get him nawyn and meite :
And certane tyme till him he sete,
790 Quhen he suld meite him at the se.
Schir Nele Cambell, with his mengye,

- Went his way, but mar letting,
 And left his brothyr with the king.
 And in twelf dayis sua traweillyt he,
 795 That he gat schippyne gud plenté,
 And wictalis in gret abundance :
 Sa maid he nobill chewisance.
 For his sibmen wonnyt thar by,
 That helpyt him full wilfully.
- 800 The king, eftir that he wes gane,
 To Lowchlomond the way has tane,
 And come thar on the thrid day.
 Bot thar about na bait fand thai,
 That mycht thaim our the water ber :
 805 Than war thai wa on gret maner :
 For it wes fer about to ga ;
 And thai war in to dout alsua,
 Fol. 9 b To meyt thair fayis that spred war wyd.
 Tharfor, endlang the louchhis syd,
 810 Sa besyly thai socht, and fast,
 Tyll Jamys of Dowglas, at the last,
 Fand a litill sonkyn bate,
 And to the land it drew fut hate.
 Bot it sa litill wes, that it
 815 Mycht our the watter bot thresum flyt.
 Thai send tharoff word to the king,
 That wes joyfull off that fynding ;
 And fyrst in to the bate is gane,
 With him Dowglas. The thrid wes ane
 820 That rowyt thaim our deliuerly,
 And set thaim on the land all dry :
 And rowyt sa oft syss to and fra,
 Fechand ay our twa and twa,
 That in a nycht, and in a day,

- 825 Cummyne owte our the louch ar thai.
For sum off thaim couth swome full weill,
And on his bak ber a fardele.
Swa with swymmyng, and with rowyng,
Thai brocht thaim our, and all thair thing.
- 830 The king, the quhillis, meryly
Red to thaim, that war him by,
Romanys off worthi Ferambrace,
That worthily our cummyne was,
Throw the rycht douchty Olywer ;
- 835 And how the Duk Peris wer
Assegyt in till Egrymor,
Quhar King Lawyne lay thaim befor,
With may thowsandis then I can say.
And bot clewyn within war thai,
- 840 And a woman : and war sa stad,
That thai na mete thar within had,
Bot as thai fra thair fayis wan.
Yheyte sua contenyt thai thaim than,
That thai the tour held manlily,
- 845 Till that Rychard off Normandy,
Magre his fayis, warnyt the king,
That wes joyfull off this tithing :
For he wend thai had all bene slayne.
Tharfor he turnyt in hy agayne,
- 850 And wan Mantrybill and passit Flagot ;
And syne Lawyne, and all his flot,
Disputusly discumfyt he :
And deliueryt his men all fre,
And wan the naylis, and the sper,
- 855 And the croune, that Jhesu couth ber ;
And off the croice a gret party
He wan throw his chewalry.

The gud king, apon this maner,
Comfort thaim that war him ner ;
860 And maid thaim gamyn et solace,
Till that his folk all passyt was.

Quhen thai war passit the watyr brad,
Suppos thair fele off fayis had,
Thai maid thaim mery, and war blyth ;
865 Nocht for thi full fele syth
Thai had full gret default off mete,
And tharfor venesoun to get
In twa partyss ar thair gayne.
The king him selff wes in till ane ;
870 And Schyr James off Dowglas
In to the tothyr party was.
Then to the hycht thair held thair way,
And huntyt lang quhill off the day ;
And socht schawys, and setis set ;
875 Bot thair gat litill for till ete.
Then hapnyt at that tyme percass,
That the erle of the Leuenax was
Amang the hillis, ner tharby ;
And quhen he hard sa blaw and cry,
880 He had wondir quhat it mycht be ;
And on sic maner spyryt he,
That [he] knew that it wes the king
And then, for owtyne mar duelling,
With all thaim off his company,
885 He went rycht till the king in hy,
Sa blyth and sa joyfull, that he
Mycht on na maner blyther be.
For he the king wend had bene ded ;
And he wes alsua will off red,
890 That he durst nocht rest in to na place

- Na sen the king discumfyt was
 At Meffan, he herd neuir thing
 That euir wes certane off the king.
 Tharfor in to full gret daynté,
 895 The king full humyly haylist he ;
 And he him welcummyt rycht blythly,
 And askyt him full tendyrly.
 And all the lordis, that war thar,
 Rycht joyfull off thair meting war,
 Fol. 10 a 900 And kyssyt him in gret daynté.
 It wes gret pite for till se
 How thai for joy and pite gret,
 Quhen that thai with thar falow met,
 That thai wend had bene dede ; forthi
 905 Thai welcummyt him mar hartfully.
 And he for pité gret agayne,
 That neuir off metyng wes sa fayne.

- Thocht I say that thai gret, sothly
 It wes na greting propyrlly :
 910 For I trow traistly, that gretyng
 Cummys to men for mysliking ;
 And that nane may but angry gret,
 Bot it be wemen, that can wet
 Thair chekys quhen euir thaim list with teris,
 915 The quhethir weill oft thaim na thing deris.
 Bot I wate weill, but lesyng,
 Quhat euir men say off sic greting,
 That mekill joy, or yeit peté,
 May ger men sua amowyt be,
 920 That watir fra the hart will ryss,
 And weyt the cyne on sic awyss,
 That is lik to be greting,
 Thocht it to be nocht sua in all thing.

For quhen men gretis enkrely,
925 The hart is sorowfull or angry.
Bot for pité, I trow, gretyng
Be na thing bot ane opynnyng
Off hart, that schawis the tendirnyis
Off rewth that in it closyt is.

BUKE THRYD.

- THE barownys apoun this maner,
 Throw Goddis grace, assemblyt wer.
 The erle had mete, and that plenté,
 And with glaid hart it thaim gaiff he;
 5 And thai eyt it with full gud will,
 That soucht na nothyr salss thar till
 Bot appetyt, that oft men takys;
 For rycht weill scowryt war thair stomakys.
 Thai eit and drank sic as thai had;
 10 And till our Lord syne lowyng maid,
 And thankit him, with full gud cher,
 That thai war mete on that maner.
 The king then at thaim speryt yarne,
 How thai, sen he thaim seyne, had farne;
 15 And thai full petwysly gan tell
 Auenturis that thaim befell,
 And gret anoyis, and powerté.
 The king thar at had gret pité:
 And tauld thaim petwisly agayne
 20 The noy, the trawaill, and the payne,
 That he had tholyt, sen he thaim saw.
 Wes nane amang thaim, hey na law,
 That he ne had pité and plesaunce,
 Quhen that he herd mak remembrance
 25 Off the perellys that passyt war.
 Bot, quhen men oucht at liking ar,

To tell off paynys passyt by,
 Plesys to heryng petuisly;
 And to reherss thar auld disease,
 30 Dois thaim oft syss confort and ese;
 With thi thar to folow na blame,
 Dishonour, wikytnes, na schame.

Eftyr the mete sone raiss the king,
 Quhen he had lewynt hys speryng;
 35 And buskyt him, with his mengye,
 And went in hy towart the se;
 Quhar Schir Nele Cambell thaim mete,
 Bath with schippis, and with meyte;
 Saylys, ayris, and othyr thing,
 40 That wes spedfull to thar passyng.
 Then schippynt thai, for owtyn mar;
 Sum went till ster, and sum till ar,
 And rowyt be the ile of But.
 Men mycht se mony frely fute
 45 About the cost, thar lukand,
 As thai on ayris raiss rowand:
 And newys that stalwart war and squar,
 That wont to spayn gret speris war,
 Swa spanyt aris, that men mycht se
 50 Full oft the hyde leve on the tre.
 For all war doand, knyght and knawe;
 Wes nane that euir disport mycht have
 Fra steryng, and fra rowyng,
 To furthyr thaim off thair fletyng.

55 Bot in the samyn tyme at thai
 War in schippyng, as ye hard me say,
 The erle off the Leuenax was,
 I can nocht tell yow throw quhat cass,

- Lewyt behynd with his galay,
 60 Till the king wes fer on his way.
 Quhen that thai off his cuntré
 Wyst that so duelt behynd wes he,
 Be se with schippys thai him soucht;
 And he that saw that he wes nocht
 65 Off pith to fecht with thai traytouris,
 And that he had na ner socouris
 Fol. 10 b Then the kingis flote; for thi
 He sped him eftyr thaim in hy.
 Bot the tratouris hym folowyt sua,
 70 That thai weill ner hym gan our ta.
 For all the mycht that he mycht do,
 Ay ner, and ner, thai come him to.
 And quhen he saw thai war sa ner
 That he mycht weill thar manance her,
 75 And saw thaim ner and ner cum ay,
 Then till his mengye gan he say;
 " Bot giff we fynd sum sutelté,
 " Ourtane all sone sall we be.
 " Tharfor I rede, but mar letting,
 80 " That, owtakyn our armyng,
 " We kast our thing all in the se:
 " And fra our schip swa lychtyt be,
 " We sall swa row, and speid ws sua,
 " That we sall weill eschaip thaim fra;
 85 " With that thai sall mak duelling
 " Apon the se, to tak our thing;
 " And we sall row but resting ay,
 " Till we eschapyt be away."
 As he diuisyt thai have done;
 90 And thar schip thai lychtyt sone:
 And rowyt syne, with all thar mycht;
 And scho, that swa wes maid lycht,

Raykyt slidand throw the se.
 And quhen thar fayis gan thaim se
 95 Forowth thaim alwayis, mar and mar,
 The thingis that thar fletand war
 Thai tuk; and turnyt syne agayne,
 And be that thai lesyt all thair payne.

Quhen that the erle on this maner,
 100 And hys mengye, eschapyt wer,
 Eftyr the king he gan hym hy,
 That then, with all his cumpany,
 In to Kyntyr arywyt was.
 The erle tauld him all his cass;
 105 How he wes chasyt on the se,
 With thaim that suld his awyn be;
 And how he had bene taen but dout,
 Na war it that he warpyt owt
 All that he had, him lycht to ma;
 110 And swa eschapyt thaim fra.
 "Schyr erle," said the king, "perfay,
 "Syn thow eschapyt is away,
 "Off the tynsell is na plenyeing.
 "Bot I will say the weile a thing;
 115 "That thar will fall the gret foly
 "To pass oft fra my cumpany.
 "For fele syss, quhen thow art away,
 "Thow art set in till hard assay.
 "Tharfor me thynk [it] best to the
 120 "To hald the alwayis ner by me."
 'Schyr,' said the erle, 'it sall be swa.
 'I sall na wiss pass fer yow fra,
 'Till God giff grace we be of mycht
 'Agayne our fayis to hald our flycht.'

- 125 And Anguss off Ile that tyme wes syr,
And lord and ledar off Kyntyr.
The king rycht weill resawyt he,
And wndretuk his man to be:
And him and his, on mony wyss,
130 He abandownyt till his service.
And, for mar sekyrness, gaiff him syne
Hys castell off Donavardyne,
To duell tharin, at his liking.
Full gretumly thankyt him the king;
135 And resawyt his seruice.
Nocht forthi, on mony wyss,
He wes dredand for tresoun ay:
And tharfor, as Ik hard men say.
He traistyt in nane sekyrly,
140 Till that he knew him wtrelly.
Bot quhat kyn dred, that cuir he had,
Fayr countenance to thaim he mad.
And in Donavardyne dayis thre,
For owtyne mar, then duellyt he.
145 Syne gert he his mengye mak thaim yar,
Towart Rauchryne, be se to far.
That is ane ile in the se;
And may weill in mydwatter be
Betuix Kyntyr and Irland:
150 Quhar als gret stremys ar rynnand,
And als peralous, and mar,
Till our saile thaim in to schipfair,
As is the raiss off Bretangye,
Or strait off Marrock in to Spanye.

155 Thair schippys to the se thai set;
And maid redy, but langer let,
Ankyrs, rapys, bath saile and ar,

- And all that nedyt to schipfar.
 Quhen thai war boune, to saile thai went :
 160 The wynd wes wele to thair talent.
 Thai raysyt saile, and furth thai far ;
 And by the mole thai passyt yar,
 And entryt sone in to the rase,
 Quhar that the stremys sa sturdy was,
 Fol. 11a 165 That wawys wyd wycht brekand war,
 Weltryt as hillys her and thar.
 The schippys our the wawys slayd,
 For wynd at poynt blawand thai had.
 Bot nocht for thi quha had thar bene,
 170 A gret stertling he mycht haiff seyne
 Off schippys. For quhilum sum wald be
 Rycht on the wawys, as on mounté;
 And sum wald slyd fra heyght to law,
 Rycht as thai doune till hell wald draw;
 175 Syne on the waw stert sodanly.
 And othyr schippis, that war thar by,
 Deliuery drew to the depe.
 It wes gret cunnannes to kep
 Thar takill in till sic a thrang,
 180 And wyth sic wawis; for, ay amang,
 The wawys reft thair sycht of land.
 Quhen thai the land wes rycht ner hand,
 And quhen schippys war sailand ner,
 The se wald ryss on sic maner,
 185 That off the wawys the weltrand hycht
 Wald refe thaim oft off thair sycht.

Bot in to Rauchryne, nocht forthi,
 Thai arywyt ilkane sawfly :
 Blyth, and glaid, that thai war sua
 190 Eschapyt thai hidwyss wawis fra.

- In Rauchryne thai arywyt ar;
And to the land thai went but mar,
Armyt upon thair best maner.
Quhen the folk, that thar wonnand wer,
195 Saw men off armys in thair cuntré
Aryve in to sic quantité,
Thai fled in hy, with thar catell,
Toward a rycht stalwart castell,
That in the land wes ner thar by.
200 Men mycht her wemen hely cry,
And fle with cataill her and thar.
Bot the kingis folk, that war
Deliuer off fute, thaim gan our hy;
And thaim arestyt hastely,
205 And broucht thaim to the king agayne,
Swa that nane off thaim all wes slayne.
Then with thaim tretyt swa the king,
That thai, to fullfill hys yarynyng,
Become his men euirilkane:
210 And has him trewly wndretane
That thai and thairis, loud and still,
Suld be in all thing at his will:
And, quhill him likit thar to leynd,
Euirilk day thai suld him seynd
215 Wictalis for thre hundyr men:
And thai as lord suld him ken;
Bot at thar possessioun suld be,
For all his men thair awyn fre.

- The cunnand on this wyss was maid.
220 And on the morn, but langer baid,
Off all Rauchryne bath man and page
Knelyt, and maid the king homage;
And tharwith swour him fewté,

To serve him ay in lawté:

- 225 And held him rycht weill cunnand.
 For quhill he duelt in to the land,
 Thai fand meit till his cumpany;
 And serwyt him full humely.

In Rauchryne leve we now the king

- 230 In rest, for owtyn barganyng;
 And off his fayis a quhile spek we,
 That, throw thar mycht and thar powsté,
 Maid sic a persecucioun,
 Sa hard, sa strait, and sa feloun,
 235 On thaim that till hym luffand wer,
 Or kyn, or freynd on ony maner;
 That it till her is gret pité.
 For thai sparyt, off na degre,
 Thaim that thai trowit his freynd wer,
 240 Nothyr off the kyrk, na seculer.
 For off Glaskow byschop Robert,
 And Makus off Man thai stythly sparyt,
 Bath in fetrys and in presoun.
 And worthy Crystoll off Seytoun
 245 In to London betresyt was,
 Throw a disciplill off Judas,
 Maknab, a fals tratour, that ay
 Wes off his duelling, nycht and day;
 Quhom to he maid gud cumpany.
 250 It wes fer wer than tratoury
 For to betreyss sic a persoun,
 So nobill, and off sic renoun.
 Bot thar off had he na pité:
 In hell condampnyt mot he be!
 255 For quhen he him betresyt had,
 The Ingliss men rycht with him rad

In hy, in Ingland to the king,
 Fol. 11b That gert draw hym, and hede, and hing,
 For owtyn peté, or mercy.
 260 It wes gret sorow sekyrly,
 That so worthy persoune as he
 Suld on sic maner hangyt be.
 Thusgate endyt his worthynes.
 And off Crauford als Schyr Ranald wes,
 265 And Schyr Bruce als the Blar,
 Hangyt in till a berne in Ar.

The queyn, and als dame Mariory.
 Hyr dochtyr that syne worthily
 Wes coupillyt in to Goddis band
 270 With Walter, stewart off Scotland;
 That wald on na wyss langar ly
 In castell off Kyldromy,
 To byd a sege, ar ridin raith
 With knychtis and squyeris bath,
 275 Throw Ross, rycht to the gyirth off Tayne.
 Bot that trawaill thai maid in wayne.
 For thai off Ross, that wald nocht ber
 For thaim na blayme, na yeit danger,
 Owt off the gyirth hame all has tayne;
 280 And syne [has send] thaim euirilkane
 Rycht in till Ingland, to the king,
 That gert draw all the men, and hing;
 And put the ladyis in presoune,
 Sum in till castell, sum in dongeoun.
 285 It wes gret pité for till her
 The folk be troublty on this maner.

That tyme wes in Kyldromy,
 With men, that wycht war and hardy,

- Schyr Neile the Bruce: and I wate weile
 290 That thar the erle wes off Adheill,
 In the castell, weill wictalyt ay,
 And mete and fuell gan puruay;
 And enforcyt the castell sua,
 That thaim thocht na strenth mycht it ta.
 295 And when it to the king wes tauld
 Off Ingland, how thai schup till hauld
 That castell, he wes all angry;
 And callyt his sone till hym in hy,
 The eldest and aperand ayr,
 300 A young bachelor, and stark, and fayr.
 Schyr Eduuard callyt off Carnauerane,
 That wes the sterkast man off ane,
 That men mycht [se] in ony cuntré;
 Prynce off Walys that tyme wes he.
 305 And he gert als call erlys twa,
 Glosystyr and Harfurd war tha;
 And bad thaim wend in to Scotland,
 And set a sege, with stalwart hand,
 To the castell of Kildromy.
 310 And all the halderis halyly
 He bad distroy, for owtyn ransoun,
 Or bryng thaim till him in presoun.

- Quhen thai the cummaundment had tane,
 Thai assemblyt ane ost onane,
 315 And to the castell went in hy;
 And it assegyt wигorusly:
 And mony tyme full hard assaylyt;
 Bot for to tak it yeit thai failyt.
 For thai with in war rycht worthy,
 320 And thaim defendyt doughtely;
 And ruschyt thair fayis ost agayne;

Sum best, sum woundyt, sum als slayne.
 And mony tymys ische thai wald,
 And bargane at the barraiss hald;
 325 And wound thair fayis oft and sla.
 Schortly thai thaim contenyt swa,
 That thai with oute disparityt war,
 And thought till Ingland for to far;
 For thai sa styth saw the castell,
 330 And with that it wes warnyst weill;
 And saw the men defend thaim swa,
 That thai nane hop had thaim to ta.

Nane had thai done all that sesoun,
 Gyff it ne had bene fals tresoun.
 335 For thar with thaim wes a tratour,
 A fals lourdane, a losyngeour,
 Hosbarne to name, maid the tresoun,
 I wate nocht for quhat enchesoun;
 Na quham with he maid that conwyn:
 340 Bot as thai said, that war within,
 He tuk a cultir hate glowand,
 That yeit wes in a fyr brynnand,
 And went him to the mekill hall,
 That then with corn wes fyllyt all;
 345 And heych wp in a mow it did,
 Bot it full lang wes nocht thar hid.
 For men sayis oft that fyr, na prid,
 But discovering may na man hid.
 For the pomp oft the prid furth schawis,
 350 Or ellis the gret boist that it blawis.
 Fol. 12a Na mar may na man [fyr] sa cowyr,
 Than low or rek sall it discowyr.
 So fell it her, for fyr all cler
 Sone throw the thak burd gan apper,

- 355 Fyrst as a sterne, syne as a mone,
And weill bradder thareftir sone,
The fyr owt syne in blesis brast;
And the rek raiss rycht wondre fast.
The fyr our all the castell spred,
360 That mycht na force off man it red.
Than thai with in drew to the wall,
That at that tyme wes bataillit all
With in, rycht at it wes with oute.
That bataillyne, with owtyn dout,
365 Sawyt thair lywys, for it brak
Blesis that thaim wald our tak.
And quhen thair fayis the myscheiff saw,
Till armys went thai in a thraw;
And assaylyt the castell fast,
370 Quhar thai durst come for fyris blast.
Bot thai with in [that] mystir had,
Sa gret defence, and worthy mad,
That thai full oft thair fayis ruslyt,
For thai nakyn perall refusyt.
375 Thai trawaillyt for to sauff thair lyffis:
Bot werd, that till the end ay drywis
The warldis thingis, sua thaim trawaillyt,
That thai on twa halfys war assailyt.
In with fyr, that thaim swa broilyt;
380 And wtouth with folk, that thaim swa toilyt,
That thai brynt magre thaim the yat,
That for the fyre, that wes swa hate,
Thai durst nocht entyr swa in hy.
Tharfor thar folk thai gan rely,
385 And went to rest, for it wes nycht;
Till on the morn, that day wes lycht.

At sik myscheiff, as ye her say,
War thai with in; the quethyr ay

Thai thaim defendyt dowchtely,
 390 And contenyt thaim sa manlily,
 That or day, throw mekill payn,
 Thai had muryt wp thair yat agayn.
 Bot on the morn, quhen day wes lycht,
 And sone wes ryssyn, schynand brycht,
 395 Thai with owt in hale bataill,
 Come purwayt, redy till assaill.
 Bot thai with in, that swa war stad,
 That thai wictaill, na fewell had,
 Quhar with thai mycht the castell hald,
 400 Tretyt fyrst, and syne thaim yauld
 To be in till the kingis will.
 Bot that ay to Scottis men wes ill;
 As sone cftyр weill wes knawin,
 For thai war hangyt all and drawyn.

405 Quhen this cunnand thus tretyt wes,
 And affermyt with sekyrnes,
 Thai tuk thaim off the castell sone.
 And in till schort tyme has done,
 That all a quartir off Snawdown,
 410 Rycht till the erd, thai tummyllyt doun.
 Sync towart England went thair way.
 Bot quhen the king Eduuard hard say
 How Neill the Bruce held Kildromy
 Agayne his sone sa stalwartly;
 415 He gaderyt gret chewalry,
 And towart Scotland went in hy.

And as in till Northummyrland
 He wes, with his gret rowt, ridand,
 A seknes tuk him in the way;
 420 And put him to sa hard assay,
 That he mycht nocht ga na ryd.

- Him worthit, magre his, abid
 In till an hamillet thar by,
 A litill toun, and wnworthy.
- 425 With gret payne thiddir thai him broucht;
 He wes sa stad, that he ne mocht
 Hys aynd bot with gret paynys draw;
 Na spek bot giff it war weill law.
 The quhethir he bad thai suld him say
- 430 Quhat toun wes that, that he in lay.
 "Schyr," thai said, "Burch in the Sand
 "Men callis this toun, in till this land."
 'Call thai it Burch? Alas!' said he,
 'My hop is now fordone to me.
- 435 'For I wend neur to thoile the payne
 'Off deid, till I, throw mekill mayn,
 'The Burch off Jerusalem had tane;
 'My lyff wend I thar suld be gayne.
 'In Burch I wyst weill I suld de:
- 440 'Bot I was nothir wyss, na sle,
 'Till othyr Burch kep to ta.
 'Now may I na wiss forthyr ga.'
 Thus pleynyeit he off his foly;
- Fol. 12b As he had mater sekyrly,
 445 Quhen he cowyt certanté
 Off that at nane may certan be.

- The quhethir, men said he chesyt had
 A spyryt, that him ansuer maid
 Off thingis that he wald inquer.
- 450 Bot he fulyt, for owtyn wer,
 That gaiiff throuch till that creatur.
 For feyndys ar off sic natur,
 That thai to mankind has inwy;
 For thai wate weill, and witterly,

- 455 That thai that weill ar lifland her,
 Sall wyn the sege, quharoff thai wer
 Tumblyt throuch thair mekill prid.
 Quhar throw oft tymys will betid,
 That quhen feyndys distrenyeit ar
 460 For till aper, and mak answar,
 Throw force off coniuracioun,
 That thai sa fals ar and feloun,
 That thai mak ay thair ansuering,
 In to dowbill wndirstanding,
 465 To dissaiff thaim, that will thaim trow.
 In sample will I set her now
 Off a wer, as I herd tell,
 Betuix Fraunce and the Flemyngis fell.

- The erle Ferandis modyr was
 470 Nygramansour; and Sathanas
 Scho rasyt; and him askyt syne,
 Quhat suld worth off the fechtyn
 Betuix the Fraunce king and hyr sone.
 And he, as all tyme he wes wone,
 475 In to dissayt maid his ansuer;
 And said till hyr thir thre werss her.
Rex ruct in bello, tumultique carebit honore
Ferrandus, comitissa, tuus, mea cara Minerva,
Parisios veniet, magna comitante caterua.
 480 This wes the spek he maid, perfay;
 And is in Inglis toung to say;
 "The king sall fall in the fechtyn,
 "And sall faile honour off erding;
 "And thy Ferand, Mynerve my der,
 485 "Sall rycht to Paryss went, but wer;
 "Folowand him gret cumpany
 "Off nobill men, and off worthy."

- This is the sentence off this saw,
That the Latyn gan hyr schaw.
490 He callyt hyr his Minerwe;
For Minerwe ay wes wont serwe
Him, till scho lessyt at his diuyss.
And for scho maid the samyn seruice,
His Minerwe hyr callyt he:
495 And als, throw his sutelté,
He callyt hyr der, hyr till dissaiiff,
That scho the tyttar suld consaiiff
Off his spek the wndyrstanding,
That most plesy till hyr liking.
- 500 This dowbill spek sua hyr dissawyt,
That throw hyr foly the ded ressawit;
For scho wes off hyr ansuer blyth,
And till hyr sone scho tauld it swyth;
And bad him till the batell sped,
505 For he suld wictory haiff but dred.
And he, that herd hyr sermonyng,
Sped him in hy to the fechting;
Quhar he discomfyt wes, and schent;
And takin, and to Pariss sent.
- 510 Bot in the fechting nocht forthi
The king, throw his chewalry,
Wes laid at the erd, and lawit bath;
Bot his men helpyt him weill rath.
And quhen Ferandis modyr herd
515 How hyr sone in the bataill ferd;
And at he swa wes discomfyt;
Scho rasyt the ill spyryt als tyt:
And askyt quhy he gabyt had
Off the ansuer that he hyr mad.
- 520 And he said he had said suth all;

- " I said the, that the king suld fall
 " In the battaill, and say did he ;
 " And failyeid erding, as men may se.
 " And I said that thi sone suld ga
 525 " To Pariss, and he did richt swa ;
 " Folowand sic a mengye,
 " That neur, in his lyff tyme, he
 " Had sic a mengye in leding.
 " Now seis thow I maid na gabbing."
 530 The wyff confusyt wes perfay ;
 And durst no mar than till him say.

- Thusgat, throw dowbill wndyrstanding,
 That bargane come till sic ending,
 That the ta part dissawyt was.
 Fol. 13a 535 Rycht sagat fell yt in this cass :
 At Jerusalem trowyt he
 Grawyn in the Burch to be ;
 The quethyr at Burch in to the Sand
 He swelt rycht in his awn land.
 540 And quhen he to the dede wes ner,
 The folk, that at Kyldromy wer,
 Come with prisoneris that thai had tane,
 And syne to the king ar gane.
 And for to confort him thai tauld
 545 How thai the castell to thaim yauld ;
 And how thai till his will war broucht,
 To do off that quhat euir he thought ;
 And askyt quhat men suld off thaim do.
 Then lukyt he angryrly thaim to,
 550 And said grynmand, " Hyngis and drawys."
 That wes wondir of sic sawis ;
 That he, that to the dede wes ner,
 Suld ansuer apon sic maner,

For owtyn menyng and mercy,
 555 How mycht he traist on hym to cry,
 That suthfastly demys all thing
 To haiff mercy for his cryng,
 Off him that, throw his felony,
 In to sic poynt had na mercy?
 560 His men his maundment has done:
 And he deyt thareftir sone;
 And syne wes broucht till berynes.
 His sone syne king eftir wes.

To the king Robert agayne ga we,
 565 That in Rauchryne, with his menyne,
 Lay till wyntir ner was gane;
 And off that ile his mete has tane.
 James off Douglas wes angry
 That thai langer suld ydill ly;
 570 And to Schyr Robert Boid said he;
 "The pure folk off thys countré
 "Ar chargit apon gret maner
 "Off ws, that idill lyis her.
 "And Ik her say, that in Arane,
 575 "In till a styth castell off stane,
 "Ar Ingliss men, that with strang hand
 "Haldys the Lordschip off the land.
 "Ga we thiddyr; and weill may fall,
 "Anoy thaim in sum thing we sall."
 580 Schir Robert said; 'I grant thar till.
 'Till her mar ly war litill skill:
 'Tharfor till Aran pass will we,
 'For I knaw rycht weill the countré.
 'And the castell rycht swa knaw I.
 585 'We sall come thar sa priwely,
 'That thai sall haiff na persawying,

- ‘ Na yeit witting off our cummyng.
 ‘ And we sall ner enbuschyt be,
 ‘ Quhar we thar outecome may se.
 590 ‘ Sa sall it on [na] maner fall,
 ‘ Na scaith thaim on sum wiss we sall.’

- With that thai buskyt thaim onane:
 And at the king thair leiff has tane,
 And went thaim furth syne on thair way.
 595 In to Kyntyr sone cummyn ar thai:
 Syne rowyt alwayis by the land,
 Till that the nycht wes ner on hand;
 Than till Arane thai went thar way,
 And saufly thar arywyt thai.
 600 And in a glen thair galay drewch,
 And syne it helyt weill inewch;
 Thar takyll, ayris, and thar ster,
 Thai hyde all on the saymn maner:
 And held thair way rycht in the nycht,
 605 Swa that or day wes dawyn lycht,
 Thai war enbuschyt the castell ner,
 Armyt apon thair best maner.
 And thought thai wate war, and wery,
 And for lang fastyng all hungry,
 610 Thai thocht to hald thaim all priwé,
 Till that thai weill thar poynt mycht se.

- Schir John the Hastings, at that tid,
 With knychtis off full mekill pridl,
 And squyeris, and yemanry,
 615 And that a weill gret cumpany,
 Wes in the castell off Brathwik.
 And oftsyss, quhen it wald him lik
 He went till huntynge with his men

And swa the land abandownyt he,
 620 That durst nane warne to do his will.
 He wes in to the castell still,
 The tyme that James off Douglas,
 As Ik haiff tauld, enbuschit was.

Sa hapnyt that tyme, throw chance,
 625 That with wictalis and purwyaunce,
 And with clething, and with armyng,
 The day befor, in the ewynnyng,
 The wndyr wardane ariuyt was,
 Fol. 13b With thre batis, weill ner the place
 630 Quhar that the folk I spak off ar
 Priuely enbuschyt war.
 Syne fra the batis saw thai ga
 Off Inglis men thretty and ma,
 Chargit all with syndry thingis.
 635 Sum bar wyne, and sum armyngis:
 The remanant all chargit wer
 With thingis off syndry maner:
 And othyr syndry yeid thaim by,
 As thai war maistris, ydilly.
 640 Thai that enbuschyt war, that saw
 All for owtyn dreid or aw,
 Thar enbuschyt on thaim thai brak;
 And slew all that thai mycht ourtak.
 The cry raiss hidwysly, and hey:
 645 For thai, that dredand war to dey,
 Rycht as bestis gan rar and cry.
 Thai slew thaim for owtyn mercy;
 Swa that, in to the samyne sted,
 Weill ner forty thar war dede.

650 Quhen thai, that in the castell war,
 Hard the folk sa cry and rar,

- Thai ischyt furth to the fechtng.
Bot quhen the Dowglas saw thair cummyng,
His men till him he gan rely;
655 And went till meit thaim hastily.
And quhen thai off the castell saw
Him cum on thaim for owtin aw,
Thai fled for owtyne mar debate.
And thai thaim folowit to the yate;
660 And slew off thaim, as thai in past.
Bot thai thair yate barryt fast,
That thai mycht do at thaim na mar:
Tharfor thai left thaim ilkane thar,
And turnyt to the se agayne,
665 Quhar that the men war forowth slayn.
And quhen thai, that war in the batiss,
Saw thair cummyng; and wyst how gatis
Thai had discumfyt thair menye;
In hy thai put thaim to the se,
670 And rowyt fast with all thair mayne.
Bot the wynd wes thaim agayne,
That swa hey gert the land-bryst ryss,
That thai moucht weld the se na wiss.
Then thai durst nocht cum to the land,
675 Bot hald thaim thar sa lang hobland,
That off the thre batis drownyt twa.
And quhen Dowglas saw it wes swa,
He tuk armyng, and cleything,
Wictalis, wyne, and othyr thing,
680 That thai fand thar; and held thair way
Rycht glaid and joyfull off thair pray.

- Quhen this James off Douglas,
And hys menye, throw Goddis grace,
War relewynt with armyng,
685 And with wictaill, and clething,

- Syne till a strenth thai held thair way;
 And thaim full manly governyt ay;
 Till on the tend day, that the king,
 With all that war in his leding,
 690 Arywyt in to that countré.
 With thretty small galayis and thre.
 The king arywyt in Arane;
 And syne to the land is gane,
 And in a toune tuk his herbery:
 695 And speryt syne speceally,
 Gyff ony man couth tell tithand
 Off ony strang men in that land.
 "Yhis," said a woman, "Schyr, perfay,
 " Off strang men I kan yow say,
 700 " That ar cummyn in this countré,
 " And schort quhile syne, throw thair bounté,
 " Thai haff discomfyt our wardane,
 " And mony off his men has slane.
 " And till a stalwart place herby
 705 " Reparis all thair cumpany."
 ' Dame,' said the king, ' wald thow me wiss
 ' To that place quhar thair repair is,
 ' I sall reward the but lesing:
 ' For thai ar all off my duelling;
 710 ' And I rycht blythly wald them se,
 ' And swa trow I, that thai wald me.'
 " Yhis," said scho, " Schyr, I will blythly
 " Ga with yow and your cumpany,
 " Till that I schaw yow thair repair."
 715 ' That is inewch, my systir fayr;
 ' Now ga we forthwart,' said the king.
 Than went thai furth but mar letting,
 Folowand her as scho thaim led;
 Till at the last scho schawyt a sted

720 To the king in a wode glen,
 And said; "Schyr, her I saw the men,
 " That yhe sper eftir, mak logyng:
 Fol. 14a " Her I trow be thair reparyng."

The king then blew his horn in hy;
 725 And gert the men, that wer him by,
 Hald thaim still, and all priwé;
 And syne agayn his horn blew he.
 James off Dowglas herd him blaw,
 And at the last alsone gan knaw;
 730 And said; "Sothly yon is the king:
 " I knaw lang quhill syne his blawyng."
 The thrid tym thar with all he blew,
 And then Schyr Robert Boid it knew;
 And said; "Yone is the king but dreid;
 735 " Ga we furth till him bettir speid."
 Than went thai till the king in hy,
 And him inclynynt curtasly;
 And blythly welcummyt thaim the king,
 And wes joyfull of thair meting,
 740 And kissit thaim; and speryt syne
 How thai had farne in thair huntyn.
 And thai him tauld all but lesing:
 Syne lowyt thai God off thair meting.
 Syne with the king till his herbery
 745 Went bath joyfull and joly.

The king apoun the tothyr day
 Gan till his priwé menye say;
 "Ye knaw all weill, and ye may se,
 "How we ar owt off our cuntré
 750 "Banyst, throw Ingliss mennys mycht.
 "And that, that suld be owris off rycht,

- " Throw thar maistris thai occupy;
 " And wald alsua, for owtyne mercy,
 " Giff thai haid mycht, distroy ws all.
 755 " Bot God forbeid it suld sa fall
 " Till ws, as thai mak manassyng!
 " For than war thar na recoweryng.
 " And mankind biddis ws that we
 " To procur wengeance besy be.
 760 " For ye may se we haiff thre thingis
 " That makis us oft monestingis
 " For to be worthi, wiss, and wycht,
 " And till anoy thaim at our mycht.
 " Ane is our lyffis sawfté,
 765 " That on na wyss suld sawft be,
 " Gyff thai had ws at thair liking.
 " The tothyr that makys ws eggyng,
 " Is that thai our possessioun
 " Haldis strenthly, agayn resoun.
 770 " The thrid is the joy that we abid,
 " Giff that it happyn, as weill may tid,
 " That we wyn wictour, and maistry
 " Till our cum thair felony.
 " Tharfor we suld our hartis raiss,
 775 " Swa that na myscheyff ws abaiss;
 " And schaip alwayis to that ending
 " That beris in it mensk and lowing.
 " And tharfor, lordingis, gyff ye se
 " Amang yow, giff that it speidfull be,
 780 " I will send a man in Carrik,
 " To spy and sper our kynrik,
 " How it is led, and freynd and fa.
 " And giff he seis we land may ta,
 " On Turnberys snuke he may
 785 " Mak a fyr, on a certane day,

- " That mak takynnyng till ws, that we
 " May thar aryve in sawfté.
 " And giff he seis we may nocht swa;
 " Luk on na wyss the fyr he ma.
 790 " Swa may we thar throw haiff witring
 " Off our passage, or our duelling."

- To this spek all assentyt ar.
 And than the king, with outyn mar,
 Callyt ane, that wes him priwé,
 795 And off Carrik his countré:
 And chargyt him, in les and mar,
 As ye hard me diuiss it ar;
 And set him certane day to mai
 The fyr, giff he saw it war swai
 800 That thai had possibilité
 To maynteyme the wer in that cuntré.
 And he, that wes rycht weill in will
 His lordis yharnyng to fulfill,
 As he that worthy wes and leile,
 805 And couth rycht weill secreis conseil,
 Sad, he wes boune in till all thing
 For to fullfill his commaunding:
 And said he suld do sa wisely,
 That na repruff suld eftir ly.
 810 Syne at the king his leiff has tane;
 And furth apon his way is gane.

- Now gais the messynger his way,
 That hat Cutbert, as I herd say.
 In Carrik sone arywyt he,
 815 And passyt throw all the countré.
 Bot he fand few tharin, perfay,
 That gud wald off his maister say.

- For fele of thaim durst nocht for dreid;
 And othyr sum rycht in to deid
 820 War fayis to the nobill king,
 Fol. 14b That rewyt syne thair barganyng.
 Baith hey and law, the land wes then
 All occupyit with Ingliss men;
 That dispytyt, atour all thing,
 825 Robert the Bruce the douchty king.
 Carrik wes giffyn then halyly
 To Schyr Henry lord the Persy;
 That in Turnberyis castell then
 Was, with weill ner thre hundyr men;
 830 And dawntyt sagat all the land,
 That all wes till him obeysand.
 This Cutbert saw thair felony:
 And saw the folk sa halely
 Be worthyn Ingliss, baith rich and pur,
 835 That he to nane durst him discour.
 Bot thought to leve the fyr wnmaid:
 Syne till his maister went but baid,
 And all thair conwyne till hym gan tell,
 That wes sa angry and sa fell.
- 840 The king, that in till Arane lay,
 Quhen that cummyn wes the day,
 That he set till his messinger,
 As Ik diuisyt yow lang er,
 Eftyr the fyr he lokyt fast.
- 845 And, als sone as the none wes past,
 Him thought weill he saw a fyr,
 Be Turnbery byrnand weill schyr;
 And till his menye it gan schaw:
 Ilk man thought weill that he it saw.
- 850 Then with blyth hart the folk gan cry;

- “Gud king, speid yow deliuerly;
“Swa that we sone in the ewynnyng
“Aryve, for owtyn persaywing.”
‘I grant,’ said he, ‘now mak yow yar.
855 ‘God furthyr ws in till our far!’

- ‘Then in schort time men mycht thaim se
Schute all thair galayis to the se,
And ber to se baith ayr and ster,
And othyr thingis that mystir wer.
860 And as the king apoun the sand
Wes gangand wp and doun, bidand
Till that his menye redy war,
His ost come rycht till him thar.
And quhen that scho him halyst had,
865 A priué spek till him scho made;
And said, “Takis gud kep till my saw:
“For or ye pass I sall yow schaw
“Off your fortoun a gret party.
“Bot our all speceally
870 “A wyttring her I sall yow ma,
“Quhat end that your purpuss sall ta.
“For in this land is nane trewly
“Wate thingis to cum sa weill as I.
“Ye pass now furth on your wiage,
875 “To wenge the harme, and the owtrag,
“That Ingliss men has to yow done;
“Bot ye wat nocht quhatkyne forton
“Ye mon drey in your werraying.
“Bot wyt ye weill, with outyn lesing,
880 “That fra ye now haiff takyn land,
“Nane sa mychty, na sa strenththi of hand,
“Sall ger yow pass owt of your countré
“Till all to yow abandownyt be.

- " With in schort tyme ye sall be king,
 885 " And haiff the land at your liking,
 " And ourcum your fayis all.
 " Bot fele anoyis thole ye sall,
 " Or that your purposs end haiff tane :
 " Bot ye sall thaim ourdryve ilkan.
 890 " And, that ye trow this sekryly,
 " My twa sonnys with yow sall I
 " Send to tak part of your trawaill;
 " For I wate weill thai sall nocht fail
 " To be rewardyt weill at rycht,
 895 " Quhen ye ar heyit to yowr mycht."

- The king, that herd all hyr carping,
 Thankit hyr in mekill thing;
 For scho confort him sumdeill.
 The quhethir he trowyt nocht full weill
 900 Hyr spek, for he had gret ferly
 How scho suld wyt it sekryly :
 As it was wondirfull perfay
 How ony mannys science may
 Know thingis that ar to cum
 905 Determynabilly, all or sum;
 Bot giff that he inspyrit war
 Off him, that all thing cuirmar
 Seyis in his presciens,
 As it war ay in presens :
 910 As wes Daid, and Jeremy,
 Samuell, Joell, and Ysai;
 That at, throw his haly grace, gan tell
 Fele thingis that efter fell.
 Bot the prophetis sa thyn ar sawyn,
 915 That nane in erd now is knawin.
 Fol. 15^a Bot fele folk ar sa curyouss,
 And to wyt thingis cowatouss,

- That thai, throw thar great clergy,
Or ellys throw thar dewilry,
920 On thir twa maneris makis fanding
Off thingis to cum to haiff knawing.
Ane off thaim is astrologi,
Quhar clerkys, that ar witty,
May know conjunctions off planetis,
925 And quhethir that thar cours thaim settis
In soft segis, or in angry;
And off the hewyn all halyly
How that the dispositioun
Suld apon thingis wyrk her down,
930 On regiones, or on climatis,
That wyrkys nocht ay quhar agatis,
Bot sum quhar less, and sum quhar mar,
Eftyr as thair bemys strekyt ar,
Othir all ewyn, or on wry.
935 Bot me think it war gud maistry
Till ony astrolog to say
This sall fall her, and on this day.
For thocht a man his lyff haly
Studyit swa in astrology,
940 That on sternys his hewid he brak,
The wyss man sayis he suld nocht mak
All hys lyff certane dayis thre;
And yeit suld he ay doute quhill he
Saw how that it come till ending.
945 Than is that na certane demyng.
Or gyff thai men, that will study
In the craft off astrology,
Knew all mennys nacioun,
And knew the constellacioun
950 That kyndlik maneris gyfis thaim till,
For till inclyne to gud or ill;
How that thai throw science of clergi,

- Or throw slycht off astrology,
 Couth tell quhatkyn perell apperis
 955 To thaim that haldys kyndlik maneris;
 I trow that thai suld faile to say
 The thingis that thaim happyn may.
 For quhethir sa men inclynyt be
 To vertu, or to mawyté,
 960 He may rycht weill refreyne his will,
 Othir throw nurtur, or throw skill;
 And to the contrar turne him all.
 And men has mony tyme sene fall,
 That men, kyndly till iwill gewyn,
 965 Throw thar gret wit away has drewyn
 Thar ill; and worthin off gret renoun,
 Magre the constellacioun.
 As Arestotill, giff, as men redis,
 He had folowyt his kindly dedis,
 970 He had bene fals and cowatouss;
 Bot his wyt maid him vertuouss.
 And sen men may on this kyn wyss
 Wyrk agayne that courss, that is
 Pryncipail causs off thair demyng,
 975 Me think thair doyme na certane thing.

- Nygromancy the tothyr is,
 That kennys men on syndry wyss,
 Throw stalwart conjuracionys,
 And throw exorcizacionys,
 980 To ger spyritis to thaim apper,
 And giff ansueris on ser maner.
 As quhylum did the Phitones,
 That quhen Saul abaysyt wes
 Off the Felystynys mycht,
 985 Raysyt, throw hyr mekill slycht,

- Samuelis spyrite als tite,
Or in his sted the iwill spyrite,
That gaiff rycht graith ansuer hyr to.
Bot off hyr selff rycht nocht wyst scho.
- 990 And man is in to dreding ay
Off thingis that he has herd say,
Namly off thingis to cum, quhill he
Knew off the end the certanté.
And sen thai ar in sic wenyng.
- 995 For owtyne certanté off witting;
Me think, quha sayis he knawis thingis
To cum, he makys gret gabingis.
Bot quhethir scho that tauld the king
How his purpos suld tak ending.
- 1000 Wenynt, or wyst it witterly;
It fell eftyr all halyly
As scho said: for syne king wes he;
And off full mekill renommé.

BUKE FEYRD.

THIS wes in ver, quhen wynter tid,
 With his blastis hidwyss to bid,
 Was our drywyn : and byrdis smale,
 As turturis and the nychtyngale,
 5 Begouth rycht sariely to syng;
 Fol. 15 b And for to mak in thair singyng
 Swete notis, and sownys ser,
 And melodys plesand to her.
 And the treis begouth to ma
 10 Burgeans, and brycht blomys alsua,
 To wyn the helyng off thair hewid.
 That wykkyt wyntir had thaim rewid.
 And all gressys beguth to spryng.
 In to that tyme the nobill king,
 15 With his flote, and a few mengye,
 Thre hundyr I trow thai mycht be.
 Is to the se, owte off Arane
 A litill forouth, ewyn gane.

Thai rowit fast, with all thair mycht,
 20 Till that apon thaim fell the nycht,
 That woux myrk apon gret maner,
 Swa that thai wyst nocht quhar thai wer.
 For thai na nedill had, na stane;
 Bot rowyt alwayis in till ane,
 25 Sterand all tyme apon the fyr,

- That thai saw brynnand lycht and schyr.
It wes bot auentur thaim led :
And thai in schort tyme sa thaim sped,
That at the fyr arywyt thai ;
30 And went to land but mar delay.
And Cuthbert, that has sene the fyr,
Was full off angyr, and off ire :
For he durst nocht do it away ;
And wes alsua dowtand ay
35 That his lord suld pass to se.
Tharfor thair cummyn waytit he ;
And met thaim at thair arywing.
He wes wele sone broucht to the king,
That speryt at hym how he had done.
40 And he with sar hart tauld him sone,
How that he fand nane weill luffand ;
Bot all war sayis, that he fand :
And that the lord the Persy,
With ner thre hundre in cumpany,
45 Was in the castell thar besid,
Fullfillyt off dyspyt and prid.
Bot ma than twa partis off his rowt
War herberyt in the toune without ;
“ And dyspytyt yow mar, Schir king,
50 “ Than men may dyspyt ony thing.”
Than said the king, in full gret ire ;
“ Tratour, quhy maid thow than the fyr ? ”
“ A ! Schyr,” said he, “ sa God me se !
“ The fyr wes newyr maid for me.
55 “ Na, or the nycht, I wyst it nocht ;
“ Bot fra I wyst it, weill I thocht
“ That ye, and haly your menye,
“ In hy suld put yow to the se.
“ For thi I cum to mete yow her,
60 “ To tell perellys that may aper.”

- The king wes off his spek angry,
 And askyt his prywé men, in hy,
 Quhat at thaim thought wes best to do.
 Schyr Edward fryst answert thar to,
- 65 Hys brodyr that wes swa hardy,
 And said; " I say yow sekyrly
 " Thar sall na perell, that may be,
 " Dryve me eftsonys to the se.
 " Myne auentur her tak will I,
- 70 " Quhethir it be esfull or angry."
 ' Brothyr,' he said, ' sen thou will sua,
 ' It is gud that we saymn ta
 ' Dissese or ese, or payne or play,
 ' Eftyr as God will ws purway.
- 75 ' And sen men sayis that the Persy
 ' Myn heretage will occupy;
 ' And his menye sa ner ws lyis,
 ' That ws dispytis mony wyss;
 ' Ga we and wenge sum off the dispyte
- 80 ' And that may we haiff done alss tite;
 ' For thai ly traistly, but dreding
 ' Off ws, or off our her cummyng.
 ' And thought we slepand slew thaim all,
 ' Repruff tharoff na man sall.
- 85 ' For werrayour na forss suld ma,
 ' Quhethir he mycht ourcum his fa
 ' Throw strenth, or throw sutelté;
 ' Bot that gud faith ay haldyn be.'

- Quhen this wes said thai went thair way;
 90 And to the toune sone cummyn ar thai,
 Sa priuely, but noyiss making,
 That nane persawyt thair cummyng.
 Thai skalyt throw the toun in hy;

And brak wp duris sturdely,
 95 And slew all that thai mycht ourtak:
 And thai, that na defence mocht mak,
 Full petowsly gan rar and cry;
 And thai slew thaim dispitously,
 As thai that war in full gud will
 Fol. 16a 100 To wenge the angyr, and the ill,
 That thai and thairis had thaim wroucht;
 With sa feloun will thaim soucht,
 That thai slew thaim euirilkan,
 Owtane Makdowell him allan,
 105 That eschapyt, throw gret slycht,
 And throw the myrknes off the nycht.

In the castell the lord the Persy
 Hard weill the noyis, and the cry:
 Sa did the men, that with in wer,
 110 And full effraytly gat thair ger.
 Bot off thaim wes nane sa hardy,
 That euir ischynt fourth to the cry.
 In sic effray thai baid that nycht,
 Till on the morn, that day wes lycht:
 115 And than sesyt in to party
 The noyis the slawchtyr, and the cry.
 The king gert be depertyt then
 All hale the reff amang the men;
 And duellyt all still thar dayis thre.
 120 Syk hansell to that folk gaiff he,
 Rycht in the fyrst begynnyng,
 Newlingis at his arywyng.

Quhen that the king, and his folk, war
 Arywyt, as I tauld yow ar,
 125 A quhile in Karryk leyndyt he,

- To se quha freynde or fa wald be.
Bot he fand litill tendyrness:
And nocht for thi the puple wes
Enclynnyt till him in party;
130 Bot Ingliss men sa angrelly
Led thaim with daunger, and with aw,
That thai na freyndschip durst him schaw.
Bot a lady off that cuntré,
That wes till him in ner degre
135 Off cosynage, wes wondir blyth
Off his arywyng; alswyth
Sped hyr till him, in full gret hy,
With fourty men in cumpany:
And betaucht thaim all to the king,
140 Till help him in his werraying.
And he resawyt thaim in daynté,
And hyr full gretly thankit he;
And speryt tythandis off the queyne,
And off his freyndis all bedene,
145 That he had left in that countré,
Quhen that he put him to the se.
And scho him tauld, sichand full sar,
How that his brothyr takyn war
In the castell off Kyldromy,
150 And destroyit sa welanysly;
And the erle of Athall alsua:
And how the queyne, and othyr ma,
That till his party war heldand,
War tane, and led in England,
155 And put in feloun presoune.
And how that Cristole off Setoun
Wes slayn, gretand scho tauld the king,
That sorowfull wes off that tithing;
And said, quhen he had thought a thraw,

- 160 Thir wordis, that I sall yow schaw.
“Allace,” he said, “for luff off me,
“And for thair mekill lawté,
“Thai nobill men, and thai worthy,
“Ar destroyit sa welanysly!
- 165 “Bot and I leyff in lege powysté,
“Thar deid rycht weill sall wengit be.
“The king, the quhethir, off Ingland
“Thought that the kynrik off Scotland
“Was to litill to thaim, and me;
- 170 “Tharfor he will it myn all be.
“Bot off gud Cristole off Setoun,
“That was of sa nobill renoun,
“That he suld dey war gret pité,
“Bot quhar worschip mycht prowyt be.”
- 175 The king sichand thus maid his mayn;
And the lady hyr leyff has tain:
And went hyr hame till hyr wonnyng.
And fele syss confort the king
Bath with siluer, and with mete,
- 180 Sic as scho in the land mycht get.
And he oft ryot all the land,
And maid all his that cuir he fand;
And syne drew him till the hycht,
To stynt bettir his fayis mycht.
- 185 In all that tym wes the Persy,
With a full sympill cumpany,
In Turnberyss castell lyand;
For the king Robert swa dredand,
‘That he durst nocht isch furth to fayr,
- 190 Fra thine to the castell off Ayr,
That wes then full off Inglissmen;

Bot lay lurkand as in a den,
 Fol. 16 b Tyll the men off Northummyrland
 Suld cum armyt, and with strang hand
 195 Conwoy him till his cuntré.
 For his saynd till thaim send he:
 And thai in hy assemblyt then,
 Passand, I weyne, a thousand men;
 And askyt awisement thaim amang.
 200 Quhethir that thai suld duell or gang.
 Bot thai war skownrand wondir sar.
 So fer in to Scotland for to far.
 For a knycht, Schyr Gawter the Lile,
 Said it wis all to get perile
 205 Swa ner thir sodiourys to ga.
 His spek discomfort thaim swa,
 That thai had left all thair wyage,
 Na war a knycht off gret corage,
 That Schyr Roger off Sanct Jhon hycht,
 210 That thaim comfort with all his mycht;
 And sic wordis to thaim gan say,
 That thai all samyn held thair way
 Till Turnberry; quhar the Persy
 Lap on, and went with thaim in hy
 215 In England his castell till,
 For owtyn distrowblyne or ill.

Now in Ingland is the Persy,
 Quhar I trow he a quhile sall ly,
 Or that he schap hym for to fayr
 220 To werray Carryk ony mar.
 For he wyst he had na rycht;
 And als he dreid the kingys mycht,
 That in Carrik wes trawailland,
 In the maist strenth off the land.

- 225 Quhar Jamys off Dowglas, on a day,
 Come to the king, and gan him say;
 "Schyr, with your leyve, I wald ga se
 "How that thai do in my contré;
 "And how my men demanyt ar.
 230 "For it anoyis me wondre sar,
 "That the Clyffurd sa pesabyll
 "Brukys and haldys the senyowry,
 "That suld be myn with alkyn rycht.
 "Bot quhile I lyff, and may haiff mycht
 235 "To lede a yowman or a swayne,
 "He sall nocht bruk it but bargayne."
 The king said; 'Certes I can nocht se
 'How that thow yeit may sekyr be
 'In to that countré for to far.
 240 'Quhar Ingliss men sa mychty ar;
 'And thow wate nocht quha is thy freynd.'
 He said; "Schyr, nedwayis I will wend,
 "And tak that auentur will giff,
 "Quhethyr sa it be to dey or lyff."
 245 The king said; 'Sen it is swa,
 'That thow sic yaryng has to ga,
 'Thow sall pass furth with my blyssing.
 'And giff the hapnys ony thing
 'That anoyis or scaithfull be,
 250 'I pray the sped the sone to me;
 'And tak we samyn quhat euir may fall.'
 "I grante," he said; and thar with all
 He lowtyt, and his leve has tayne,
 And towart his countré is he gayne.
 255 Now takis James his wiage
 Towart Dowglas, his heretage,
 With twa yemen, for owtyn ma;

- That wes a symple stuff to ta,
 A land or a castell to wyn.
- 260 The quhethir he yarnyt to begyn
 Till bring purposs till ending;
 For gud help is in gud begynnyng.
 For gud begynnyng, and hardy,
 Gyff it be folowit wittily,
- 265 May ger oftsyss unlikely thing
 Cum to full conabill ending.
 Swa did it her: bot he wes wyss,
 And saw he mycht, on nakyn wyss,
 Werray his fa with ewyn mycht;
- 270 Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with slycht.
 And in Dowglas daile, his countré,
 Apon an ewynnyng entryt he.
 And than a man wonnyt tharby,
 That was off freyndis weill mychty,
- 275 And ryche of moble, and off cateill;
 And had bene till his fadyr leyll,
 And till him selff, in his yowthed,
 He haid done mony a thankfull deid.
 Thom Dicson wes his name perfay.
- 280 Till him he send; and gan him pray,
 That he wald cum all anerly
 For to spek with him priuely.
 And he but daunger till him gais:
 Bot fra he tauld him quhat he wais,
- 285 He gret for joy, and for pité;
 And him rycht till his houss had he;
- Fol. 17 a Quhar in a chambre priuely
 He held him, and his cumpany,
 That nane had off him persawing.
- 290 Off mete, and drynk, and othyr thing.
 That mycht thaim eyss, thai had plenté.

- Sa wrocht he throw sutelté,
 That all the lele men off that land,
 That with his fadyr war duelland,
 295 This gud man gert cum, ane and ane,
 And mak him manrent euir ilkane;
 And he him selff fyrst homage maid.
 Dowglas in hart gret glaidship haid,
 That the gud men off his cuntré
 300 Wald swagate till him bundyn be.
 He speryt the conwyne off the land,
 And quha the castell had in hand.
 And thai him tauld all halily;
 And syne amang thaim priuely
 305 Thai ordanyt, that he still suld be
 In hiddillis, and in priweté,
 Till Palme Sonday, that wes ner hand,
 The thrid day eftyr folowand.
 For than the folk off that countré
 310 Assemblyt at the kyrk wald be;
 And thai, that in the castell wer,
 Wald als be thar, thar palmys to ber,
 As folk that had na dreid off ill;
 For thai thought all wes at thair will.
 315 Than suld he cum with his twa men.
 Bot, for that men suld nocht him ken,
 He suld ane mantill haiff auld and bar,
 And a flaill, as he a thresscher war.
 Wndyr the mantill nocht for thi
 320 He suld be armyt priuely.
 And quhen the men off his countré,
 That suld all boune befor him be,
 His ensenye mycht her hym cry,
 Then suld thai, full enforcely,
 325 Rycht ymyddys the kyrk assaill

- The Ingliss men with hard bataill,
 Swa that nane mycht eschap tham fra;
 For thar throwch trowyt thai to ta
 The castell, that besid wes ner.
- 330 And quhen this, that I tell yow her,
 Wes diuisyt, and wndretane,
 Ilkane till his howss hame is gane;
 And held this spek in priueté,
 Till the day off thar assembly.
- 335 The folk upon the Sonounday
 Held to Saynct Bridis kyrk thair way;
 And thai that in the castell war
 Ischyt owt, bath les and mar,
 And went thair palmys for to ber;
- 340 Owtane a cuk and a porter.
 James off Dowglas off thair cummyng,
 And quhat thai war, had witting;
 And sped him till the kyrk in hy.
 Bot or he come, to hastily
- 345 Ane off his criyt, "Dowglas! Dowglas!"
 Thomas Dikson, that nerrest was
 Till thaim that war off the castell,
 That war all innouth the chancell,
 Quhen he "Dowglas!" swa hey herd cry,
- 350 Drew owt his sward; and fellely
 Ruschyt amang thaim to and fra.
 Bot ane or twa, for owtyn ma,
 Than in hy war left lyand,
 Quhill Dowglas come rycht at hand,
- 355 And then enforcyt on thaim the cry.
 Bot thai the chansell sturdely
 Held, and thaim defendyt wele,
 Till off thair men war slayne sumdell.

- Bot the Dowglace sa weill him bar,
 360 That all the men, that with him war,
 Had confort off his wele doying;
 And he him sparyt nakyn thing,
 Bot prowyt swa his force in fycht,
 That throw his worschip, and his mycht,
 365 His men sa keynly helpyt than,
 That thai the chansell on thaim wan.
 Than dang thai on swa hardyly,
 That in schort tyme men mycht se ly
 The twa part dede, or then deand.
 370 The lave war sesyt sone in hand.
 Swa that off thretty levyt nane,
 That thai ne war slayne ilkan, or tane.

- James off Dowglas, quhen this wes done
 The presoneris has he tane alsone;
 375 And, with thaim off his cumpany,
 Towart the castell went in hy,
 Or noyiss, or cry, suld ryss.
 And for he wald thaim sone suppriss,
 Fol. 17 b That lewynt in the castell war,
 380 That war but twa for owtyn mar,
 Fyve men or sex befor send he,
 That fand all opyn the entré;
 And entryt, and the porter tuk
 Richt at the yate, and syne the cuk.
 385 With that Dowglas come to the yat,
 And entryt in for owtyn debate;
 And fand the mete all redy grathit,
 With burdys set, and clathis layit.
 The yhaitis then he gert sper,
 390 And sat, and eyt all at layser.
 Syne all the gudis turssyt thai,

- That thaim thocht thai mycht haiff away ;
And namly wapnys, and armyng,
Siluer, and tresour, and clethyng.
395 Wycallis, that mycht nocht tursyt be,
On this maner destroyit he.
All the wictalis, owtane salt,
Als quheyt, and flour, and meill, and malt,
In the wyne sellar gert he bring ;
400 And samyn on the flur all flyng.
And the presoneris that he had tane
Rycht thar in gert he heid ilkane ;
Syne off the townnys the hedis outstrak :
A foule mellé thar gane he mak.
405 For meile, and malt, and blud, and wyne,
Ran all to gidder in a mellyne,
That was wnsemly for to se.
Tharfor the men off that countré
For swa fele thar mellyt wer,
410 Callit it the "Dowglas Lardner."
Syne tuk he salt, as Ic hard tell,
And ded horss, and sordid the well ;
And brynt all, owtakyn stane ;
And is forth, with his menye, gayne
415 Till his resett ; for him thought weill,
Giff he had haldyn the castell,
It had bene assegyt raith ;
And that him thought to mekill waith.
For he ne had hop off reskewyng.
420 And it is to peralous thing
In castell assegyt to be,
Quhar want is off thir thingis thre ;
Wictaill, or men with thair armyng,
Or than gud hop off rescuyng.
425 And for he dred thir thingis suld faile,

He chesyt furthwart to trawaill,
 Quhar he mycht at his larges be;
 And swa dryve furth his destané.

- On this wise wes the castell tan,
 430 And slayne that war tharin ilkan.
 The Dowglas syne all his menye
 Gert in ser placis depertyt be;
 For men suld wyt quhar thai war,
 That yeid depertyt her and thar.
 435 Thaim that war woundyt gert he ly
 In till hiddillis, all priuely;
 And gert gud lechis till thaim bring,
 Quhill that thai war in till heling.
 And him selff, with a few menye,
 440 Quhile ane, quhile twa, and quhil thre,
 And wmquhill all him allane,
 In hiddillis throw the land is gane.
 Sa dred he Inglis men his mycht,
 That he durst nocht wele cum in sycht.
 445 For thai war that tyme all welkland
 As maist lordis, our all the land.

- Bot tythandis, that scalis sone,
 Off this deid that Douglas has done,
 Come to the Cliffurd his ere, in hy,
 450 That for his tynsaill wes sary;
 And menyt his men that thai had slayne,
 And syne has to purpos tane,
 To big the castell wp agayne,
 Thar for, as man of mekill mayne,
 455 He assemblit gret cumpany,
 And till Dowglas he went in hy.
 And biggyt wp the castell swyth;

And maid it rycht stalwart and styth;
 And put tharin wictallis and men.
 460 Ane off the Thyrwallis then
 He left behind him capitane,
 And syne till Ingland went agayne.

In to Carrik lyis the king,
 With a full symple gaderyng;
 465 He passyt nocht twa hundre men.
 Bot Schyr Eduuard his brodyr then
 Wes in Galloway, weill ner him by;
 With him ane othyr cumpany,
 That held the strenthis off the land.
 470 For thai durst nocht yeit tak on hand
 Till our rid the land planly.
 Fol. 18 a For off Walence Schyr Amery
 Was in till Edynburgh lyand,
 That yeyt was wardane of the land,
 475 Wndirneyth the Inglis king.
 And quhen he herd off the cummyng
 Off king Robert, and his menye,
 In to Carryk; and how that he
 Haid slayn off the Persyis men;
 480 His consaile he assemblit then,
 And, with assent off hys consaill,
 He sent till Ar, him till assaill,
 Schyr Ingrame Bell, that wes hardy,
 And with him a gret cumpany.

485 And quhen Schyr Ingrame cummyn wes thar,
 Him thocht nocht speidfull for till far,
 Till assaile him in to the hycht.
 Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with slycht;
 And lay still in the castell than,

- 490 Till he gat speryng that a man
 Off Carrik, that wes sley and wycht,
 And a man als off mekill mycht,
 As off the men off that cuntré
 Wes to the king Robert mast priué;
 495 As he that wes his sibman ner,
 And quhen he wald, for owtyne danger,
 Mycht to the kingis presence ga.
 The quhethir he, and his sonnys twa,
 War wonnand still in the cuntré,
 500 For thai wald nocht persaywit be,
 That thai war speciall to the king,
 Thai maid him mony tyme warnyng,
 Quhen that thai his tynsaill mycht se.
 For thi in thaim affyit he.
 505 His name can I nocht tell per fay.
 Bot Ik haiff herd syndry men say,
 That he wes the maist dowsyt man
 That in Carrik lywyt than.
 And quhen Schyre Inghram gat wittering
 510 For suth this wes na gabbing,
 Eftyr him in hy he sent;
 And he come at his commandment.
 Schyre Inghram, that wes sley and wiss,
 Tretyt with him than on sic wyss,
 515 That he maid sekir wndirtaking
 In tresoun for to slay the king.
 And he suld haiff for his seruice
 Gyff he fullfyllt thar diuice,
 Weill fourty pundis worth off land
 520 Till him, and till his ayris ay lestand.

The tresoun thus is wndirtane;
 And he hame till his hous is gane,

And wattyt opportunité
For to fulfill his mawyté.

- 525 In gret perell than wes the king,
That off this tresonnd wyst na thing.
For he, that he traistit maist of ane,
His dede falsly has wndretane:
And nane may betreyss tyttar than he
530 That man in trowis leawté.
The king in him traistyt: for thi
He had fullillyt his felony,
Ne war the king, throw Goddis grace,
Gate hale witting off his purchase;
535 And how, and for how mekill land,
He tuk his slauchtyr apon hand.
I wate nocht quha the warnyng maid;
Bot on all tym sic hap he had,
That quhen men schup thaim to betraiss,
540 He gat witting tharoff all wayis:
And mony tyme, as I herd say,
Throw wemen, that he wyth wald play,
That wald tell all that thai mycht her.
And swa mycht happyn that it fell her.

- 545 Bot quhow that euir it fell, perdé,
I trow he sall the warrer be.
Nocht forthi, the tratour ay
Had in his thought, bath nycht and day,
How he mycht best bring till ending
550 His tresonabill wndretaking;
Till he, wmbethinkand him at the last,
In till his hart gan wmbecast,
That the king had in custome ay
For to ryss arly ilk day,
555 And pass weill fer fra his menye,

- Quhen he wald pass to the priwé,
 And sek a cowert him allane;
 Or at the maist with him ane.
 Thar thocht he, with his sonnys twa,
 560 For to suppryse the king, and sla;
 And syne went to the wod thair way:
 Fol. 18 b Bot yeit off purposs failit thai.
 And nocht for thi thai come all thre
 In a cowert, that wes priwé,
 565 Quhar the king oft wes wont to ga,
 His priwé nedys for to ma.
 Thair hid thai thaim till his cummyng.
 And the king, in to the mornyng,
 Raiss quhen that his liking wes;
 570 And rycht towart that cowert gais,
 Quhar liand war the tratouris thre,
 For to do thar his priueté.
 To tresoun tuk he then na heid:
 Bot he was wont, quhar cuir he yeid,
 575 His swerd about his hals to ber;
 And that awaillyt him gretli ther.
 For had nocht God, all thing weldand,
 Set help in till hys awine hand,
 He had bene dede, withoutyn dreid.
 580 A chamber page thar with him yeid.
 And swa, for owtyne falowis ma,
 Towart the cowert gan he ga.

- Now bot God help the noble king,
 He is nerhand till his ending.
 585 For that cowert, that he yeid till,
 Wes on the tothyr sid a hill,
 That nane of his men mycht it se.
 Thiderwart went this page and he.

- And he cummyn wes in the schaw,
 590 He saw thai thre cum all on raw
 Aganys him full sturdely.
 Than till his boy he said in hy;
 "Yon men will slay ws. and thai may.
 "Quhat wapyn has thou?" 'Ha Schyr, perfay,
 595 'Ik haiff bot a bow and a wyr.'
 "Giff me thaim smertly bath." 'A! Schyr,
 'How gaite will ye that I do?'
 "Stand on fer and behald ws to.
 "Giff thow seis me abowyn be,
 600 "Thow sall haiff wapynnys gret plenté:
 "And giff I dey, withdraw the sone."
 With thai wordis, for owtyn hone,
 He tite the bow out off his hand;
 For the tratouris war ner cummand.
 605 The fadyr had a swerd but mar;
 The tothyr bath swerd and hand ax bar;
 The thrid a swerd had and a sper.
 The king persawyt, be thair affer,
 That all wes as men had him tauld.
 610 "Tratour," he said, "thow has me sauld.
 "Cum na forthyr; bot hald the thar.
 "I will thou cum na forthermar."
 'A! Schyr, umbethinkis yow,' said he.
 'How ner that I suld to yow be.
 615 'Quha suld cum ner yow bot I?'
 The king said; "I will sekirly
 "That thow, at this tyme, cum nocht ner;
 "Thow may say quhat thow will on fer."
 Bot he, with fals wordis flechand,
 620 Was with his twa sonnys cummand.
 Quhen the king saw he wald nocht let,
 Bot ay come on fenyeand falset,

- He taisyt the wyr, and leit it fleȳ,
And hyt the fadyr in the ey,
625 Till it rycht in the harnys ran;
And he bakwart fell doun rycht than.
The brothyr, that the hand ax bar,
Swa saw his fadyr liand thar,
A gyrd rycht to the king he couth maik,
630 And with the ax hym our straik.
Bot he, that had his sword on hycht,
Roucht him sic rout, in randoun rycht,
That he the hede till the harnys claiff,
And dede doune till the erd him draiff.
635 The tothyr brodyr, that bar the sper,
Saw his brodyr fallin ther;
And with the sper, as angry man,
With a raiss till the king he ran.
Bot the king, that him dred sum thing,
640 Waytyt the sper in the cummyng,
And with a wysk the hed off strak;
And, or the tothyr had toyme to tak
His suerd, the king sic swak him gaiff,
That he the hede till the harnys claiff:
645 He ruschyt doun off blud all reid.
And quhen the king saw thai war deid,
All thre lyand, he wipit his brand.
With that his boy come fast rynnand,
And said; "Our Lord mot lowyt be,
650 "That grauntyt yow mycht and powsté
"To fell the felny, and the prid,
"Off thir thre in swa litill tid."
The king said; 'Sa our Lord me se,
'Thai had bene worthi men all thre;
655 'Had thai nocht bene full off tresoun:
Fol. 19 a 'Bot that maid thair confusioun.'

- The king is went till his logyng.
 And off this deid sone come tithing
 Till Schyr Ingrame the Wmfrawill,
 660 That thought his sutelté, and gyle,
 Haid all failyeit in that place.
 Tharfor anoyit swa he was,
 That he agayne to Lothyane
 Till Schyr Amer his gate has tane;
 665 And till him tauld all hale the cass,
 That thar off all for wonderyt wass,
 How ony man sa sodanly
 Mycht do so gret chewalry,
 As did the king, that him allane
 670 Wengeance off thre tratouris has tane:
 And said, " Certes I may weill se
 " That it is all certanté
 " That [vre] euir helpys hardy men;
 " As be this deid we may ken.
 675 " War he nocht owtrageouss hardy
 " He had nocht wnabasytly
 " Sa smertly sene his awantage.
 " I drede that his gret wassalage,
 " And his trawaill, may bring till end
 680 " That at men quhile full litill wend."

- Sik speking maid he off the king.
 That ay, for owtyn soiournyng,
 Trawaillit in Carrik, her and thar.
 His men fra him sa scalit war,
 685 To purches thair necessité;
 And als the countré for to se;
 That thai left nocht with him sexty.
 And quhen the Gallowaiss wyst suthli
 That he wes with sa few mengye,

- 690 Thai maid a priwé assemblé
 Off wele twa hundir men, and ma,
 And slewth hundis with thaim gan ta.
 For thai thocht him for to suppriss;
 And giff he fled on ony wyss,
 695 To folow him with the hundis swa,
 That he suld nocht eschaip thaim fra.

- Thai schup thaim, in an ewynnyng,
 To suppriss sodanly the king.
 And till him held thai straucht thair way.
 700 Bot he, that had his wachis ay
 On ilk sid, off thair cummyng,
 Lang or thai come, had wyttering;
 And how fele that thai mycht be.
 Tharfor he thought, with his menye,
 705 To withdraw him out off the place,
 For the nycht weill fallyn was.
 And for the nycht he thought at thai
 Suld nocht haiff sycht to hald the way
 That he war passyt, with his menye.
 710 And as he thought rycht swa did he:
 And went him doun till a morrass,
 Our a wattyr that rynnand was;
 And in the bog he fand a place
 Weill strait, that weill twa bow-drawcht was
 715 Fra the wattyr, thai passit haid.
 He said; "Her may ye mak abaid,
 "And rest yow all a quhile and ly.
 "I will ga wach all priuely,
 "Giff Ik her oucht off thair cummyng;
 720 "And giff I may her ony thing,
 "I sall ger warn you, sa that we
 "Sall ay at our awantage be."

- The king now takys his gate to ga;
 And with him tuk he sergeandis twa.
 725 And Schyr Gilbert de la Hay left he
 Thar, for to rest with his menye.
 To the wattyr he come in hy,
 And lysnyt full entently
 Giff he herd oucht off thair cummyng:
 730 Bot yeit mocht he her na thing.
 Endlang the wattyr than yeid he
 On athyr syd a gret quantité,
 And saw the brayis hey standand,
 The wattyr holl throw slik rynnand:
 735 And fand na furd that men mycht pass,
 Bot quhar him selwyn passit was.
 And swa strait wes the wpcummyng,
 That twa men mycht nocht samyn thring,
 Na on na maner press thaim swa,
 740 That thai to gidder mycht lang ga.

- And quhen he a lang quhile had bene thar,
 He herknyt, and herd as it war
 A hundis questionyng on fer,
 That ay come till him ner and ner.
 745 He stude still, for till herkyn mar,
 And ay the langer he wes thar,
 Fol. 19 b He herd it ner and ner cummand:
 Bot he thocht he thar still wald stand,
 Tyll that he herd mar takynnyng,
 750 Than, for ane hundis questionyng,
 He wald nocht wakyn his menye.
 Tharfor he wald abid, and se
 Quhat folk thai war; and quhethir thai
 Held towart him the rycht way;
 755 Or passyt ane othyr way fer by.

- The moyne wes schynand clerly.
 Sa lang he stude, that he mycht her
 The noyis off thaim that cummand wer.
 Than his twa men in hy send he
 760 To warne and walkyn his menyne.
 And thai ar furth thair wayis gane;
 And he left thar all hym allane.
 And swa stude he herknand,
 Till that he saw cum at his hand
 765 The hale rout, in till full gret hy.
 Then he wmbethoucht him hastily,
 Giff he held towart his menyne,
 That, or he mycht reparyt be,
 Thai suld be passit the furd ilkan.
 770 And then behuffyt him chess ane
 Off thir twa, othyr to fley or dey.
 Bot his hart, that wes stout and hey,
 Consaillyt hym hym allane to bid,
 And kepe thaim at the furde syd;
 775 And defend weill the wpcummyng;
 Sen he was warnyst of armyng,
 That he thar arowys thurch nocht dreid.
 And gyff he war off gret manheid,
 He mycht stunay thaim cuirilkane,
 780 Sen thai ne mycht cum bot ane and ane.
 He did rycht as hys hart hym bad.
 Strang wtrageouss curage he had,
 Quhen he sa stoutly him allane,
 For litill strenth off erd, has tane
 785 To fecht with twa hundre and ma.
 Thar with he to the furd gan ga.
 And thai, apon the tothyr party,
 That saw him stand thar anyrly,
 Thringand in till the wattyr rad,

- 790 For off him litill dout thai had ;
 And raid till him in full gret hy.
 He smate the fyrst swa wygorusly
 With his sper, that rycht scharp schar,
 Till he doun till the erd him bar.
- 795 The lave come then in till a randoun ;
 Bot his horss, that wes born doun,
 Combryt thaim the wpgang to ta.
 And quhen the king saw it was swa,
 He stekyt the horss, and he gan flyng,
- 800 And syne fell at the wpcummyng.
 The layff with that come with a schout ;
 And he, that stalwart wes and stout,
 Met thaim rycht stoutly at the bra ;
 And sa gud payment gan thaim ma,
- 805 That fyvesum in the furd he slew.
 The lave then sumdele thaim withdrew,
 That dred his strakys wondre sar,
 For he in nathing thaim forbar.

- Then said ane ; “ Certes, we ar to blame.
- 810 “ Quhat sall we say quhen we cum hame,
 “ Quhen a man fechtis agane ws all ?
 “ Quha wyst euir men sa foully fall
 “ As ws, gyff that we thusgat leve ?”
 With that all haile a schout thai geve ;
- 815 And cryit, “ On him ! he may nocht last.”
 With that thai pressyt hym sa fast,
 That had he nocht the better bene,
 He had bene dede with owty n wen.
 Bot he sa gret defence gan mak.
- 820 That quhar he hyt ewyn a strak,
 Thar mycht na thing agane stand.
 In litill space he left liand

Sa fele, that the wpcummyng wes then
 Dyttyt with slayn horss and men;
 825 Swa that his fayis, for that stopping,
 Mycht nocht cum to the wpcummyng.

A! der God! quha had then bene by,
 And sene how he, sa hardyly,
 Addressyt hym agane thaim all,
 830 I wate weile that thai suld him call
 The best that levyt in his day.
 And giff I the suth sall say,
 I herd neur in na tym gane
 Ane stynt sa mony him allane.

835 Suth is, quhen Ethiocles
 Fra his brothyr Polnices
 Wes send to Thedeus in message,
 To ask haly the heritage
 Off Thebes till hald for a yer,
 840 For thai twynnys off a byrth wer,
 Thai strave, for athir king wald be.
 Bot the barnage off thair cuntré
 Gert thaim assent on this maner,
 That the tane suld be king a yer;
 Fol. 20 a 845 And then the tothir, and his mengye,
 Suld nocht be fundyn in the countré,
 Quhill the fyrst brothyr regnand wer.
 Syne suld the tothyr renge a yer;
 And then the fyrst suld leve the land,
 850 Quhill that the tothyr war regnand.
 Thus ay a yer suld regne the tane;
 The tothyr a yer fra that war gane.
 To ask haldyn off this assent,
 Wes Thedeus to Thebes sent;

- 855 And swa spak for Polnices,
That off Thebes Ethiocles
Bad his constabill with him ta
Men armyt weill, and furth ga
To met Thedeus in the way,
860 And slay him but langer delay.
The constable his way is gane,
And nine and fourty with him tane;
Swa that he with thaim maid fyfty.
In till the ewynnyng, priuely
865 Thai set enbuschement in the way,
Quhar Thedeus behowyt away
Betuix ane hey crag and the se.
And he, that off thar mawyté
Wyst na thing, his way has tane,
870 And towart gret bargane is gane.
And as he raid in to the nycht,
Sa saw he, with the monys lycht,
Schynnyng off scheldys gret plenté;
And had wondre quhat it mycht be.
875 With that all hale thai gaiff a cry,
And he, that hard sa suddanly
Sic noyis, sumdele affrayit was.
Bot in schort time he till him tais
His spyritis full hardely;
880 For his gentill hart, and worthy,
Assuryt hym in to that nede.
Then with the spuris he strak the sted,
And ruschiyt in amang thaim all.
The fyrst he met he gert him fall;
885 And syne his suord he swapyt owt,
And roucht about him mony rout,
And slew sexsum weill sone and ma
Then wndre him his horss thai sla.

And he fell; but he smertly rass,
 890 And strykand rowm about him mass;
 And slew off thaim a quantité:
 Bot woundyt wondre sar was he.

With that a litill rod he fand,
 Wp towart the crag strekand.
 895 Thiddir went he, in full gret hy,
 Defendand him full douchtely,
 Till in the crag he clam sumdell;
 And fand a place enclosyt weill,
 Quhar nane bot ane mycht him assaill.
 900 Thar stud he, and gaiff thaim bataill:
 And thai assaylyt euirilkan;
 And oft fell, quhen that he slew ane,
 As he doun to the erd wald dryve,
 He wald ber doun weill four or fyve.
 905 Thar stud he, and defendyt swa,
 Till he had slayne thaim halff, and ma.
 A gret stane then by hym saw he,
 That throw gret a mawyté,
 Wes lowsyt redy for to fall.
 910 And quhen he saw thaim cummand all,
 He tumblyt doun on thaim the stane;
 And aucht men thar with it has slayn,
 And swa stonayit the remanand,
 That thai war weile ner recreand.
 915 Then wald he presone hald na mar,
 Bot on thaim ran with suerd all bar;
 And hewyt, and slew, with all his mayn,
 Till he has nine and fourty slayne.
 The constabill syne gan he ta,
 920 And gert him swer, that he suld ga
 Till king Ethiocles, and tell

The awentur that thaim befell.
 Thedeus bar him doughtely,
 That him allane ourcome fyfty.

- 925 Ye, that this redys, cheyss yhe,
 Quhethir that mar suld prysit be
 The king, that, with awisement,
 Wndretuk sic hardyment
 As for to stynt, him ane but fer,
 930 The folk that twa hundre wer;
 Or Thedeus, that suddanly,
 For thai had raissyt on him the cry,
 Throw hardyment that he had tane.
 Wane fyfty men all him allane.
 935 Thai did thair deid baith on the nycht;
 And faucht bath with the mone lycht.
 Bot the king discomfyt ma;
 And Thedeus then ma gan sla.
 Now demys, quhethir mar lowing
 940 Suld Thedeus haiff, or the king.

- Fol. 20 b On this manner, that Ik haiff tauld,
 The king, that stout wes and bauld,
 Wes fechtand on the furd syd,
 Giffand and takand rowtis roid;
 945 Till he sic martyrdom thar has maid,
 That he the ford all stoppyt haid,
 That nane off thaim mycht till him rid.
 Thaim thought than foly for to byd;
 And halely the flycht gan ta,
 950 And went hamwartis quhar thai come fra.
 For the kingis men, with the cry,
 Walknyt full effrayitly,
 And com to sek thair lord the king.

- The Gallowaymen hard thar cummyng;
 955 And fled, and durst abid no mar.
 The kingis men, that dredand war
 For thair lord, full spedily
 Come to the furd; and sone in hy
 Thai fand the king syttand allane,
 900 That off hys bassynet has tane,
 Till awent him, for he wes hate.
 Than speryt thai at him off his state;
 And he tauld thaim all hale the cass,
 Howgate that he assailyt was;
 965 And how that God him helpyt swa,
 That he eschapyt hale thaim fra.
 Than lukyt thai how fele war ded;
 And thai fand lyand in that sted
 Fourtene, that war slayne with his hand.
 970 Than lovyt thai God fast, all weildand,
 That thai thair lord fand hale and fer;
 And said thaim byrd on na maner
 Drede thair fayis, sen thair chyftane
 Wes off sic hart, and off sic mayn,
 975 That he for thaim had wndretan
 With swa fele for to fecht ane.

- Syk wordis spak thai of the king:
 And for his hey wndretaking
 Farlyit, and yarnyt hym for to se,
 980 That with hym ay wes wont to be.
 A! quhat worschip is perfyt thing!
 For it mayss men till haiff loving,
 Giff it be folowit ythenly.
 For pryce off worschip nocht forthi
 985 Is hard to wyn. For gret trawaill,
 Offt to defend, and oft assaill,

- And to be in thair dedis wyss,
 Gerris men off worschip wyn the pryce.
 And may na man haiff worthyhed,
 990 Bot he haiff wyt to ster his deid,
 And se quhat ys to leve or ta.
 Worschip extremyteys has twa.
 Fule hardyment the formast is;
 And the tothyr is cowardyss:
 995 And thai ar bath for to forsak.
 Fule hardyment all will wndretak,
 Als weill thingis to leve as ta.
 Bot cowardyss dois nathing swa;
 Bot wttrely forsakis all.
 1000 Bot that war [wondir] for to fal,
 Na war faute off discretioun.
 Forthi has worschip sic renoun,
 That it is mene betuix thai twa,
 And takys that is till wndreta;
 1005 And levys that is to leve. For it
 Has sa gret warnysing of wyt,
 That it all perellis weile gan se,
 And all awantagis that may be.
 I wald till hardyment heyld haly,
 1010 With thi away war foly;
 For hardyment with foly is wice.
 Bot hardyment that mellyt is
 With wyt, is worschip; ay perdé,
 For, but wyt, worschip may nocht be.
 1015 This nobile king, that we off red,
 Mellyt all tyme with wit manheid.
 That may men by this mellé se.
 His wyt schawyt him the strait entré
 Off the furd, and the wschyng alsua,

1020 That, as him thocht, war hard to ta
Apon a man, that war worthy.
Tharfor his hardyment hastily
Thought it mycht be weill wndretane,
Sen at anys mycht assaill bot ane.

1025 Thus hardyment gouernyt with wyt,
That he all tyme wald samyn knyht,
Gert him off worschip haiff the pryce;
And oft ourcum his ennymyis.

BUKE FYFTE.

THE king in Carrik duellyt ay still:
 Hys men assemblyt fast him till,
 That in the land war trawailland,
 Quhen thai off this deid herd tithand.
 5 For thai thair vre wald with him ta,
 Gyff that he eft war assaylyt swa.

Bot yeit than James of Dowglas
 Fol. 21 a In Dowglas Daile trawailland was;
 Or ellys weill ner hand tharby,
 10 In hyddillys sumdeill priuely.
 For he wald se his gouernyng,
 That had the castell in keping:
 And gert mak mony juperty,
 To se quhethyr he wald ische blythly.
 15 And quhen he persawyt that he
 Wald blythly ische with his menye;
 He maid a gadring priuely
 Off thaim that war on his party;
 That war sa fele, that thai durst fycht
 20 With Thyrwall, and all the mycht
 Off thaim that in the castell war.
 He schupe him in the nycht to far
 To Sandylandis: and thar ner by
 He him enbuschyt priuely,
 25 And send a few a trane to ma;

- That sone in the mornynge gan ga,
And tuk catell, that wes the castell by,
And syne withdrew thaim hastily
Toward thaim that enbuschit war.
- 30 Than Thyrwall, for owtyn mar,
Gert arme his men, forowtyn baid;
And ischyt with all the men he haid:
And folowyt fast eftir the cry.
He wes armyt at poynt clenly,
- 35 Owtane [that] his hede wes bar.
Than, with the men that with him war,
The catell folowit he gud speid,
Rycht as a man that had na dreid,
Till that he gat off thaim a sycht.
- 40 Than prekyt thai with all thar mycht,
Folowand thaim owt off aray;
And thai sped thaim fleand, quhill thai
Fer by thair buschement war past:
And Thyrwall ay chassyt fast.
- 45 And than thai that enbuschyt war
Ischyt till him, bath les and mar,
And rayssyt sudanly the cry.
And thai that saw sa sudandly
That folk come egyrly prikand
- 50 Rycht betuix thaim and thair warand,
Thai war in to full gret effray.
And, for thai war owt off aray,
Sum off thaim fled, and sum abad.
And Dowglas, that thar with him had
- 55 A gret mengye, full egrely
Assaylyt, and scalyt thaim hastyly:
And in schort tyme ourraid thaim swa,
That weile nane eschapyt thaim fra.
Thyrwall, that wes thair capitane,

- 60 Wes thar in the bargane slane :
And off his men the mast party.
The lave fled full effraytly.
Dowglas hys menye fast gan chass;
And the flearis thair wayis tays
65 Till the castell, in full gret hy;
The formast entryt spedyly.
Bot the chaseris sped thaim sa fast,
That thai ourtuk sum off the last,
And thaim forowtyn mercy gan sla.
70 And quhen thai off the castell swa
Saw thaim sla off thair men thaim by,
Thai sparyt the yattis hastily;
And in hy to the wallis rane.
James off Dowglas his menye than
75 Sesyt weile hastily in hand
That thai about the castell fand;
To thair resett syne went thair way.
Thus ischyt Thyrrwall that day.

- Quhen Thyrrwall on this maner
80 Had ischit, as I tell yow her,
James off Dowglas, and his men,
Buskit thaim all samyn then,
And went thair way towart the king
In gret hy; for thai herd tything
85 That off Walence Schyr Amery,
With a full gret chewalry,
Baith off Scottis and Ingliss men,
With gret felny war redy then
Assemblyt for to sek the king,
90 That wes that tyme with his gadring,
In Cumnok, quhar it straitast was.
Thiddir went James of Dowglas;

And wes rycht welcum to the king.
 And quhen he had tauld that titthing,
 95 How that Schyr Amer wes cummand
 For till hunt him owt off the land
 With hund and horne, rycht as he war
 A woulff, a theyff, or theyffis fer;
 Than said the king: "It may weill fall,
 100 "Thocht he cum, and his power all,
 "We sall abid in this countré;
 Fol. 21 b "And gyff he cummys we sall him se."

The king spak upon this maner.
 And off Walence Schyr Amer
 105 Assemblyt a gret cumpany
 Off noble men, and off worthy.
 Off Ingland, and off Lowthiane.
 And he has alsua with him tane
 Jhone off Lorn, and all hys mycht;
 110 That had off worthi men, and wycht,
 With hym aucht hundir men, and ma.
 A sleuth hund had he thar alsua,
 Sa gud that wald chang for na thing.
 And sum men sayis yeit, that the king
 115 As a traytour him noryst had,
 And sa mekill off him he maid,
 That hys awyn handis wald him feid.
 He folowyt him quhar euir he yeid;
 Sa that the hund him folowyt swa,
 120 That he wald part na wyss him fra.
 Bot how that Jhon off Lorn him had,
 Ik herd neuir mencion be mad.
 Bot men sayis it wes certane thing
 That he had him in his sesyng;
 125 And throw him thought the king to ta:

For he wyst he him luffyt swa,
 That fra that he mycht anys fele
 The kingis sent, he wyst rycht weill
 That he wald chaung it for na thing.
 130 This Jhon off Lorn hattyt the king
 For Jhon Cummyyn his emys sak.
 Mycht he him othir sla, or tak,
 He wald nocht pryss his liff a stra,
 Sa that he wengeance of him mycht ta.

135 The wardane than, Schyr Amery,
 With this Jhone in cumpany,
 And othyr of gud renoun alsua,
 Thomas Randell wes ane off tha,
 Come in till Cumnok to sek the king,
 140 That wes weill war off thair cummyng;
 And wes wp in the strenthys then,
 And with him weill four hundyr men.
 His brodyr that tym with him was,
 And alsua James off Dowglas.
 145 Schyr Ameryys rowte he saw,
 That held the plane ay, and the law;
 And in hale battaill alwayis raid.
 The king, that na supposyn had
 That thai war ma then he saw thar,
 150 Till thaim, and nothyr ellis quhar,
 Had ey; and wrocht wnwittily.
 For Jhon off Lorn full sutelly
 Behind thought to suppryss the king.
 Tharfor, with all hys gadring,
 155 Aboute ane hill held the way,
 And held him in to cowert ay;
 Till he sa ner come to the king.
 Or he persawyt his cummyng.

- That he wes cummyn on him weill ner.
 160 The tothyr ost, and Schyr Amer,
 Pressyt upon the tothyr party.
 The king wes in gret juperty,
 That wes on athyr sid wmbeset
 With fayis, that to sla him thret.
 165 And the leyst party off the twa
 Was starker than he, and ma.
 And quhen he saw thaim press him to,
 He thocht in hy quhat was to do;
 And said, " Lordis, we haiff na mycht,
 170 " As at this tyme to stand and fycht.
 " Tharfor departis ws in thre,
 " All sall nocht sa assailt be:
 " And in thre partis hald our way."
 Syne till his priwé folk gan he say,
 175 Betuix thaim in to priuté,
 In quhat sted thair repayr suld be.

- With that thair gate all ar thai gane,
 And in thre partis thair way has tane.
 Jhone of Lorne come to the place,
 180 Fra quhar the king departyt was.
 And in his trace the hund he set,
 That then, for owtyn langer let,
 Held ewyn the way eftir the king,
 Rycht as he had off him knawing.
 185 And left the tothyr partyss twa,
 As he na kep to thaim wald ta.
 And quhen the king saw his cummyng,
 Eftir hys route in till a ling,
 He thocht thai knew that it wes he:
 190 Tharfor he bad till his menye
 Yeit then in thre depert thaim sone;

And thai did swa for owtyn hone;
 And held thair way in thre partyss.
 Fol. 22 a The hund did thar sa gret maistris,
 195 That held ay for owtyn changing,
 Eftre the rowte quhar wes the king.

And quhen the king had sene thaim swa
 All in a rowt eftir him ga
 The way, and folow nocht his men,
 200 He had a gret persawing then
 That thai knew him. For thi in hy
 He bad his men rycht hastily
 Scaile, and ilkan hald his way
 All him selff; and swa did thai.
 205 Ilkman a syndry gate is gane.
 And the king with him has tane
 His fostyr brodyr, for owtyn ma;
 And samyn held thar thai twa.
 The hund folowyt alwayis the king,
 210 And changyt for na deperting;
 Bot ay folowit the kingis trace,
 But waweryng, as he passyt was.
 And quhen Jhon of Lorn saw
 The hund eftre him draw,
 215 And folow strak eftre thai twa,
 He knew the king wes ane of tha.
 And bad fyve off his cumpany,
 That war rycht wycht men and hardy,
 And als off fute spediast war,
 220 Off all that in thair rowt war,
 Ryn eftre him, and him ourta,
 And lat him na wyss pass thaim fra.

And fra thai had herd the bydding,
 Thai held thair way eftre the king.

- 225 And folowyt him sa spedely,
That thai him weill sone gan ourhy.
The king, that saw thaim cummand ner,
Wes anoyit on gret maner;
For he thocht, giff thai war worthi,
230 Thai mycht him trawaile and tarry,
And hald him swagate tarian, d,
Till the remanand com at hand.
Bot had he dred bot anerly
Thaim fyve, I trow all sekyrly
235 He suld have had na mekill dred.
And till his falow, as he yeid,
He said; "Thir fyve ar fast cummand:
"Thai ar weill ner now at our hand.
"Sa is thar ony help at the?
240 "For we sall sone assaillyt be."
'Ya, Schyr,' he said, 'all that I may.'
"Thow sayis weill," said the king, "perfay.
"I se thaim cummand till ws ner.
"I will na forthyr; bot rycht her
245 "I will byd, quhill Ic am in aynd,
"And se quhat force that thai can faynd."

- The king than stud full sturdely,
And the fyve sum, in full gret hy,
Come with gret schor and manassing.
250 Then thre off thaim went to the king;
And till his man the tothyr twa,
With snerd in hand gan stoutly ga.
The king met thaim that till him socht;
And to the fyrst sic rowt he roucht,
255 That er and chek cloune in the hals
He schar, and off the schuldris als
He ruschynt down all disyly.
The twa, that saw sa sudanly

- Thar falow fall, effrayit war,
 260 And stert a litill owyrmear.
 The king with that blenkit him by,
 And saw the twa some sturdely
 Agane his man gret mellé ma.
 With that he left his awin twa,
 265 And till thaim that faucht with his man
 A loup rycht lychtly maid he than;
 And smate the hed off the tane.
 To mete his awne syne is he gane.
 Thai cum on him full sturdely.
 270 He met the fyrst sa egrely,
 That with the swerd, that scharply schar,
 The arme fra the body he bar.
 Quhat strakys thai gaiff I can nocht tell;
 Bot to the king sa fayr befell,
 275 That thocht he trawail had and payne,
 He off his fa men four has slayn.
 His foster brodyr thareftir sone
 The fyft owt off dawys has done.

- And when the king saw that all fyve
 . 22 b 280 War, on that wyss, broucht owt off lyve,
 Tyll hys falow than gan he say;
 "Thow has helpyt weile, perfay."
 'It likys yow to say swa,' said he:
 'Bot the gret pairt to yow tuk ye,
 285 'That slew four off the fyve, yow ane.'
 The king said; "As the glew is gane,
 "Better than thow I mycht it do,
 "For Ik had mar layser thar to.
 "For the twa falowys, that delt with the,
 290 "Quhen thai saw me assailyet with thre,
 "Off me rycht nakyn dowt thai had;

- "For thai wend I sa straytly war stad.
 "And for thi that thai dred me noucht,
 "Nothir thaim fer owt the mar I moucht."
 295 With that the king lokyt him by;
 And saw off Lorn the company
 Weill ner, with thar sleuth hund cummand.
 Than till a wod, that wes ner hand,
 He went with his falow in hy.
 300 God sayff thaim for his gret mercy!

- The king towart the wod is gane,
 Wery for swayt, and will of wane.
 In till the wod sone entryt he;
 And held doun towart a walé,
 305 Quhar, throw the woid, a watter ran.
 Thidder in gret hy wend he than,
 And begouth for to rest him thar:
 And said he mycht no forthermar.
 His man said; "Schyr, it may nocht be:
 310 "Abyd ye her, ye sall soon se
 "Fyve hunder, yarnand yow to sla;
 "And thai ar fele aganys ws twa.
 "And, sen we may nocht dele with mycht,
 "Help ws all that we may with slycht."
 315 The king said; 'Sen that thow will swa,
 'Ga furth, and I sall with the ga.
 'Bot Ik haiff herd oftymys say,
 'That quha endlang a watter ay,
 'Wald waid a bowdraucht, he suld ger
 320 'Bathe the slouth hund, and his leder,
 'Tyne the sleuth men gert hym ta.
 'Prowe we giff it will now do sa.
 'For war yone deuilliss hund away,
 'I roucht nocht off the lave perfay.'

- 325 As he dywisyt thai haiff doyn;
 And entryt in the watter sone;
 And held down endlang thar way:
 And syne to the land yeid thai,
 And held thar way, as thai dyd er.
 330 And Jhone off Lorn, with gret affer,
 Come with hys rout. rycht to the place,
 Quhar that his fyve men slane was.
 He menyt thaim quhen he thaim saw;
 And said, eftre a litill thraw,
 335 That he suld weng thar blowde.
 Bot othyr wayis the gamyn yowde.
 Thar wald he mak na mar duelling;
 Bot furth in hy folowit the king,
 Rycht to the burn thai passyt war.
 340 Bot the slouth hund maid styntyn thar;
 And waweryt lang tyme, ta and fra,
 That he na certane gate couth ga;
 Till at the last, that Jhon of Lorn
 Persawyt the hund the slouth had lorn,
 345 And said; " We haiff tynt this trawaill.
 " To pass forthyr may nocht awaile.
 " For the woid is bath braid and wid,
 " And he is weill fer by this tid.
 " Tharfor is gud we turn agayn,
 350 " And waist no mar trawaill in wayne."
 With that relyt he his mengyé;
 And his way to the ost tuk he.

Thus eschapyt the nobill king.
 Bot sum men sayis, this eschaping
 355 Apon ane othyr maner fell,
 Than throw the wading. For thai tell
 That the king a gud archer had;

- And quhen his lord he saw sua stad,
 That he wes left sa anerly,
 360 He ran on sid allwayis him by,
 Till [he] in to the woude wes gane.
 Than said he, till him selff allane,
 That he arest rycht thar wald ma,
 To luk giff he the hund mycht sla.
 365 For giff the hund mycht lest in lyve,
 He wyst rycht weile that thai wald dryve
 The kingis trace, that thai him ta.
 Than wyst he weile thai wald him sla.
 And for he wald his lord succur,
 370 He put his liff in auentur.
 And stud in till a busk lurkand,
 Till that the hund come [till] his hand;
 And with an arow sone him slew;
 And throw the woud syne him withdrew.
 375 Bot quethir this eschaping fell
 Fol. 23 a As I tauld fyrst, or I now tell,
 I wate weill, without lesing,
 That at the burn eschapyt the king.

- The king has furth his wayis tane:
 380 And Jhon of Lorn agayne is gane
 To Schir Aymer, that fra the chace
 With his men then repayryt was,
 That sped lytill thar chassyng.
 Thought at thai maid gret folowing,
 385 Full egrely, thai wan bot small;
 Thar fayis ner eschapyt all.
 Men sayis, Schyr Thomas Randell than,
 Chassand, the kingis baner wan;
 Quhar throw in England with the king
 390 He had rycht gret price and lowing.

- Quhen the chasseris relyit war,
 And Jhon of Lorn had met thaim thar,
 He tauld Schyr Aymer all the cass
 How that the king eschapyt wass;
 395 And how that he his five men slew,
 And syne to the wode him drew.
 Quhen Schyr Aymer herd this, in hy
 He sanyt him for the ferly:
 And said; "He is gretly to pryss;
 400 "For I knaw nane that liffand is,
 "That at myscheyff gan help him swa.
 "I trow he suld be hard to sla,
 "And he war bodyn ewynly."
 On this wiss spak Schyr Aymery.
- 405 And the gud king held forth his way,
 Betuix him and his man, quhill thai
 Passyt owt throw the forest war;
 Syne in the more thai entryt thar.
 It wes bathe hey, and lang, and braid;
 410 And or thai halff it passyt had,
 Thai saw on syd thre men cummand,
 Lik to lycht men and wauerand.
 Swerdis thai had, and axys als;
 And ane off thaim, apon his hals,
 415 A mekill boundyn wethir bar.
 Thai met the king, and halist him thar:
 And the king thaim thar hailsing yauld;
 And askyt thaim quethir thai wauld.
 Thai said, Robert the Bruyss thai soucht;
 420 For mete with him giff that thai moucht,
 Thar duelling with him wauld thai ma.
 The king said; "Giff that ye will swa,
 "Haldys furth your way with me,
 "And I sall ger yow sone him se."

- 425 Thai persawyt, be his speking,
 That he wes the selwyn Robert king.
 And chaungyt contenance and late;
 And held nocht in the fyrst state.
 For thai war fayis to the king;
 430 And thought to cum in to sculking,
 And duell with him, quhill that thai saw
 Thar poynt, and bryng him than off daw.
 Thai grantyt till his spek forthi.
 Bot the king, that wes witty,
 435 Persawyt weill, be thar hawing,
 That thai luffyt him na thing:
 And said; "Falowis, ye mon, all thre,
 "Forthir aqwent till that we be,
 "All be your selwyn furth ga;
 440 "And, on the samyn wyss, we twa
 "Sall folow behind weill ner."
 Quoth thai; 'Schyr, it is na myster
 'To trow in ws ony ill.'
 "Nane do I," said he; "bot I will,
 445 "That yhe ga fourth thus, quhill we
 "Better with othyr knawin be."
 'We grant,' thai said, 'sen ye will swa:'
 And furth apon thair gate gan ga.

- Thus yeid thai till the nycht wes ner.
 450 And than the formast cummyn wer
 Till a waist housband hous; and thar
 Thai slew the wethir that thai bar:
 And slew fyr for to rost thar mete;
 And askyt the king giff he wald etc,
 455 And rest him till the mete war dycht.
 The king, that hungry was, Ik hycht,
 Assentyt till thair spek in hy.
 Bot he said, he wald anerly

At a fyr; and thai all thre

460 On na wyss with thaim till gyddre be.
In the end off the houss thai suld ma
Ane othyr fyr : and thai did swa.
Thai drew thaim in the houss end,
And half the wethir till him send.

465 And thai rostyt in hy thair mete;
And fell rycht freschly for till ete.

Fol. 23 b For the king weill lang fastyt had;
And had rycht mekill trawaill mad:
Tharfor he eyt full egrely.

470 And quhen he had etyn hastily,
He had to slep sa mekill will,
That he moucht set na let thar till.
For quhen the wanyis fillyt ar,
Men worthys hewy euirmar;

475 And to slepe drawys hewynes.
The king, that all fortrawaillyt wes,
Saw that him worthyt slep nedwayis.
Till his fostyr brodyr he sayis ;

“ May I traist in the, me to waik,
480 “ Till Ik a litill sleping tak ? ”
‘ Ya Schyr,’ he said, ‘ till I may drey.’
The king then wynkyt a litill wey ;
And slepyt nocht full encrely ;
Bot gliffnyt wp oft sodanly.

485 For he had dreid off thai thre men,
That at the tothyr fyr war then.
That thai his fais war he wyst ;
Tharfor he slepyt as foule on twyst.

The king slepyt bot a litill than ;

490 Quhen sic slep fell on his man,
That he mycht nocht hald wp his ey,

- Bot fell in slep, and rowtyt hey.
Now is the king in gret perile:
For slep he swa a litill quhile,
495 He sall be ded, for owtyne dreid.
For the thre tratouris tuk gud heid,
That he on slep wes, and his man.
In full gret hy thai raiss wp than,
And drew thair suerdis hastily;
500 And went towart the king in hy,
Quhen that thai saw him sleip swa,
And slepand thought thai wald him sla.
The king wp blenkit hastily,
And saw his man slepand him by;
505 And saw cummand the tothyr thre.
Deliverly on fute gat he;
And drew his suerd owt, and thaim mete.
And, as he yude, his fute he set
Apon his man, weil hewyly.
510 He waknyt, and raiss disily:
For the slep maistryt hym sway,
That or he gat wp, ane off thai,
That com for to sla the king,
Gaiff hym a strak in his rysing,
515 Swa that he mycht help him no mar.
The king sa straitly stad wes thar,
That he wes neur yeyt sa stad.
Ne war the armyng that he had,
He had bene dede, for owtyne wer.
520 Bot nocht for thi on sic maner
He helpyt him, in that bargayne,
That thai thre tratowris he has slan,
Throw Goddis grace, and his manheid.
His fostyr brothyr thar wes dede.
525 Then wes he wondre will of wayn,

Quhen he saw him left allane.
 His fostyr brodyr menyt he;
 And waryit all the tothyr thre.
 And syne hys way tuk him allane,
 530 And rycht towart his tryst is gane.

The king went furth, way and angry;
 Menand his man full tendirly:
 And held his way, all him allane,
 And rycht towart the houss is gan,
 535 Quhar he set tryst to meit his men;
 It wes weill inwith nycht be then.
 He come sone in the houss, and fand
 The howsswyff on the benk sittand;
 That askit him quhat he was,
 540 And quhen he come, and quhar he gas.
 "A trawailland man, dame," said he,
 "That trawaillys her throw the contré."
 Scho said; 'All that trawailland er,
 'For ane his sak, ar welcum her.'
 545 The king said; "Gud dame quhat is he,
 "That gerris yow haiff sik specialté
 "To men that trawaillis?" 'Schyr, perfay,'
 Quoth the gud wyff, 'I sal yow say;
 'The king, Robert the Bruyss, is he;
 550 'That is rycht lord off this countré.
 'His fayis now haldis him in thrang;
 'Bot I think to se or ocht lang,
 'Him lord and king our all the land.
 'That na fayis sall him withstand.'
 555 "Dame, luffis thow him sa weil?" said he.
 Fol. 24 a 'Ya Schyr,' said scho, 'so God me se!'
 "Dame," sayd he, "[lo] hym her the by;
 "For Ik am he, I say the soithly;

- “Yha certes, dame.” ‘And quhar are gane
560 ‘Your men, quhen ye ar thus allane?’
“At this tyme, dame, Ik haiff no ma.”
Scho said; ‘It may na wyss be swa.
‘Ik haiff twa sonnys, wycht and hardy;
‘Thai sall becum your men in hy.’
565 As scho diuisyt thai haiff done;
His sworne men become thai sone.
The wyff syn gert him syt and etc.
Bot he has schort quhile at the mete
Syttyn, quhen he hard gret stamping
570 Abowt the howss. Then, but letting
Thai stert wp, the howss for to defende.
That sone eftre the king has kend
James off Dowglas: than wes he blyth,
And bad oppyn the durris swyth:
575 And thai cum in, all that thar war.
Schyrr Eduuard the Bruce wes thar;
And James alsua off Dowglas,
That wes eschapyt fra the chace,
And with the kingis brothyr met.
580 Syn to the tryst that thaim wes set
Thai sped thaim, with thair company,
That war ane hundir and weile fyfty.

- And quhen that thai haiff sene the king,
Thai war joyfull of thair meting:
585 And askyt how that he eschapyt was.
And he thaim tauld all hale the cass;
How the fyve men him pressyt fast,
And how he throw the water past;
And how he met the thewis thre;
590 And how he slepand slane suld be,
Quhen he waknyt, throw Goddis grace;

- And how his fostyr brodyr was
 Slayne; he tauld thaim all haly.
 Than lowyt thai God commounly,
 595 That thair lord wes eschapyt swa.
 Than spak thai wordis, to and fra,
 Till at the last the king gan say;
 "Fortoun ws trawaillyt fast to day,
 "That scalyt ws sa sodanly.
 600 "Our fayis to nycht sall ly traistly,
 "But wachys, tak thar ese and ly,
 "Quharfor, quha knew thar herbery,
 "And wald cum on thaim sodanly,
 "With few mengye men mycht thaim scaith,
 605 "And eschape for owtyn waith."
 'Perfay,' quoth James of Dowglas,
 'As I come hyddyrwart, per cass
 'I come sa ner thair herbery,
 'That I can bring yow quhar thai ly.
 610 'And wald ye speid yow, yeit or day
 'It may swa happin, that we may
 'Do thaim a greter scaith weile sone
 'Than thai ws all day has done.
 'For thai ly scalyt, as thaim lest.'
 615 Than thought thaim all it wes the best
 To sped thaim to thaim hastyly.
 And thai did swa in full gret hy,
 And come on thaim, in the dawning,
 Rycht as the day begouth to spryng.

 620 Sa fell it, that a cumpany
 Had in a toun tain thair herbery,
 Weile fra the ost a myle, or mar.
 Men said that thai twa hundir war.
 Thar assemblyt the nobill king.

- 625 And sone eftre thair assembling,
 Thai, that slepand assaylyt war,
 Rycht hidwysly gan cry and rar;
 And other sum, that herd the cry,
 Rass sa rycht effrayitly,
 630 That sum of thaim nakit war,
 Fleand to warand her and thar;
 And sum his armys with him drew.
 And thai for owtyne mercy thaim slew;
 And sa ewyll wengeance can ta,
 635 That the twa partis of thaim, and ma,
 War slayn rycht in that ilk sted.
 Till thair oist the remanand fled.
 The oyst that hard the noyis and cry,
 And saw thair men swa wrechytyly,
 640 Sum nakit, fleand her and thar,
 Sum all hale, sum woundyt sar;
 In to full gret effray thai raiss,
 And ilk man till his baner gays:
 Swa that the oyst wes all on ster.
 645 The king, and thai that with him wer,
 Quhen on ster the oyst saw sua,
 Towart thar warand gan thai ga;
 And thar in saweté com thai.
 Fol. 24 b And quhen Schyr Aymer herd say
 650 How that the king thair men had slayn;
 And how thai turnyt war agayn;
 He said, "Now may we clerly se
 "That nobill hart, quhar euir it be,
 "It is hard till ourcum throw maystry.
 655 "For quhar ane hart is rycht worthy
 "Agayne stoutnes it is ay stoute.
 "Na, as I trow, thar may na dowte
 "Ger it all owt discumfyt be,

- " Quhill body lewand is and fre ;
 660 " As be this mellé may be sene.
 " We wend Robert the Bruce had bene
 " Swa discomfyt, that be gud skill
 " He suld nothir haiff haid hart, ne will,
 " Swilk juperty to wnderta.
 665 " For he put was at wndre swa
 " That he wes left all him allane,
 " And all his folk war fra hym gayn ;
 " And he sagat fortrawaillyt,
 " To put thaim off that him assaylit,
 670 " That he suld haiff yarnyt resting
 " This nycht, atour all othyr thing.
 " Bot his hart fillyt is off bounté,
 " Swa that it wencusyt may nocht be."

On this wyss spak Schyr Aymery.

- 675 And quhen thai off his cumpany
 Saw how thai trawaillit had in wayn,
 And how the king thair men had slayn,
 And that his wes gane all fre ;
 Thaim thought it wes a nyceté,
 680 For to mak thar langer duelling,
 Sen thai mycht nocht anoy the king ;
 And said that to Schyr Amery ;
 That wmbethocht him hastily
 That he to Carlele vald ga,
 685 And a quhill tharin soiourn ma ;
 And haff his spyis on the king,
 To knaw alwayis his contenyng.
 And quhen that he his poynt mycht se,
 He thought that, with a gret menyé,
 690 He suld schute apon him sudanly.
 Tharfor, with all his cumpany,

- Till Ingland he the way has tane,
And ilk man till his houss is gane.
In hy till Carlele went is he.
- 695 And tharin thinkys for till be,
Till he his poynt saw off the king;
That then with all his gadering
Wes in Carryk, quhar he wes wont,
And wald went with his men til hunt.
- 700 Sa hapynnyt that, on a day,
He went till hunt, for till assay
Quhat gamyn wes in that countré.
And swa hapnyt that day, that he
By a woud syd to hunt is gane,
- 705 With his twa hundys him allane.
Bot he his suerd ay with him bar.
He had but schort quhile syttyn thar,
Quhen he saw fra the woud cummand
Thre men, with bowys in thair hand,
- 710 That towart him come spedely.
And he that persaywyt in hy,
Be thar affer and thar hawing,
That thai luffyt him nakyn thing;
He raiss, and his leysche till hym drew he,
- 715 And leyte hys hundis gang all fre.
God help the king now, for his mycht!
For bot he now be wyss and wycht,
He sall be set in mekill press.
For thai thre men, for owtyn less,
- 720 War his fayis all wtrelly;
And wachyt him sa bysyly,
To se quhen thai wengeance mycht tak
Off the king, for Jhon Comyn his sak;
That thai thocht than thai layser had;

- 725 And, sen he hym allane wes stad,
 In hy thai thocht thai suld him sla:
 And gyff that thai mycht chewyss swa,
 Fra that thai the king had slayn,
 That thai mycht wyn the woud agayn;
 730 His men thaim thocht thai suld nocht dred.
 In hy towart the king thai yeid;
 And bent thar bowys, quhen thai war ner.
 And he, that dred on gret maner
 Thar arowys, for he nakyt was,
 735 In hy a speking to thaim mas,
 And said; "Yow aucht to schame, pardé,
 "Sen Ik am ane, and ye ar thre,
 "For to schute at me apon fer.
 "Bot had ye hardlyment to cum ner,
 740 "And with your suerdis till assay;
 "Wyn me apon sic wyss giff ye may,
 "Ye sall wele owte mar prisyt be."
 Fol. 25 a 'Perfay,' quoth ane then off the thre,
 'Sall na man say we dred the swa,
 745 'That we with arowys sall the sla.'

- With that thar bowys away thai kest;
 And come on fast, but langer frest.
 The king thaim met full hardyly,
 And smate the fyrst sa wygorusly,
 750 That he fell dede down on the gren.
 And quhen the kingis hund has sene
 Thai men assailye his maister swa,
 He lap till ane, and gan him ta
 Rycht be the nek, full sturdyly,
 755 Till top our tale he gert him ly.
 And the king, that his suerd out had,
 Saw he sa fayr succour him maid,

- Or that he fallyn wes mycht ryss,
 He him assayllyt on sic wyss,
 760 That he the bak strak ewyn in twa.
 The thrid, that saw his falowis swa,
 For owtyn recoueryng, be slayne,
 Tok to the wod his way agane.
 Bot the king folowit spedyly;
 765 And als the hund, that wes him by,
 Quhen he the man saw fle him fra,
 Schot till him sone, and gan him ta
 Rycht be the nek, and till him dreuch.
 And the king, that wes ner yneucht,
 770 In hys ryssing sik rowt him gaff,
 That stane dede to the eird he draff.

- The kingis men war than ner:
 Quhen that thai saw, on sic maner,
 The king assaillyt sa sodanly,
 775 Thai sped thaim towart him in hy.
 And askyt how that cass befell?
 And he all haly gan thaim tell,
 How thai assaillyt him all thre.
 "Perfay," quoth thai, "we may wele se
 780 "That it is hard till wndretak
 "Sic melling with yow to mak,
 "That swa smertly has slayn thir thre,
 "For owtyn hurt." "Perfay," said he,
 'God, and my hund, has slayn the twa;
 785 'The thrid eschapyt nocht alsua.
 'Thar tresoun combryt thaim perfay,
 'For rycht wycht men all thre war thai.'

Quhen that the king, throw Goddis grace,
 On this maner eschapyt was,

- 790 He blew his horn, and then in hy
Hys gud men till him gan rely.
Then hamwartis buskyt he to far;
For that day wald he hunt no mar.
In Glentruewall a quhile he lay;
795 And went weyle oft to hunt and play,
For to purchess thaim venesoun;
For than der war in sesoun.
In all that tyme Schyr Aymery,
With nobill men in cumpany,
800 Lay in Carlele, hys poynt to se.
And quhen he hard the certanté,
That in Glentrewle wes the king,
And went till hunt, and till playing,
He thought, with hys chewalry,
805 To cum apon him sodanly;
And fra Carlele on nychtis ryd,
And in cowerd on dayis bid.
And swagate, with syc tranonting,
He thought he suld suppriss the king.
810 He assemblyt a gret mengné
Off folk off full gud renommé.
Bath off Scottis and Inglis men.
Thar way all samyn held thai then;
And raid on nycht sa priuely,
815 Till thai come in a wod, ner by
Glenttruele, quhar logyt wes the king,
That wyst rycht nocht off thar cummyng.
In to gret perile now is he,
For bot [God,] throw his gret powsté,
820 Save him, he sall be slayne or tane;
For thai war sex quhar he wes ane.

Quhen Schyr Amery, as Ik haiff tauld,

- With his men, that war stout and bauld,
 Wes cummyn sa ner the king, that thai
 825 War bot a myle fra him away;
 He tuk awisement with his men,
 On quhat maner thai suld do then.
 For he said thaim, that the king was
 Logyt in to sa strayt a place,
 830 That horssmen mycht nocht him assaile.
 And giff futemen gaiff him battaile,
 He suld be hard to wyn, giff he
 Off thair cummyng may wytteryt be:
 "Tharfor I rede, all priuely
 835 "We send a woman, him to spy,
 "That powerly arrayit be.
 Fol. 25 b "Scho may ask mete per cheryté;
 "And se thar conwyn halily,
 "And apon quhat maner thai ly.
 840 "The quhil we, and our menye,
 "Cummand owt throw the wode may be
 "On fute, all armyt as we ar.
 "May we do swa, that we cum thar
 "On thaim, or thai wyt our cummyng
 845 "We sall fynd in thaim na sturting."

- This consaill thocht thaim wes to best.
 Then send thai furth, bot langer frest,
 The woman, that suld be thar spy.
 And scho hyr way gan hald in hy
 850 Rycht to the logis, quhar the king,
 That had na drede off supprysing,
 Yheid wnarmyt, mery and blyth.
 The woman has he sene alswyth.
 He saw hyr wncouth; and forthi
 855 He beheld hyr mar encrely:

And be hyr contenance him thocht
 That for gud cummyn wes scho nocht.
 Then gert he men in hy hyr ta.
 And scho, that dred men suld hyr sla,
 860 Tauld how that Schyr Amery,
 With the Clyffurd in cumpany,
 With the flour off Northummyrland,
 War cummand on thaim at thar hand.

Quhen that the king herd that tithing,
 865 He armyt him, but mar duelling.
 Sa did thai all that euir wes thar;
 Syne in a sop assemblyt ar.
 I trow thai war thre hunder ner.
 And quhen thai all assemblit wer,
 870 The king his baner gert display,
 And set his men in gud aray.
 Bot thai had standyn bot a thraw,
 Rycht at thair hand quhen that thai saw
 Thar fayis, throw the wod cummand,
 875 Armyt on fute, with sper in hand;
 That sped thaim full enforcely.
 The noyis begouth sone, and the cry.
 For the gud king, that formast was,
 Sutélly towart his fayis gayss;
 880 And hynt owt off a mannys hand,
 That ner besyd him wes gangand,
 A bow, and ane arow braid als;
 And hyt the formast in the hals,
 Till thropill and wesand yeid in twa,
 885 And he doun till the erd gan ga.

The laiff with that maid a stopping.
 Than, but mar bad. the nobill king
 Hynt fra his baneour his baner;

- And said, "Apon thaim! for thai ar
 890 "Discumfyt all!" [And] with that word
 He swappyt swyftly out his suord,
 And on thaim ran sa hardely,
 That all thai off his cumpany
 Tuk hardyment off his gud deid.
 895 For sum, that fryst thair wayis yeid,
 Agayne come to the fycht in hy,
 And met thair sayis wigorusly;
 That all the formast ruschyt war.
 And thai that war hendremar
 900 Saw that the formast left the sted,
 Thai tornyt sone the bak and fled,
 And owt off the wod thaim withdrew.
 The king a few men off thaim slew;
 For thai rycht sone thar gat gan ga.
 905 It discomfortyt thaim alsua,
 That the king, with hys mengné, was
 All armyt to defend that place,
 That thai wend, throw thar tranonting,
 Till haiff wonnyn, for owtyn fechtung;
 910 That thai effrayit war sodanly.
 And he thaim soucht sa angryly,
 That thai in full gret hy agane,
 Owt off the wod, rane to the plane:
 For thaim faillyt off thar entent.
 915 Thai war that tyme sa foully schent,
 That fyften hundre men, and ma,
 With a few mengné war rebotyt swa,
 That thai withdrew thaim schamfully.
 Tharfor amang thaim sodanly
 920 Thar raiss debate, and gret distance;
 Ilkan wytt othyr off thair myschance.
 Clyffurd and Wauss maid a mellé,
 Quhar Clyffurd roucht nocht him to lee;

And athir syne drew till partyss.
925 Bot Schyr Aymer, that wes wyss,
Departyt thaim with mekill payn;
And went till Ingland hame again.
He wyst, fra stryff rass thaim amang,
He suld thaim nocht hald samyn lang,
930 For owtyn debate or mellé.
Tharfor till Ingland turnyt he,
With mar schame then he went of ton;
Quhen sa mony, off sic renone
Saw sa few men bid thaim battaill,
ol. 26 a 935 Quhar thai ne war hardy till assaile.

BUKE SEXT.

- THE king, fra Schyr Aymer wes gane,
Gadryt his menyce cuirilkan;
And left bath woddis and montanys,
And held hys way strak till the planys.
5 For he wald fayne that end war maid
Off that that he begunnyn had :
And he wyst weill he mycht nocht bring
It to gud end, but trawalling.
To Kyle went he fryst ; and that land
10 He maid all till him obeysand :
The men maist force come till his pess.
Syne eftirwart, or he wald sess,
Off Conyngayme the maist party
He gert held till his senyowry.
- 15 In Boithweill then Schyr Aymer was,
That in hys hart gret angre hass
For thaim off Cunyngame and Kile,
That war obeysand till him quhile,
Left Inglis mennys fewté :
20 Tharoff fayne wengyt wald he be.
And send Philip the Mowbray,
With a thowsand, as Ik herd say,
Off men that war in his leding,
To Kile, for to werray the king.

- 25 Bot James of Dowglas, that all tid,
 Had spyis owt on ilka sid,
 Wyst off thar cummyng; and that thai
 Wald hald doune Makyrnokis way.
 He tuk with him, all priuely,
 30 Thaim that war off his cumpany,
 That war fourty with owtyn ma.
 Syne till a strait place gan he ga,
 That is in Makyrnokis way,
 The Nethirford it hat perfay.
 35 It lysis betuix marraisis tua;
 Quhar that na horss on lyve may ga.
 On the south halff, quhar James was,
 Is ane wpgang, a narow pass:
 And on the north halff is the way
 40 Sa ill, as it apperis to day.

- Dowglas, with thaim he with him had,
 Enbuschyt him, and thaim abaid.
 He mycht weile fer se thar cummyng;
 Bot thai mycht se of hym nathing.
 45 Thai baid in buschement all the nycht:
 And quhen the sone was schynand brycht,
 Thai saw in battaillyng cum arayit
 The waward, with baner displayit;
 And syne sone the remanand
 50 Thai saw, weile ner behind cummand.
 Then held thai thaim still and priué,
 Till the formast off that mengye
 War entryt in the ford, thaim by.
 Then schot thai on thaim with a cry;
 55 And with wapnys, that scharply schar,
 Sum in the ford thai bakwart bar:
 And sum, with armys barblyt braid,

- Sa gret martyrdome on thaim has maid,
That thai gan draw to woyd the place.
60 Bot by hind thaim sa stoppyt was
The way, that thai fast mycht nocht fle;
And that gert mony off thaim de.
For thai on na wyss mycht away,
Bot as thai come; bot giff that thai
65 Wald throw thair fayis hald the gat:
Bot that way thocht thaim all to hat.
Thar fayis met thaim sa sturdely,
And contenyt the fycht sa hardily,
That thai sa dredand war, that thai
70 That fyrst mycht fle, fyrst fled away.
And [quhen] the rerward saw thaim swa
Discumfyt, and thair wayis ga;
Thai fled on fer, and held thair way.
Bot Schyr Philip the Mowbray,
75 That with the formast ridand was,
That entryt wes in the place,
Quhen that he saw how he wes stad,
Throw the gret worschip that he had,
With spuris he strak the steid off pryce;
80 And, magre all his ennymyss,
Throw the thikkest off thaim he raid;
And but challance eschapyt had,
Ne war anc hynt him by the brand,
Bot the gud steid, that wald nocht stand,
85 Lansyt furth deliuerly:
Bot the tothyr sa stalwartly
Held, that the belt braist off the brand.
And suerd and belt left in hys hand.
And he but suerd his wayis raid,
90 Weill otowth thaim: and thar abaid,
And beheld how that his menyce fled,

And how his fayis clengyt the steid,
That war betuix him and his men.
Tharfor furth the wayis tuk he then

- 95 To Kylmarnok, and Kilwynnyne,
Fol. 26 b And till Ardrossane eftre syne.
Syne throw the Largis, him allane,
Till Ennirkyp the way has tane,
Rycht to the castell, that wes then
100 Stuffyt all with Ingliss men;
That him resaiffyt in daynté.
And fra thai wyst howgat that he
Sa fer had rydin, him allane,
Throw thaim that war his fayis ilkan,
105 Thai prysyt him full gretumly,
And lovyt fast his chewalry.

- Schyr Philip thus eschapyt was.
And Dowglas, that wes in the place,
Quhar he sixty has slayne, and ma;
110 The layff fouly thair gat gan ga,
And fled to Bothwell hame agayne;
Quhar Schyr Aymer wes na thing fayn,
Quhen he herd tell on that maner
That his mengné discumfyt wer.
115 Bot quhen to king Robert wes tauld,
How that the Dowglas, that wes bauld,
Wencussyt sa fele with fewe menye,
Rycht joyfull in his hart wes he.
And all his menye confortyt war:
120 For thaim thocht weille, bath les and mar,
That thai suld less thar fayis dreid,
Sen thar purposs sa with thaim yeid.

The king lay in [to] Galstoun,

- That is rycht ewyn anent Lowdoun;
 125 And till his pes tuk the cuntré.
 Quhen Schir Aymer, and his menye,
 Hard how he ryotyt the land,
 And how that nane durst him withstand;
 He wes in till his hart angry,
 130 And with ane of his cumpany
 He send him word, and said; Giff he
 Durst him in to the planys se,
 He suld, the tent day of May,
 Cum wndyr Lowdoun hill away:
 135 And giff that he wald meyt him thar,
 He said, his worschip suld be mar,
 And mar be turnyt in nobillay,
 To wyn him in that playne away,
 With hard dintis in ewyn fechting,
 140 Then to do fer mar with skulking.
 The king, that hard his messynger,
 Had dispyt apon gret maner,
 That Schyr Aymer spak sa heyly:
 Tharfor he ansueryt irusly,
 145 And to the messynger said he;
 "Say to thi lord, giff that I be
 "In lyfe, he sall me se that day
 "Weyle ner; giff he dar hald the way
 "That he has said; for sekyrly
 150 "Be Lowdoun hill mete him sall I."

- The messinger, but mare abaid,
 Till his maistre the wayis raid;
 And his ansuer him tauld alswith,
 Quharof he was bath glaid and blyth.
 155 For he thought, throw his mekill mycht,
 Gyff the king durst cum to fycht,

- That throw the gret chewalry,
 That suld be in his cumpany,
 He suld swa ourcum the king,
 160 That thar suld be na recowering.
 And the king, on the tothyr party,
 That was all wiss and auerty,
 Raid for to se, and cheiss the place,
 And saw the hey gat liand was
 165 Apon a fayr feild, ewyn and dry;
 Bot apon athir sid tharby
 Wes a gret moss, mekill and braid,
 Bot fra the way wes, quhar men raid,
 A bow draucht weile on athir sid:
 170 And that place thocht him all to wyd
 Till abyd men, that horsyt war.
 Tharfor three dykys our thuort he schar,
 Fra baith the mossis to the way:
 That war sa fer fra othir, that thai
 175 War ytwyn a bowdraucht or mar
 Sa holl and hey the dykys war,
 That men mycht nocht, but mekill pane,
 Pass thaim, thocht nane war thaim agan.
 Bot sloppys in the way left he,
 180 Sa large, and off sic quantité,
 That fyve hunder mycht samyn rid
 In at the sloppys, sid be sid.
 Thar thought he battaile for to bid,
 And bargane thaim; for he na dryd
 185 Had that thai suld ony sid assaile;
 Na yeit behind giff thaim battaile.
 Fol. 27 a And befor thought him weill that he
 Suld fra thair mycht defendyt be.
 Thre dep dykys he gert thar ma;
 190 For gyff he mycht nocht weill ourta

- To mete thaim at the fyrst, that he
 Suld have the tothyr on his pousté;
 Be than the thrid, gyff it war sua
 That thai had passyt the tothyr twa.
 195 On this wyss him ordanys he:
 And syne assemblit his mengné,
 That war sex hundre fechtand men,
 But rangale, that wes with him then,
 That war as fele as thai, or ma.
 200 With all that mengné gan he ga,
 The ewyn or that the bataill suld be,
 Till litill Lowdown, quhar that he
 Wald abid to se thair cummyng,
 Syne with the men of his leding
 205 He thought to sped him sua, that he
 Suld at the dyk befor thaim be.

- Schyr Aymer, on the tothyr party,
 Gadryt sua great chewalry,
 That he mycht be thre thowsand ner,
 210 Armyt and dlycht on gud maner;
 That, as a man off gret noblay,
 He held towart his trist his way.
 Quhen the set day cummyn was,
 He sped him fast towart the place
 215 That he nemmyt for to fycht.
 The sone wes ryssyn schynand brycht,
 That schawyt on the scheldis brade.
 In twa eschelis ordanyt he had
 The folk, that he had in leding.
 220 The king, weile sone in the mornyng,
 Saw fyrst cummand thar fyrst eschele,
 Arrayit sarraly and weile;
 And at thar bak, sumdeill ner hand,

- He saw the tothyr folowand :
- 225 Thar bassynettis burnyst all [brycht],
 Agayne the son glemand off lycht;
 Thar speris, pennonys, and thar scheldis,
 Off lycht enlumynyt all the feldis.
 Thar best and browdyn wes brycht baneris,
- 230 And horss hewyt on ser maneris;
 And cot armowris off ser colowris,
 And hawbrekis, that war quhyt as flouris,
 Maid thaim gletirand, as thai war lyk
 Tyll angelys hey off hewynnys ryk.
- 235 The king said; " Lordis, now ye se
 " How yon men, throw thair gret powesté,
 " Wald, and thai mycht, fulfill thar will,
 " Sla ws; and makys sembland thar till.
 " And sen we knaw thar felny,
- 240 " Ga we mete thaim sa hardily,
 " That the stowtest off thair mengye,
 " Off our meting abaysit be.
 " For gyff the formast egrely
 " Be met, ye sall se sodanly
- 245 " The henmaist sall abaysit be.
 " And thought that thai be ma than we,
 " That suld abayss ws litill thing.
 " For quhen we cum to the fechting,
 " Thar may mete ws no ma than we.
- 250 " Tharfor, lordingis, ilkan suld be
 " Off ws worthi off gret walour,
 " For to maynteyme her our honour.
 " Thynkis quhat glaidship ws abidis,
 " Gyff that we may, as weile betidis,
- 255 " Haiff wictour off our fayis her.
 " For thar is nane than, fer na ner,

- " In all thys land that ws char doute."
 Then said thai all, that stud about;
 ' Schyr, gyff God will, we sall sa do,
 260 ' That na reprow sall fall thar to.'
 " Now ga we furth than," said the king,
 " Quhar he, that maid off nocht all thing,
 " Lede ws, and saiff ws, for his mycht,
 " And help ws for till hald our rycht!"
 265 With that thai held thair way in hy,
 Weill sex hundre in cumpany,
 Stalwart and stout, worthy and wycht:
 Bot thai war all to few, Ik hycht,
 Agayne sa fele to stand a stour,
 270 Ne war thair wtrageouss walour.

- Now gais the nobill king his way,
 Rycht stoutly, and in gud aray.
 And to the formast dyk is gayne;
 And in the slop the feld has tayne.
 275 The cariage, and the powyrall
 Fol. 27 b That war nocht worth in the bataill,
 Behynd him levyt he all still,
 Syttand all samyn on the hyll.
 Schyr Aymer the king has sene,
 280 With his men, that war cant and kene,
 Come to the playne, doune fra the hill,
 As him thought in full gud will
 For to defend or to assaile,
 Gyff ony wald him bid battaill.
 285 Thar for his men comfortit he,
 And bad thaim wycht and worthi be;
 For gyff that thai mycht wyne the king,
 And haiff wictour off his fechting,
 Thai suld rycht weile rewardyt be;

- 290 And ek gretly thar renommé.
 With that thai war weill ner the king;
 And he left his amonesting,
 And gert trump to the assemblé.
 And the formest off his mengné
 295 Enbrasyt with the scheldis braid,
 And rycht sarraly to gydder raid,
 With heid stoupand, and speris straucht,
 Rycht to the king thar wayis raucht;
 That met thaim with sa gret vigour,
 300 That the best, and off the maist valour,
 War laid at erd at thair meting.
 Quhar men mycht her sic a breking
 Off speris, that to fruschynt war;
 And the woundyt sa cry and rar;
 305 That it anoyus wes to her.
 For thai, that fyrst assemblyt wer,
 Fwyngyt, and faucht full sturdely.
 The noyis begouth then, and the cry.

- A mychty God! quha thar had bene,
 310 And had the kingis worschip sene,
 And hys brodyr, that waine him by,
 That stonayit thaim sa hardely,
 That thair gud deid, and thair bounté,
 Gaiff gret comfort to thair mengye;
 315 And how Douglas sa manlily
 Comfortyt thaim, that war him by;
 He suld weile say, that thai had will
 To wyn honour, and cum thartill.
 The kingis men sa worthi war,
 320 That with speris, that scharply schar,
 Thai stekyt men, and stedis baith,
 Till rede blud ran off woundis raith.
 The horss that woundyt war gan fling,

- And ruschyt thar folk in thar flynging;
325 Swa that thai that the formast war
War skalyt in soppys, her and thar.
The king saw thaim ruschyt swa,
And saw thaim reland to and fra;
Ran apon thaim sa egrely,
330 And dang on thaim sa hardely,
That fele gart off his fayis fall.
The feld wes ner coueryt all
Bath with slane horss, and with men.
For the gud king thar folowit then,
335 With fyve hundre that wapnys bar,
That wald thair fayis na thing spar.
Thai dang on thaim sa hardely,
That, in schort time, men mycht se ly
At erd ane hundre, and wele mar.
340 The remanand sa fleyit war,
That thai begouth thaim to withdraw.
And quhen thai off the rerward saw
Thar waward be sa discumfyt,
Thai fled for owtyn mar respyt.
345 And quhen Schyr Aymer has sene
His men fleand haly beden,
Wyt ye weil him wes full way.
Bot he moucht nocht ammonyss sway,
That ony for him wald torne agane.
350 And quhen he saw he tynt his payn,
He turnyt his bridill, and to ga:
For the gud king thaim pressit swa
That sum war dede, and sum war tane;
And the laiff thair gat ar gane.
- 355 The folk fled apon this maner
For owt arest; and Schir Aymer
Agane to Boithweill is gane,

- Menand the scaith that he has tayne;
 Sa schamfull that he wencusit wais,
 360 That till Ingland in hy he gais
 Rycht to the king, and schamfully
 He gaff wp thar his wardanry.
 Na newyr syne, for na kyn thing,
 Bot giff he come rycht with the king,
 365 Come he to werray Scotland.
 Sa hewyly he tuk on hand,
 That the king in to set battaill,
 With a quhone, lik to pouerall,
 Wencusyt him with a gret menye,
 Fol. 28 a 370 That war renonyt off gret bounté.
 Syc anoy had Schyr Amery.
 And king Robert, that wes hardy,
 Abaid rycht still in to the place,
 Till that his men had left the chace.
 375 Syne with presoneris that thai had tane,
 Thai ar towart thair innys gane;
 Fast lowand God off thar weilfar.
 He mycht haiff sene, that had bene thar,
 A folk that mery wes and glaid
 380 For thar wictour; and als thai haid
 A lord that sa swete wes, ande deboner,
 Sa curtaiss, and off sa fayr effer,
 Sa blyth, and als sa weill bourdand,
 And in battaill sa styth to stand,
 385 Swa wyss, and rycht swa awisé,
 That thai had gret causs blyth to be.
 Swa war thai blyth with owtyn dout;
 For fele, that wynnyt thaim about,
 Fra thai the king saw help him swa,
 390 Till him thair homage gan thai ma.
 Than woux his power mar and mar.

- And he thought weile that he wald far
 Oute our the Mounth with his menye,
 To luk quha that his frend wald be.
 395 In to Schyr Alexander Fraser
 He traistyt, for thai cosyngis wer,
 And his brodir Symon, thai twa.
 He had mystre weile of ma;
 For he had fayis mony ane.
 400 Schir Jhon Cumyn erle off Bouchquhane,
 And Schyr Jhon the Mowbray syne,
 And gud Schyr Daid off Brechyne,
 With all the folk off thair leding,
 War fayis to the noble king.
 405 And for he wyst thai war his fayis,
 His wiage thiddirwart he tais;
 For he wald se quhatkyn ending
 Thai wald set on thair manassing.

- The king buskyt and maid him yar.
 410 Northwartis with his folk to far.
 His brodyr gan he with him ta,
 And Schyr Gilbert de le Hay alsua;
 The erle off Leuenax als wes thar,
 That with the king was our all quhar;
 415 Schyr Robert Boyd, and othyr ma.
 The king gan furth his wayis ta;
 And left James off Douglas,
 With all the folk that with him was,
 Behind him, for to luk giff he
 420 Mycht recower his countré.
 He left [him] in to full gret perill;
 Bot eftre, in a litill quhile,
 Throw his gret worschip sa he wroucht,
 That to the kingis pess he broucht

- 425 The forest off Selcryk all hale;
 And alsua did he Douglas Dale;
 And Jedworthis forest alsua.
 And quha sa weile on hand couth ta
 To tell his worschippis, ane and ane
 430 He suld fynd off thaim mony ane.
 For in his tyme, as men said me,
 Threttene tymys wencusyt wes he;
 And had wictouris seuen and fyfty.
 Hym semyt, nocht lang ydill to ly,
 435 Be his trawaill, he had na will.
 Me think men suld him love with skill.

- This James, quhen the king wes gane,
 All priuely his men has tane,
 And went to Dowglas Daile agane;
 440 And maid all priuely a trane
 Till thaim that in the castell war.
 A buschement slely maid he thar:
 And off his men fourtene, or ma,
 He gert, as thai war, sekkis ta
 445 Fyllyt with gress; and syne thaim lay
 Apon thair horss, and hald thair way,
 Rycht as thai wald to Lanark far,
 Owtouth quhar thai enbuschynt war.
 And quhen thai off the castell saw
 450 Sa fele ladys gang on raw,
 Off that sycht thai war wondre fayn,
 And tauld it to thair capitane,
 That hate Schyr Jhone off Webetoun.
 He wes baith yong, stout, and felloun,
 455 Joly alsua, and walageouss;
 And for that he was amourous,
 He wald isch fer the blythlyar.

- He gert his men tak all thair ger,
 And isch to get thaim wictaille,
 460 For thar wictaille gan fast thaim faile.
 Thai ischyt all abandounly;
 And prykkyt furth sa wilfully
 To wyn the ladys, that thai saw pass,
 Fol. 28 b Quhill that Douglas with his was
 465 All betuix thaim and the castell.
 The laid men, that persawyt weill,
 Thai kest thair ladys doun in hy;
 And thair gownys deliuerly,
 That heylyt thaim, thai kest away;
 470 And in gret hy thair horss hint thai;
 And stert apon thaim sturdely,
 And met thar fayis with a cry;
 That had gret wondre, quhen thai saw
 Thaim, that war er lurkand sa law,
 475 Cum apon thaim sa hardely.
 Thai woux abaysit sodanly;
 And at the castell wald haiff bene.
 Quhen thai on othyr halff has sene
 Dowglas brak his enbuschement,
 480 That agayne thaim rycht stoutly went,
 Thai wyst nocht quhat to do na say.
 Thar fayis on athir sid saw thai,
 That strak on thaim, for owtyn sparing,
 And thai mycht help thaim selwyn na thing;
 485 Bot fled to warrand quhar thai mocht.
 And thai sa angryly thaim socht;
 That off thaim all eschapyt nane.
 Schyr Jhoun Webetoun thar wes slayne.
 And quhen he dede wes, as ye her,
 490 Thai fand in till his coffer
 A lettyr that him send a lady,

That he luffyt per drouery;
 That said, quhen he had yemyt a yer
 In wer, as a gud bachiller,
 495 The awenturus castell off Douglas,
 That to kepe sa peralus was;
 Than mycht he weile ask a lady
 Hyr amowris and hyr drouery.

The lettyr spak on this maner.
 500 And quhen thai slayne on this wyse wer,
 Dowglas rycht to the castell raid,
 And thar sa gret debate he maid,
 That in the castell entryt he.
 I wate nocht all the certanté,
 505 Quhethyr it wes throw strenth or slycht.
 Bot he wrocht sua with mekill mycht,
 That the constabill, and all the laiff
 That war tharin, bath man and knaw,
 He tuk, and gaiff thaim dispending;
 510 And sent them hame, but mar growing,
 To the Clyffurd, in thar countré.
 And syne sa besyly wroucht he,
 That he tumblyt down all the wall,
 And destroyit the howssis all:
 515 Syne till the Forest held his way,
 Quhar he had mony ane hard assay:
 And mony fayr poynt off wer befell.
 Quha couth thaim all reherss, or tell,
 He suld say that his name suld be
 520 Lestand in full gret renouné.

Now leve we in till the Forest
 Dowglas, that sall bot litill rest,
 Till the countré deliueryt be

- Of Inglis folk, and thair powsté:
 525 And turne we till the noble king;
 That, with the folk off his leding,
 Towart the Month has tane his way,
 Rycht stoutly, and in till gud aray;
 Quhar Alysander Frayser him met,
 530 And als his brodyr Symonet,
 With all the folk thai with thaim had.
 The king gud contenance thaim maid;
 That wes rycht blyth off thair cummyne.
 Thai tauld the king off the conwyne
 535 Off Jhone Cumyne erle of Bouchane;
 That till help him had with him tane
 Schyr Jhon Mowbray, and othyr ma;
 Schyr Daud off Brechyn alsua;
 With all the folk off thar leding;
 540 “ And yarnys mar, na ony thing,
 “ Wengeance off yow, Schyr King, to tak,
 “ For Schyr Jhone the Cumyn his sak,
 “ That quhilum in Drumfress wes slayn.”
 The king said; ‘ Sa our lord me sayn,
 545 ‘ Ik had gret causs him for to sla.
 ‘ And sen that thai on hand will ta,
 ‘ Becauss off him, to werray me,
 ‘ I sall thole a quhile, and se
 ‘ On quhat wyss that thai pruwe thair mycht.
 550 ‘ And giff it fall that thai will fycht,
 ‘ Giff thai assaile we sall defend;
 ‘ Syne fall eftre quhat God will send.’

Eftre this spek, the king in hy
 Held straucht hys way till Enrowry:
 555 And thar him tuk sic a seknes,
 That put him to full hard distress,

[That] he forbar bath drynk and mete.
 His men na medicyne couth get,
 That euir mycht to the king awaile.
 Fol. 29 a 560 Hys force gan him halyly faile,
 That he mycht nothyr rid na ga.
 Then wyt ye that his men war wa :
 For nane wes in that company,
 That wald haiff bene halff sa sary
 565 For till haiff sene his brodyr ded
 Lyand befor him in that steid,
 As thai war for his seknes;
 For all thair comfort in him wes.

Bot gud Schyr Eduuard the worthi,
 570 His brodyr that wes sa hardy,
 And wyss, and wucht, set mekill payn
 To comfort thaim with all his mayn.
 And quhen the lordis, that thar war,
 Saw that the ill ay mar and mar
 575 Trawaillyt the king, thaim thought in hy
 It war nocht spedfull thar to ly:
 For thar all playne wes the countré;
 And thai war bot a few menye,
 To ly but strenth in to the playne.
 580 For thi, till that thair capitane
 War coweryt off his mekill ill,
 Thai thought to wend sum strenthis till.

For folk for owtyn capitane,
 Bot thai the bettir be apayn,
 585 Sa sall nocht be all sa gud in deid,
 As thai a lord had thaim to leid;
 That dar put him in awentur,
 But abaysing to tak the wre
 That God will send: for quhen that he

- 590 Off sic will is, and sic bounté,
 That he dar put him till assay,
 His folk sall tak ensample ay
 Off his gud deid and his bounté;
 And ane off thaim sall be worth thre
 595 Off thaim that wilkyt chiftane hais.
 Hys wrechytness sa in thaim gais,
 That thai thar manlynes sall tyn,
 Throw wrechitnes of hys conwyn.
 For quhen the lord, that thaim suld leid,
 600 May do nocht bot as he war deid;
 Or fra his folk haldis his way
 Fleand; trow ye nocht than, that thai
 Sall wencusyt in thair hartis be?
 Yis, sall thai, as I trow, pardé;
 605 Bot giff thair hartis be sa hey,
 That thai na will for thar worschip flei.
 And thocht sum be of sic bounté,
 Quhen thai the lord and his menye
 Seys fley, yeit sall thai fley apayn;
 610 For all men fleis the deid rycht fayne.
 Se quhat he dois, that swa fowllly
 Fleys thus for his cowardy;
 Bath him and his wencusyt he,
 And gerris his fayis abowne be.
 615 Bot he that, throw his gret noblay,
 Till perallis him abandownys ay,
 To recomfort his menye,
 Gerris that he be off sa gret bounté,
 That mony tyme wnlikly thing
 620 Thai bring rycht weill to gud ending.

Sa did this king, that Ik off reid;
 And, for his wtrageouss manheid,
 Confortyt his on sic maner,

That nane had radness quhar he wer.
 625 Thai wald nocht fecht, till that he wes
 Liand in till his seknes.
 Tharfor in littar thai him lay,
 And till the Slenauch held thair way:
 And thought thar in that strenth to ly,
 630 Till passyt war his malady.

Bot fra the erle off Buchane
 Wyst that thai war thiddir gane;
 And wyst sa that sek wes the king
 That men dowtyt off his cowering;
 635 He sent eftre his men in hy,
 And assemblyt a gret company.
 For all his awine men war thar;
 And all his frendis with him war;
 That wes Schir Jhonne the Mowbray,
 640 And his brodyr, as Ik hard say,
 And Schyr Dauid off Brechyng,
 With fele folk in thar ledyng.
 And quhen thai all assemblit war,
 In hy thai tuk thair way to far
 645 To the Slenauch, with all thair men,
 For till assaile the king then
 Wes liand in till his seknes.
 This wes eftyr the Martymes,
 Quhen snaw had helyt all the land.
 650 To the Slenauch thai come ner hand,
 Arayit on thar best maner.
 And thane the kingis men, that wer
 War off thair come, thaim apparaylt
 To defend, giff thai thaim assaylt.
 ol. 29 b 655 And nocht forthi thar fayis war
 Ay twa for ane that thai war thar

- The erlys men ner cummand war,
 Trumpand and makand mekill far;
 And maid knychtis quhen thai war ner.
 660 And thai, that in the woddis sid wer,
 Stud in aray rycht sarraly,
 And thought to byd thar hardyly
 The cummyng off thar ennymyss.
 Bot thai wald, apon nakyn wyss,
 665 Ische till assaile thaim in fechting,
 Till coweryt war the nobill king.
 Bot and othir wald thaim assailye,
 Thai wald defend wailye quod wailye.

- And quhen the erlis cumpany
 670 Saw that thai wroucht sa wisely,
 That thai thar strenth schupe to defend;
 Thar archeris furth to thaim thai send
 To bykkyr thaim, and men off mayne.
 And [thai] send archeris thaim agayne,
 675 That bykkyrryt thaim sa sturdely,
 Till thai off the erlis party
 In till thar battaill drywyn war.
 Thre dayis on this wyss lay thai thar;
 And bykkyrryt thaim cuirilk day:
 680 Bot thar bowmen the war had ay.
 And quhen the kingis cumpany
 Saw thair fayis befor thaim ly,
 That ilk day wox ma and ma;
 And thai war quhone, and stad war sua
 685 That thai had na thing for till eyt,
 Bot giff thai trawaillit it to get;
 Tharfor thai tuk consale in to hy
 That thar wald thai na langer ly;
 Bot hald thair way quhar thai mycht get,
 690 To thaim and tharis, wictaillis and mete.

- In a littar the king thai lay ;
 And redyit thaim, and held thair way,
 That all thair fayis mycht thaim se.
 Ilk man buskyt him, in his degre,
 695 To fycht giff thai assaillyt war.
 In myddis thaim the kyng thai bar,
 And yeid about him sarraly ;
 And nocht full gretly thaim gan hy.
 The erle, and thai that with him war,
 700 Saw that thai buskit thaim to far ;
 And saw how, with sa litill effray,
 Thai held furth with the king thair way,
 Redy to fycht quha wald assaile.
 Thar hartis begouth all to faile ;
 705 And in pess lete thaim pass thair way ;
 And till thair howssis hame went thai.

- The erle his way tuk to Bowchane ;
 And Schyr Eduuard the Bruce is gane
 Rycht to Strabolghy, with the king ;
 710 And swa lang thar maid soiorning,
 Till he begouth to cowyr and ga.
 And syne thar wayis gan thai ta
 Till Innerowry straucht agayne.
 For thai wald ly in to the playne,
 715 The wynter sesone ; for wictaile
 In till the plane mycht thaim nocht faile.
 The erle wyst that thai war thar ;
 And gaderyt a mengné her and thar.
 Brechyne, and Mowbray, and thar men,
 720 All till the erle assemblyt then ;
 And war a full gret cumpany
 Off men arayit jolyly.
 Till Auld Meldrum thai yeid the way ;

- And thar with thair men logit thai,
 725 Before Yhule ewyn a nycht but mar;
 A thowsand, trow I, weile thai war.
 Thai logyt thaim all thar that nycht:
 And on the morn, quhen day wes lycht,
 The lord off Brechyn, Schyr Dawy,
 730 Is went towart Innerrowry,
 To luk gyff he on ony wyss
 Mycht do skaith till his ennymys.
 And till the end off Innerrowry
 Come ridand sa sodanly,
 735 That off the kingis men he slew
 A part, and othir sum thaim withdrew,
 And fled thair way towart the king;
 That, with the maist off his gadryng,
 On the yond half down wes than liand.
 740 And quhen men tauld him tithand,
 How Schyr Dawy had slayn his men,
 His horss in hy he askyt then,
 And bad his men all mak thaim yar
 In to gret hy; for he wald far
 745 To bargane with his ennymyss.
 With that he buskyt for to ryss,
 Fol. 30 a That was nocht all weill coweryt then.
 Then said sum off his priwé men;
 "Quhat thynk ye, [Schyr,] thusgat to far
 750 " 'To fycht, and nocht yeit coweryt ar?'
 'Yhis,' said the king, 'with owtyn wer,
 'Thar bost has maid me haile and fer.
 'For suld na medicine sa sone
 'Haiff coweryt me, as thai haiff done.
 755 'Thairfor, sa God him selff me se!
 'I sall othir haiff thaim, or thai me.'
 And quhen his men has hard the king

Set him sa hale for the fechtung,
 Off hys cower yng all blyth thai war;
 760 And maid thaim for the battaill yar.

The nobill king, and his mengye,
 That mycht weile ner seuen hundyr be,
 Towart Auld Meldrum tuk the way,
 Quhar the erle and his menye lay.
 765 The discourrouris saw thaim cummand,
 Wyth baneris to the wynd wawand;
 And yeid to thair lord in hy,
 That gert arme hys men hastily,
 And thaim arayit for battaile.
 770 Behind thaim set thai thar [poweraill];
 And maid gud sembland for to fycht.
 The king come on with mekill mycht;
 And thai abaid, makand gret fayr,
 Till thai ner at assembling wayr.
 775 Bot quhen thai saw the nobill king
 Cum stoutly on, for owtyn fenyeing,
 A litill on bridill thai thaim withdrew.
 And the king, that rycht weill knew
 That thai war all discumfyt ner,
 780 Pressyt on thaim with his baner;
 And thai withdrew [thaim] mar and mar.
 And quhen the small folk, thai had thar,
 Saw thair lordis withdraw thaim swa,
 Thai turnyt the bak all, and to ga;
 785 And fled all scalyt her and thar.
 The lordis, that yeyt to gydder war,
 Saw that thar small folk war fleand,
 And saw the king stoutly cummand;
 Thai war ilkane abaysit swa,
 790 That thai the bak gave, and to ga.

A litill stound samyn held thai,
And syne ilk man has tane his way.

Fell neuir men sa foule myschance,
Eftre sa sturdy contenance.

- 795 For quhen the kingis cumpany
Saw that thai fled sa foulyly,
Thai chasyt thaim with all thar mayn;
And sum thai tuk, and sum has slayn.
The remanand war fleand ay;
- 800 Quha had gud horss gat best away.
Till Ingland fled the erle of Bowchquhane,
Schyr Jhon Mowbray is with him gane;
And war resett with the king.
Bot thai had bath bot schort lesting;
- 805 For thai deyt sone eftre syne.
And Schyr Dauid off Breychyne
Fled till Brechyne, his awine castell;
And warnyst it bath fayr and weill.
Bot the erle off Atholl Dawy,
- 810 His sone, that wes in Kyldromy,
Come syne, and him assegyt thar.
And he that wald hald wer na mar,
Na bargane with the nobile king,
Come syne his man with gud treting.
- 815 Now ga we to the king agayne,
That off his wictory wes rycht fayne,
And gert his men bryn all Bowchane
Fra end till end, and sparyt nane;
And heryit thaim on sic maner,
- 820 That eftre that, weile fyfty yer,
Men menynt "the Herschip off Bowchane."
The king than till his pess has tane

- The north cuntreys, that humbly
 Obeysyt till his senyowry.
 825 Swa that be north the Month war nane
 Then thai his men war euirilkane.
 His lordschip vox ay mar and mar.
 Towart Anguss syne gan he far;
 And thought sone to mak all fre
 830 That wes on the north halff the Scottis Se.
 The castell off Forfayr wes then
 Stuffyt all with Inglis men.
 Bot Philip the Foraster off Platane
 Has off his freyndis with him tane,
 835 And with leddrys all priuely
 Till the castell he gan him hy,
 And wp our the wall off stane;
 And swagate has the castell tane,
 Throw faute off wach, with litill payne.
 840 And syne all that he fand has slayne:
 Syne yauld the castell to the king,
 That maid him rycht gud rewarding.
 Fol. 30 b And syne [he] gert brek down the wall,
 And fordyd well, and castell all.

 845 Quhen that the castell off Forfar,
 And all the towris tumblyt war
 Doun till the erd, as Ik haiff tauld,
 The king, that wycht wes. wyss and bauld,
 That thought that he wald mak all fre
 850 Apon the northhalff the Scottis Se,
 Till Perth is went, with all his rout,
 And wmbesett the toun about;
 And till it a sege has set.
 Bot quhill it mycht haiff men and met,
 855 It mycht nocht but gret payne be tane;

- For all the wall wes then of stane,
And wycht towris and hey standand.
And that tyme war tharin duelland
Moffat, and als Olyfard ;
- 860 Thai twa the toun had all in ward.
And off Straitherne als the erle wes thar.
Bot his sone, and off his men, war
Without in till the kingis rowt.
Thar wes oft bekering styth and stout ;
- 865 And men slayne apon ilk party.
Bot the gud king, that all wytty
Wes in his dedis euirilkane,
Saw the wallis sa styth off stane,
And saw defens that thai gan ma ;
- 870 And how the toun wes hard to ta
With opyn sawt, strenth or mycht ;
Tharfor he thought to wyrk with slycht.
And in all tyme that he thar lay,
He spyit, and slely gert assay,
- 875 Quhar the dyk schaldest was ;
Till at the last he fand a place
That men mycht till thair schuldris wad.
And quhen he that place fundyn had,
He gert his men busk ilkane,
- 880 Quhen sex woukis off the sege war gane ;
And tursyt thair harnes halyly,
And left the sege all opynly ;
And furth with all his folk gan fayr,
As he wald do thar to no mayr.
- 885 And thai that war within the toun,
Quhen thai to fayr sa saw him boun,
Thai schowtyt him, and skornyn mad ;
And he furth on his wayis rad,

- As he ne had will agayne to turn,
 890 Na besyd thaim mak mar soiourn.
 Bot in aucht dayis nocht forthi
 He gert mak leddrys priuely,
 That mycht suffice till his entent:
 And in a myrk nycht syne is wen'
 895 Towart the toun all priuely.
 Thai hard na wachys spek, na cry:
 For thai war with in, may fall,
 As men that dred nocht, slepand all.
 Thai haid na dreid then off the king;
 900 For thai off him herd nathing,
 All thai thre dayis befor, or mar;
 Thairfor sekyr and traist thai war.
 And quhen the king thaim herd nocht ster,
 He was blyth on gret maner;
 905 And his leddyr in hand gan ta,
 Ensamle till his men to ma.
 Arayit weill in all his ger,
 Schot on the dike, and with his sper
 Taistyt, till he it our woud:
 910 Bot till his throt the watyr stud.

- That tyme wes in his cumpany
 A knycht off France, wycht and hardy;
 And quhen he in the watyr swa
 Saw the king pass, and with him ta
 915 Hys leddyr wnabasytly,
 He saynyt him for the ferly,
 And said; "A Lord! quhat sall we say
 "Off our lordis off Fraunce, that thai
 "With gud morsellis fayrcis thair pawnchis,
 920 "And will bot ete, and drynk, and dawnsis;
 "Quhen sic a knycht, and sa worthy

- " As this, throw his chewalry,
 " Into sic perill has him set,
 " To wyn a wrechyt hamillet?"
 925 With that word to the dik he ran;
 And our eftre the king he wan.
 And quhen the kingis menye saw
 Thar lord owt our, in till a thraw
 Thai passyt the dik: and, but mar let,
 930 Thar leddrys to the wall thai set;
 And to clymb wp fast pressyt thai.
 Bot the gud king, as I herd say,
 Was the secund man tuk the wall:
 And bad thar, till his mengye all
 935 War cummyn wp in full gret hy.
 Yeyt than raiss nothyr noyiss na cry.
 Bot sone eftre thai noyiss maid,
 That off thaim fyrst persawing had;
 Swa that the cry raiss throw the toun.
 940 Bot he that with his men wes boun
 Fol. 31 a Till assaill, to the toun is went,
 And the maist off his menye sent,
 All scalyt throw the toun: bot he
 Held with him selwyn a gret mengné;
 945 Sa that he moucht be ay purwayit
 To defend, giff he war assayit.

Bot thai, that he send throw the toun,
 Put to sa gret confusioun
 Thair fayis, that in beddis war,
 950 Or scalyt fled her and thar;
 That, or the sone raiss, thai had tane
 Thair fayis, or discumfyt ilkane.
 The wardanys bath thar in war tane:
 And Malice off Straithern is gane

- 955 Till his fadyr, the erle [Malice,
And with strenth tuk him and his.
Syne for his sak the noble king
Gave him his in gouernyng.
The lave, that ran with out the toun,
960 Sesyt to thaim in to gret fusoun
Men, and armyng, and marchandiss,
And othyr gud on syndry wyss;
Quhill thai, that er war pour and bar,
Off that gud rych and mychty war.
965 Bot thar wes few slayne; for the king,
That thaim had gevyn in commanding,
On gret payne, that thai suld slay nane,
That but gret bargane mycht be tane.
That thai war kynd to the countré
970 He wyst, and off thaim had pité.
In this maner the toun wes tane.
And syne towris euirilkane,
And wallis, gert he tumble doun:
He levyt nocht about that toun
975 Towr standand, na stane. na wall,
That he ne haly gert stroy thaim all.
And presonerys, that thar tuk he,
He send quhar thai mycht haldyn be.
And till his pess tuk all the land:
980 Wes nane that durst him than withstand.

BUKE SEWYND.

APON northhalff the Scottis Se,
 All obeysyt till his maiesté;
 Owtane the Lorn, and thai
 Off Arghile that wald with him ga.
 5 He held him ay agayne the king :
 And hatyt him atour all thing.
 Bot yete, or all the gamyn ga,
 I trow weill that the king sall ta
 Wengeance off his gret cruelté;
 10 And that him sar repent sall he,
 That he the king contraryit ay,
 May fall, quhen he it mend na may.

The kingis brodyr, quhen the toun
 Wes takyn thus, and dongyn doun,
 15 Schyr Eduuard, that wes sa worthy,
 Tuk with him a gret cumpany,
 And tuk his gayt till Galloway.
 For with his men he wald assay
 Gyff he mycht recouer that land,
 20 And wyn it fra Inglis mennys hand.
 This Schyr Eduuard, forsuth Ik hycht,
 Wes off his hand a noble knycht;
 And in blythnes suete and joly;
 Bot he wes owtrageouss hardy,
 25 And of sa hey wndretaking,

- That he haid neuir yeit abaysyng
 Off multitud off men; for thi
 He discumfyt commounly
 Mony with quhone: tharfor had he
 30 Owt our his peris renommé.
 And quha wald reherss all the deid
 Off his hey worschip, and manheid,
 Men mycht a mekill [romans] mak.
 And nocht forthi, I think to tak
 35 On hand to say sum thing off him:
 Bot nocht tende part his trawalyn.

- This gud knyght, that I spek off her,
 With all the folk that with him wer,
 Weill sone to Galloway cummyn is.
 40 All that he fand he makyt his;
 And ryotyt gretly the land.
 Bot than in Galloway war wonnand
 Schyr Ingrahame the Umphrawill, that wes
 Renommyt off sa hey prowess,
 45 That he off worschip passyt the rowt:
 Tharfor he gert ay ber about
 Apon a sper a red bonet,
 In to takyn that he wes set
 In to the hycht off chewalry,
 50 Off Saynct Jhone; als Schyr Aymry.
 Thir twa the land had in stering.
 And quhen thai hard off the cummyng
 Off Schyr Eduuard, that sa playnly
 Oure raid the land, thane in gret hy
 55 Thai assemblyt all thair mengné.
 Fol. 31 b I trow twalf hundyr thai mycht be.
 Bot he with fewar folk thaim met
 Besyd Cre, and sa hard thaim set,

- With hard battaill, and stalwart fycht,
 60 That he thaim all put to the flycht;
 And slew twa hundyr weill and ma.
 And the chyftanys in hy gan ta
 Thar way to Bothwell, for to be
 Thar resawyt to sawfté.
- 65 And Schyr Eduuard thaim chasit fast.
 Bot till the castell, at the last,
 Gat Schyr Ingrahame, and Schyr Amery;
 Bot the best off thair cumpany
 Left ded behind thaim in the place.
- 70 And quhen Schyr Eduuard saw the chace
 Wes failyt, he gert seyss the prey;
 And swa gret cattell had away,
 That it war wondre for to se.
 Owt of Bothwell thai saw how he
- 75 Gert his men dryve with him the prey;
 Bot na let set thar in mycht thai.

- Throw his chewalrouss chewalry
 Galloway wes stonayit gretumly;
 And he dowtyt for his bounté.
- 80 Sum off the men off the countré
 Come till his pess, and maid him aith.
 Bot Schyr Amery, that had the skaith
 Off the bargane I tauld off er,
 Raid till Ingland till purches ther
- 85 Off armyt men gret cumpany,
 To weng him off the welany
 That Schyr Eduuard, that noble knyght,
 Him did by Cre in to the fycht.
 Off gud men he assemblit thar
- 90 Weill fyftene hundyr men and mar,
 That war off rycht gud renowmé.

- His way with all that folk tuk he ;
 And in the land, all priuely,
 Entryt with that chewalry ;
 95 Thynkand Schyr Eduuard to suppryss,
 Giff that he mowcht on ony wiss :
 For he thocht he wald him assaile,
 Or that he left, in playn bataill.
 Now may ye her off gret ferly,
 100 And off rycht hey chewalry.
 For Schyr Eduuard in to the land
 Wes, with his mengné, rycht ner hand ;
 And in the mornying rycht arly
 Herd the countré men mak cry ;
 105 And had wyttryng off thair cummyng.
 Than buskyt he him, but delaying,
 And lapp on horss delyuerly.
 He had than in route fyfty,
 All apon gud horss armyt weill.
 110 His small folk gert he ilkdeill
 Withdraw thaim till a strait tharby :
 And he raid furth with his fyfty.

- A knyght, that then wes in his rowt,
 Worthi and wycht, stalwart and stout,
 115 Curtaiss, and fayr, and off gud fame,
 Schyr Alane off Catkert by name,
 Tauld me this taile, as I sall tell.
 Gret myst in to the mornying fell,
 Sa thai mycht nocht se thaim by,
 120 For myst, a bowdraucht fulllely.
 Sa hapnyt it that thai fand the traiss,
 Quhar at the rowte furth passyt waiss
 Off thair fayis, that forowth raid.
 Schyr Eduuard, that gret yarnyn had

- 125 All tymys to do chewalry,
 With all his rout in full gret hy,
 Folowyt the traiss quhar gane war thai:
 And, befor midmorne off the day
 The myst vox cler all sodanly:
 130 And than he, and his cumpany,
 War nocht a bowdrawcht fra the rout.
 Than schot thai on thaim with a schout.
 For gyff thai fled, thai wyst that thai
 Suld nocht weill feyrd part get away.
 135 Tharfor in awentur to dey
 He wald him put, or he wald fley.
 And quhen the Inglis cumpany
 Saw on thaim cum sa sodanly
 Sik folk, for owtyn abaysyng,
 140 Thai war stonayt for effraying.
 And the tothyr, but mar abaid,
 Swa hardely amang thaim raid,
 That fele off thaim till erd thai bar.
 Stonayit sa gretly than thai war,
 145 Throw the force off that fyrst assay,
 That thai war in till gret effray;
 And wend befor thai had bene ma,
 For that thai war assailit swa.
 Quhen thai had thyrlyt thaim hastily,
 150 Than Schyr Eduuardis cumpany
 Set stoutly in the heid agayne.
 And at that courss borne doun, and slayn,
 War off thair fayis a gret party;
 Fol. 32 a That thai effrayit war sa gretly,
 155 That thai war scalyt gretly then.
 And quhen Schyr Eduuard, and his men,
 Saw thaim in till sa ewill aray,
 The thrid tyme on thaim prekyt thai.

- And thai that saw thaim sa stoutly
 160 Come on, dred thaim sa gretumly,
 That ail thar rowt, bath less and mar,
 Fled prekand, scalyt her and thar.
 Wes nane amang thaim sa hardy
 To bid; bot all comonaly
 165 Fled to warand; and he gan chass,
 That wilfull to distroy thaim was:
 And sum he tuk, and sum war slayn.
 Bot Schyr Amery with mekill payn
 Eschapyt, and his gat is gayn.
 170 His men discumfyt war ilkane;
 Sum tane, sum slayne, sum gat away.
 It wes a rycht fayr poynt perfay.

- Lo! how hardyment tane sa sudandly,
 And drewyn to the end scharply,
 175 May ger oftsyss wnlikly thingis
 Cum to rycht fayr and gud endingis:
 As it fell in to this cass her!
 For hardyment, with owtyn wer,
 Wan fyftene hundyr with fyfty;
 180 Quhar ay for ane thar wes twenty:
 And twa men ar a mannys her.
 Bot vre thaim led on swilk maner,
 That thai discumfyt war ilkane.
 Schir Amery hame his gate is gane,
 185 Rycht blyth that he swa gat away.
 I trow he sall nocht mony day
 Haiff will to werray that countré;
 With thi Schyr Eduuard tharin be.
 And [he] duelt furth in to the land,
 190 Thaim that rebell war werrayand
 And in a yer sa werrayit he,

- That he wane qwynt that countré
 Till his brodirys pess, the king.
 Bot that wes nocht but hard fechting.
 195 For in that tyme thar him befell
 Mony fayr poynt, as Ik herd tell,
 The quhilk that ar nocht wryttyn her.
 Bot I wate weile that, in that yer,
 Threttene castellis with strenth he wan,
 200 And ourcome mony a mody man.
 Quha sa off him the south will reid;
 Had he had mesure in his deid,
 I trow that worthyar then he
 Mycht nocht in his tym fundyn be;
 205 Owtakyn his brodyr anerly,
 To quham in to chewalry
 Lyk wes nane in his day.
 For he led him with mesur ay;
 And with wyt his chewalry
 210 He gouernyt sa worthily,
 That he oft full wnlikly thing
 Brought rycht weill to gud ending.

- In all this tyme James of Dowglas
 In the Forest trawaland was;
 215 And it, throw hardiment and slycht,
 Occupyit all, magre the mycht
 Off his fell fayis, the quhethir thai
 Set him oft in full hard assay.
 Bot oft throw wyt, and throu bounté,
 220 His purpos to gud end broucht he.
 In till that tyme, him fell throu cass,
 On ane nycht as he trawaland was,
 And thought till haiff resting
 In ane houss on the watyr off Lyne;

- 225 And as he come with his mengné
 Ner hand the houss, sua lysnyt he,
 And herd ane say tharin, "The dewill!"
 And be that he persawyt weill
 That thai war strang men, that thar
 230 That nycht tharin herbryd war.
 And as he thought, it fell per cass.
 For off Bonkle the lord thar was,
 Alysander Stewart hat he;
 With othyr twa off gret bounté,
 235 Thomas Randell off gret renowne;
 And Adame alsua off Gordoune;
 That thar come with gret cumpany,
 And thought in to the Forest to ly,
 And occupy [it] throw thair mycht;
 240 And with trawaill, and stalwart fycht,
 Chace Dowglace out of that countré.
 Bot othyr wayis than yied the gle.

- For quhen James had wittering
 That strang men had tane herbryng
 245 In the place, that he schup him to ly,
 He to the howss went hastily,
 And wmbeset it all about.
 Fol. 32 b Quhen thai with in hard swilk a rout
 About the houss, thai raiss in hy,
 250 And tuk thair ger rycht hastily,
 And schot furth, fra thai harnasyt war.
 Thair fayis thaim met with wapnys bar,
 And assaylit rycht hardely;
 And thai defendyt doughtely
 255 With all thair mycht; till at the last
 Thar fayis pressyt thaim sa fast,
 That thair folk failyt thaim ilkane.

- Thomas Randell thar wes tane;
 And Alexander Stewart alsua,
 260 Woundyt in a place or twa.
 Adam of Gordoun fra the fycht,
 Quhat throw his strenth and his mycht,
 Eschapyt; and ser off thair men.
 Bot thai that war arestyt then,
 265 War off thair taking wondre wa.
 Bot neidlingis behowit it be swa.

- That nycht the gud lord off Dowglas
 Maid to Schyr Alysander, that was
 His emyss sone, rycht gladsome cher:
 270 Swa did he als, with owtyn wer,
 Till Thomas Randell; for that he
 Wes to the king in ner degre
 Off blud, for his sistre him bar.
 And on the morne for owtyn mar
 275 Towart the noble king he raid,
 And with him bath thai twa he haid.
 The king off his present wes blyth;
 And thankyt him weill fele syth.
 And till hys nevo gan he say;
 280 "Thou has ane quhill renyid thi fay:
 "Bot thou reconsalit now mon be."
 Then till the king ansueryt he,
 And said; 'Ye chastyt me; bot ye
 'Aucht better chastyt for to be.
 285 'For sene ye werrayit the king
 'Off Ingland, in playne fechting
 'Ye suld press to derenyhe [your] rycht,
 'And nocht with cowardy, na with slycht.'
 The king said; "Yeit fall it may
 290 "Cum, or oucht lang, to sic assay.

- “ Bot sen thow spekys sa rudly,
 “ It is gret skylle men chasty
 “ Thai proud wordis till that thow know
 “ The ryght, and bow it as thow aw.”
 295 The king, for owtyne mar delaying,
 Send him to be in ferme keeping;
 Quhar that he allane suld be,
 Nocht all apon his powsté fre.

- Quhen Thomas Randell, on this wiss,
 300 Wes takyn, as Ik her dewyss,
 And send to duell in gud keeping,
 For spek that he spak to the king;
 The gud king, that thought on the scaith,
 The dispyt and felny bath,
 305 That Jhone off Lorne had till him doyn,
 His ost assemblyt he then sone;
 And towart Lorn he tuk the way,
 With his men in till gud aray.
 Bot Jhone off Lorne off his cummyng,
 310 Lang or he come, had wittering.
 And men on ilk sid gadryt he,
 I trow twa thowsand thai mycht be;
 And send thaim for to stop the way,
 Quhar the gud king behowyt away:
 315 And that wes in ane ewill plass,
 That sa strayt and sa narow was,
 That twasum samyn mycht nocht rid
 In sum place off the hillis sid.
 The nethyr halff wes peralous;
 320 For a schor crag, hey and hidwouss,
 Raucht to the se, doun fra the pass.
 On athyr halff the montane was
 Swa combrowss, hey, and stay,

- That it was hard to pass that way.
 325 Crechinben hecht that montayne.
 I trow that nocht, in all Bretane,
 Aye heyar hill may fundyn be.
 Thar Jhone of Lorne gert his menye
 Enbuschyt be abowyn the way;
 330 For, giff the king held thar away,
 He thought he suld sone wencussyt be.
 And him selff held him upon the se,
 Weill ner the paiss with his galayis.
 Bot the king, that in all assayis
 335 Wes fundyn wyss and awisé,
 Persawyt rycht weill thair sutelté;
 And that he neid that gait suld ga.
 Hys men depertyt he in twa;
 And till the gud lord off Dowglas,
 Fol. 33 a 340 Quham in herbryd all worschip was,
 He taucht the archerys euirilkane.
 And this gud lord with him has tane
 Schyr Alysander Fraser the wycht;
 And Wilyam Wysman, a gud knycht;
 345 And with thaim syne Schyr Androw Gray:
 Thir with thar mengné held thair way,
 And clamb the hill deliuerly.
 And, or thai off the tothyr party
 Persawyt thaim, thai had ilkane
 350 The hycht abowyne thair fayis tane.

- The king and his men held thair way:
 And quhen in till the pass war thai
 Entryt, the folk of Lorne in hy
 Apone the king raysyt the cry;
 355 And schot, and tumblit on him stanys,
 Rycht gret and hewy for the nanys.

- Bot thai scaith nocht gretly the king.
For he had thar, in his leding,
Men that lycht and deliuer war,
360 And lycht armouris had on thaim thar;
Swa that thai stoutly clamb the hill:
And lettyt thair fayis to fulfill
The maist part of thair felny.
And als, apon the tothyr party,
365 Come James of Dowglas, and his rout,
And schot apon thaim, with a schout;
And woundyt thaim with arowis fast.
And with thair suerdis, at the last,
Thai ruschyt amang thaim hardely.
370 For thai of Lorn, full manlely,
Gret and apert defens gan ma.
Bot quhen thai saw that thai war swa
Assaylit apon twa partys;
And saw weill that thar ennemys
375 Had all the fayrer off the fycht;
In full gret hy thai tuk the flycht.
And thai a felloun chass gan ma;
And slew all that thai mycht ourta.
And thai that mycht eschap, but delay
380 Rycht till ane watyr held thair way,
That ran down be the hillis syd.
It was sa styth, and depe, and wid,
That men in na place mycht it pass,
Bot at ane bryg that beneuth thaim was.
385 To that brig held thai straucht thair way,
And to brek it fast gan assay.
Bot thai that chassyt, quhen thai [thaim] saw,
Mak thar arest, but drede or aw
Thai ruschyt apon thaim hardely,
390 And discumfyt thaim wterly;

And held the brig haile, quhill the king,
 With all the folk off his leding,
 Passyt the brig all at thair ese.
 To Jhone off Lorne it suld displese,
 395 I trow, quhen he his men mycht se,
 Owte off his schippis fra the se,
 Be slayne and chassyt in the hill,
 That he mycht set na help thar till.
 Bot it angrys als gretumly,
 400 To gud hartis that ar worthi,
 To se thair fayis fulfill thair will,
 As to thaim selff to thole the ill.

At sic myscheiff war thai of Lorn.
 For fele the lyvys thar has lorne;
 405 And othyr sum war fled thair way.
 The king in hy gert sese the pray
 Off all the land: quhar men mycht se
 Sa gret habundance come of fe,
 That it war wondre to behauld.
 410 The king, that stoute wes, stark, and bauld,
 Till Dunstaffynch rycht sturdely
 A sege set; and besyly
 Assaylit the castell it to get.
 And, in schort tym, he has thaim set
 415 In swilk thrang, that thar in war than,
 That magre tharis he it wan.
 And ane gud wardane tharin set;
 And betaucht hym bath men and met,
 Swa that he lang tyme thar mycht be,
 420 Magre thaim all off that countré.
 Schyr Alexander off Arghile, that saw
 The king dystroy wp, cleue and law,
 His land, send treyteris to the king;

And come his man but mar duelling.

- 425 And he resawyt him till his pess.
 Bot Jhone off Lorne his sone, that wes
 Reblland, as he wes wont to be;
 He fled with schippis on the se.

- Bot thai, that left apon the land,
 430 War to the king all obeysand;
 And he thair hostage all has tane;
 And towart Perth agayne is gane,
 To play him thar into the playne:
 Yeyt Lothyane wes him agayne.
 Fol. 33 b 435 And at Lythkow wes than a pele,
 Mekill and stark, and stuffyt wele
 With Inglis men, and wes reset
 To thaim that, with armuris or met,
 Fra Edynburgh wald to Strewelyn ga,
 440 And fra Strewelyng agane alsua;
 That till the countré did gret ill.
 Now may ye her, giff that ye will,
 Entremellys, and juperdyis,
 That men assayit mony wyss,
 445 Castellis and peyllis for to ta.
 And this Lithquhow wes ane off tha;
 And I sall tell yow how it wes tane.
 In the contré thar wonnyt ane
 That husband wes, and with his fe
 450 Offtsyss hay to the peile led he.
 Wylame Bunnock to name he had.
 He saw sa hard the contré stad,
 Throw the gret force that it wes then
 Gouernyt, and led with Inglis men;
 455 Thai trawalyt men out our mesure.
 He wes a stout carle and a sture,

- And off him selff dour and hardy;
 And had freyndis wonnand him by,
 And schawyt to sum his priueté.
 460 And apon his conwyne gat he
 Men that mycht ane enbuschement ma,
 Quhill that he with his wayn suld ga
 To lede thaim hay in to the pele.
 Bot his wayn suld be stuffyt wele:
 465 For aucht men, in the body
 Off his wayn, suld sit priuely,
 And with hay helyt be about.
 And him selff, that wes dour and stout,
 Suld by the wayne gang ydilly;
 470 And ane yuman, wycht and hardy,
 Befor suld dryve the wayne; and ber
 Ane hachat, that war scharp to scher,
 Wndre his belt: and quhen the yat
 War opynnyt, and thai war thar at,
 475 And he hard him cry sturdely,
 "Call all! Call all!" than hastyly
 He suld stryk with the ax in twa
 The soyme; and than in hy suld tha,
 That war with in the wayne, cum out,
 480 And mak debate, quhill that thair rout,
 That suld ner by enbuschyt be,
 Cum for to manteyme the mellé.

- This wes intill the herwyst tyd,
 Quhen feldis, that ar fayr and wid,
 485 Chargyt with corne all fully war;
 For syndry cornys that thai bar
 Wox ryp to wyn, to mannys fud;
 And the treys all chargyt stud
 With ser frutis on syndry wyss.

- 490 In this suete tyme that I dewyss,
 Thai off the pele had wonnyn hay;
 And with this Bunnok spokyn had thai
 To lede thair hay, for he wes ner;
 And he assentyt but daunger;
 495 And said that he, in the mornynge
 Wele sone, a fothyr in suld bryng,
 Fayrer and gretar, and weile mor,
 Than he broucht ony that yer befor:
 And held thaim cunnand sekylrly.
 500 For that nyght warnyt he priuely
 Thaim that in the wayne suld ga,
 And that in the buschement suld be alsua.
 And thai sa graithly sped thaim thar,
 That or day thai enbuschyt war
 505 Weile ner the pele; quhar thai mycht her
 The cry, als sone as ony wer:
 And held thaim sua still, but stering,
 That nane off thaim had persawing.

- And this Bonnok fast gan him payne
 510 To dress his menye in his wayne;
 And all, a quhile befor the day,
 He had thaim helyt weile with hay;
 And made him to yok his fe,
 Till men the son schynand mycht se.
 515 And sum that war with in the pele
 Wer ischyt on thair awne wnsele,
 To wyn thar herwyst ner tharby.
 Than Bonnok, with the cumpany
 That in his wayne closyt he had,
 520 Went on his way, but mar debaid,
 And callit his men towart the pele.
 And the portar, that saw him wele

- Cum ner the yat, it opnyt sone:
 And then Bonnok, for owtyn hone,
 525 Gert call the wayne deliuerly.
 And quhen it wes set ewynly
 Betuix the chekis of the yat,
 Swa that men mycht it spar na gat,
 He criyt, "Theyff! Call all! Call all!"
 530 And he than lete the gad wand fall;
 And hewyt in twa the soyme in hy.
 Bonnok with that deliuerly
 Roucht till the portar sic a rout,
 That blud and harnys bath come out.
 535 And thai, that war within the wayne,
 Lap out belyff; and sone has slayne
 Fol. 34 a Men off the castell that war by.
 Than in ane quhile begouth the cry:
 And thai that ner enbuschyt war
 540 Lap owt, and come with swerdis bar,
 And tuk the castell all but payn;
 And has thaim, that thar in was, slayn.
 And thai that war went furth beforne,
 Quhen thai the castell saw forlorn,
 545 Thai fled to warand to and fra;
 And sum till Edinburgh gan ga;
 And till Strewilline ar othyr gayne;
 And sum in till the gat war slayne.
 Bonnok on this wiss, with his wayne,
 550 The pele tuk, and the men has slayne;
 Syne taucht it till the king in hy,
 That him rewardyt worthely;
 And gert dryve it down to the ground:
 And syne our all the land gan found,
 555 Settand in pes all the countré,
 That at his obeysance wald be.

- And quhen a litill time wes went,
 Eftre Thomas Randell he sent;
 And sa weile with him tretit he,
 560 That he his man hecht for to be.
 And the king his ire him forgave:
 And for to hey his state him gave
 Murreff, and erle tharoff him maid
 And othyr sundry landis braid
 565 He gave him in till heretage.
 He knew his worthi wasselage,
 And his gret wit, and his awyssh,
 His traist hart, and his lele seruice.
 Tharfor in him affyit he,
 570 And ryche maid him off land and fe;
 As it wes certis rycht worthi.
 For and men spek off him trewly;
 He wes swa curageous ane knycht,
 Sa wyssh, sa worthy, and sa wycht,
 575 And off sa souerane gret bounté,
 That mekill off him may spokyn be.
 And for I think off him to rede,
 And to schaw part off his gud dede,
 I will discryve now his fassoun,
 580 And part off his condicioun.
 He wes off mesurabill statur,
 And weile porturat at mesur;
 With braid wesage, plesand and fayr,
 Curtaiss at poynt, and debonayr;
 585 And off rycht sekyr contenyng.
 Lawté he lowyt atour all thing;
 Falset, tresoun, and felony,
 He stud agayne ay encrely.
 He heyit honour ay, and larges,
 590 And ay mantemyt rychtwysnes.

In cumpany solacious
 He was; and tharwith amorous.
 And gud knychtis he luffyt ay.
 And, giff I the suth sall say,
 595 He wes fulfillit off bounté,
 Als off wertuys all maid was he.
 I will commend him her no mar:
 Bot ye sall her weile forthyrmar,
 That he, for his dedis worthy,
 600 Suld weile be prysyt souerandly.

Quhen the king thus was with him saucht,
 And gret lordschippis had him betaucht,
 He woux sa wyse, and sa awysé,
 That his land fyrst weill stablyst he;
 605 And syne he sped him to the wer,
 Till help his eyne in his myster.
 And with the consent off the king,
 Bot with a symple aparaling,
 Till Edinburgh he went in hy,
 610 With gud men in till cumpany,
 And set a sege to the castell;
 That than wes warnyst wondre weill
 With men and wyc talis at all rycht,
 Swa that it dred na mannys fycht.
 615 Bot this gud erle nocht forthi
 The sege tuk full apertly:
 And pressyt the folk that thar in was
 Swa, that nocht ane the yet durst pass.
 Thai may abid tharin, and ete
 620 Thair wictaill, quhill thai oucht mai get:
 Bot I trow thai sall lettyt be
 To purchess mar in the contré.
 That tyme Eduuard, off Ingland king,

- Had gewyn that castell in keping
 625 Till Schyr Perys Lombert of Gascone.
 And quhen thai off his [warnysone]
 Saw the sege set thar sa stythly,
 Thai mystrow him off tratoury,
 For that he spokyn had with the king.
 630 And for that ilk mystrowing
 Thai tuk him, and put in presoun;
 And off thair awne natioun
 Thai maid ane constable, thaim to lede,
 Bath wyss, and war, and wycht off deid.
 635 And he set wyt, and strenth, and slycht,
 To kep the castell at his mycht.

- But now off thaim I will be still;
 Fol. 34 b And spek a litill quhill I will
 Off the douchty lord off Dowglas,
 640 At that tyme in the Forest was.
 Quhar he mony a juperty,
 And fayr poyntis off chewalry,
 Serwyt als weill be nycht as day,
 Till thaim that in his castellis lay,
 645 Till Roxburch and Jedwort; bot I
 Will lat fele off thaim pass forby;
 For I can noucht reherss thaim all.
 And thought I couth, weill trow ye sall,
 That I might noucht suffice thar to,
 650 Thar suld sa mekill be ado.
 Bot thai, that I wate wyttrely,
 Eftre my wyt reherss will I.

- This tyme that the gud erle Thomas
 Assegyt, as the lettre sayis,
 655 Edinburgh, James off Douglas

- Set all his wit for to purchas
 How Roxburch, throw sutelté
 Or ony craft, mycht wonnyn be;
 Till he gert Syme off the Leidhous,
 660 A crafty man and a curiouss,
 Off hempyn rapis leddris ma,
 With irne steppis bundyn swa,
 That brek wald nocht on nakyn wiss.
 A cruk thai maid, at thair diuiss,
 665 Off irne, that wes styth and squar,
 That fra it in ane kyrneill war,
 And the leddre tharfra straitly
 Strekit, it suld stand sekырly.
 This gud lord off Dowglas, alsone
 670 As this diuisit wes and done,
 Gaderyt gud men in priueté,
 Thre scor, I trow, thai mycht be.
 And on the Fasteryngis ewyn rycht,
 In the begynnyng off the nycht,
 675 To the castell thai tuk thair way.
 With blak frogis all helyt thai
 The armowris that thai on thaim had.
 That come ner by thar, but abad,
 And send haly thair horss thaim fra.
 680 And thai, on rawnge, in ane route gan ga
 On handis and fete, quhen thai war ner,
 Rycht as thai ky or oxin wer,
 That war wont to be bondyn left tharout.
 It wes rycht myrk with owtyn dout:
 685 The quhethir ane, on the wall that lay,
 Besid him till his fere gan say;
 "This man thinkis to mak gud cher,"
 (And nemmyt ane husband thar by ner)
 "That has left all his oxyn owt."

- 690 The tothyr said; ‘It is na dout
 ‘He sall mak mery to nycht, thocht thai
 ‘Be with the Dowglas led away.’
 Thai wend the Dowglas and his men
 Had bene oxin; for thai yeid then
 695 On handis and fete, ay ane and ane.
 The Douglas rycht gud tent has tane
 Till thair spek: bot all sone thai
 Held carpand inwart thair way.

- Douglas’ men tharoff war blyth.
 700 And to the wall thai sped thaim swith:
 And sone has wp thair leddre set,
 That maid ane clap quhen the cruchet
 Wes fixit fast in the kyrneill.
 That herd ane off the wachis weill;
 705 And buskyt thiddirwart but baid.
 Bot Ledehouse, that the leddre maid,
 Sped him to clymb fyrst to the wall:
 Bot or he wes wp gottyn all,
 He at that ward had in keping,
 710 Met him rycht at the wp cummyng.
 And for he thought to ding him doun,
 He maid na noyss, na cry, na soun,
 Bot schot till him deliuerly.
 And he that wes in juperty
 715 To de, a launce he till him maid,
 And gat him be the nek but baid;
 And stekyt him wpwart with a knyff;
 Quhill in his hand he left the lyff.
 And quhen he ded swa saw him ly,
 720 Wp on the wall he went in hy,
 And doun the body kest thaim till;
 And said; “All gangis as we will.

- "Spede yow wpwart deliuerly."
 And thai did sua, in full gret hy.
 725 Bot, or thai wan wp, thar come ane,
 And saw Ledhouss stand him allane,
 And knew he wes nocht off thair men.
 In hy he ruschyt till him then,
 And him assailit sturdely;
 730 Bot he slew him deliuerly.
 For he wes armyt, and wes wycht;
 The tothyr nakyt wes, Ik hicht,
 And had noucht for to stynt the strak.
 Sic mellé thair wp gan he mak,
 735 Quhill Dowglas, and his mengné all,
 Fol. 35 a War cummyn wp upon the wall.
 Than in the tour thai went in hy.
 The folk wes that tyme halily
 In till the hall, at thair daunsyng,
 740 Syngyng, and other wayis playing:
 And, apon Fasteryngis-ewyn this
 As custume is, to mak joy and blys,
 Till folk that ar in to pousté;
 Swa trowyt thai that tyme to be.
 745 Bot, or thai wyst rycht in the hall
 Dowglas, and his rout, cummyn war all.
 And criyt on hycht, "Douglas! Douglas!"
 And thai, that ma war than he was,
 Hard "Douglas!" criyt hidwysly;
 750 Thai war abaysit for the cry;
 And schup rycht na defens to ma.
 And thai but pité gan thaim sla,
 Till thai had gottyn the ourhand.
 The tothyr fled to sek warand;
 755 That owt off mesure ded gane dreid.
 The wardane saw how that it yeid,

- That callyt wes Gilmyn de Fynys.
 In the gret toure he gottyn is,
 And othyr off his cumpany;
 760 And sparryt the entré hastily.
 The lave, that lewynt war with out,
 War tane, or slane, this is na dout;
 Bot giff that ony lap the wall.
 The Douglas that nycht held the hall;
 765 All thocht his fayis thar off war wa.
 His men was gangand to and fra,
 Throw out the castell all that nycht,
 Till on the morn, that day wes lycht.

- The wardane, that was in the tour,
 770 That wes a man off gret walour,
 Gilmyn the Fynys, quhen he saw
 The castell tynt, be cleue and law,
 He set his mycht for to defend
 The tour; but thai with out him send
 775 Arowys in sa gret quantité,
 That anoyit tharoff wes he.
 Bot till the tothyr day nocht for thi
 He held the tour full sturdely.
 And than at ane assalt he was
 780 Woundyt sa felly in the face,
 That he wes dredand off his lyff:
 Tharfor he tretit than beliff;
 And yauld the tour on sic maner,
 That he, and all that with him wer,
 785 Suld sauflly pass in Ingland.
 Dowglas held thaim gud conand,
 And convoid thaim to thar countré.
 Bot thar full schort tyme levyt he:
 For throw the wound in till the face,

- 790 He deyt sone, and beryit was.
Dowglas the castell sesyt all,
That thane wes closyt with stalwart wall;
And send this Leidhouss till the king,
That maid him full gud rewarding.
- 795 And hys brothyr in full gret hy,
Schyr Eduuard, that wes sa douchty,
He send thiddyr to tumbill it down,
Bath tour, and castell, and doungeoun.
And he come with gret cumpany,
- 800 And gert trawaile sa besyly,
That tour and wall, rycht to the ground,
War tumblyt in a litill stound:
And duelt thar, quhill all Tewidale
Come to the kingis pess all haile;
- 805 Owtane Jedwort, and othyr that ner
The Inglis mennys boundis wer.

- Quhen Roxburgh wonnyn was on this wiss,
The erle Thomas, that hey empriss
Set ay on souerane he bounté,
810 At Edynburgh with his mengné
Was lyand at a sege, as I
Tauld yow befor, all opynly.
Bot fra he hard how Roxburgh was
Tane with a trayne, all his purchas,
815 And wyt, and besines, Ik hycht,
He set for to purches sum slycht,
How he mycht help him, throw body
Mellyt with hey chewalry,
To wyn the wall off the castell
- 820 Throw sunkyn slycht. For he wyst weill
That na strenth mycht it playnly get,
Quhill thai with in had men and met.

Tharfor priuely speryt he
 Giff ony man mycht fundyn be,
 825 That couth fynd ony juperty
 To clymb the wallis priuely:
 And he suld have his warysoun.
 For it wes his ententioun
 To put him till all awentur,
 830 Or that a sege on him mysfur.

Than wes thar ane Wilyame Francuss,
 Wycht and apert, wyss and curyuss,
 Fol. 35 b That in till his youtheid had bene
 In the castell: quhen he has sene
 835 The erle sua enkerly him set
 Sum sutelté, or wile, to get,
 Quhar throw the castell have mycht he,
 He come till him in priueté;
 And said; "Me think ye wald blythly
 840 "That men fand yow sum jeperty,
 "How ye mycht our the wallis wyn:
 "And certis giff ye will begyn
 "For till assay on sic awyss,
 "Ik wndretak, for my seruice,
 845 "To ken yow to clymb to the wall.
 "And I sall formast be off all;
 "Quhar with a schort leddre may we,
 "I trow off tuelf fute it may be,
 "Clymb to the wall wp all quyly.
 850 "And gyff that ye will wyt how I
 "Wate this, I sall yow blythly say.
 "Quhen I wes young this hendre day,
 "My fadyr wes kepar of yone houss,
 "And I wes sumdeill walegeouss,
 855 "And lovyt a wench her in the toun.

- " And for I, but suspicioun,
 " Mycht repayr till hyr priuely,
 " Off rapys a leddre to me mad I;
 " And thar with our the wall I slaid.
 860 " A strait roid, that I sperit had,
 " In till the crage, syne doun I went;
 " And offtsyss come till myn entent.
 " And quhen it ner drew to the day,
 " Ik held agayne that ilk way;
 865 " And ay come in but persawing
 " Ik wsyt lang that trawaling;
 " Swa that I kan that roid ga rycht,
 " Thought men se newyr sa myrk the nycht.
 " And giff ye think ye will assay
 870 " To pass wp eftre me that way;
 " Wp to the wall I sall yow bring,
 " Giff God ws sawys fra persawing
 " Off thaim that wachys on the wall.
 " And giff that ws sua fayr may fall,
 875 " That we our leddris wp may set,
 " Giff a man on the wall may get,
 " He sall defend, and it be ned,
 " Quhill the remanand wp thaim sped."
 The erle wes blyth off his carping,
 880 And hycht him fayr rewarding;
 And wndre tuk that gat to ga:
 And bad him sone his leddre ma,
 And hald him priué quhill thai mycht
 Set for thair purposs on a nycht.

 885 Sone eftre wes the leddre made;
 And than the erle, but mar abaid,
 Puruayt him a nycht priuely,
 With thretty men, wycht and hardy;

- And in a myrk nycht held thair way,
 890 That put thaim till full hard assay,
 And to gret perell sekyrly.
 I trow, mycht thai haiff sene clerly,
 That gat had nocht bene wndretane,
 Thought thai to let thaim had nocht ane.
 895 For the crag wes hey, and hidwouss,
 And the clymbing rycht peralous:
 For hapnyt ony to slyd and fall,
 He suld sone be to fruschytt all.
 The nycht wes myrk, as Ik hard say,
 900 And to the fute sone cummyn ar thai
 Off the crag, that wes hey and schor.
 Than Wilyame Fransoys thaim befor
 Clamb in crykes forouth ay;
 And at the bak him folowyt thai,
 905 With mekill payne; quhile to, quhile fra,
 Thai clamb in to thai crykys sua,
 Quhile halff the crag thai clumbyn had:
 And thar a place thai fand sa brad,
 That thai mycht syt on anerly.
 910 And thai war ayndles and wery:
 And thair abaid thair aynd to ta.
 And rycht as thai war sittand swa,
 Rycht aboune thaim, wp upon the wall,
 The chak wachys assemblyt all.
 915 Now help thaim God, that all thing mai!
 For in full gret perell ar thai.
 For mycht thai se thaim thar, suld nane
 Eschape out off that place wnslane:
 To dede with stanys thai suld thaim ding,
 920 That thai mycht help thaim selwyn nathing.

Bot wondre myrk wes the nycht,
 Swa that thai off thaim had na sicht,

- And nocht for thi yete wes thar ane
 Off thaim, that swappyt doun a stane,
 925 And said; "Away! I se yow weile."
 The quhethir he saw thaim noucht a dele.
 Owt our thair hedis flaw the stane;
 And thai sat still lurkand ilkane.
 The wachys, quhen thai herd noucht ster,
 930 Fra that ward samyn all passit er,
 And carpand held fer by thair way.
 The erle Thomas alsone, and thai
 That on the crag thar sat him by,
 Towart the wall clamb hastily,
 935 And thiddyr [cam] with mekill mayn,
 Fol. 36 a And nocht but gret perell and payn.
 For fra thine wp wes grewouser
 To clymb wp, ne be neth be fer.
 Bot quhatkyn payn sua euir thai had,
 940 Rycht to the wall thai come but bad,
 That had weile ner twelf fute of hycht.
 And, for owt persawing or sycht,
 Thai set their leddre to the wall.
 And syne Fransoys, befor thaim all,
 945 Clamb wp; and syne Schyr Androw Gray;
 And syne the erle him selff, perfay,
 Was the thrid that the wall can ta.
 Quhen thai thar doune thair lord swa
 Saw clymbyne wp apon the wall,
 950 As woud men thai clamb eftre all.

 Bot or all wp clumbene war thai,
 Thai that war wachys till assay,
 Hard steryng, and priué speking,
 And alswa fraying off armyng;
 955 And on thaim schot full sturdely:
 And thai met thaim rycht hardely;

- And slew off thaim dispitously.
 Than throw the castell raiss the cry:
 "Tresoun! Tresoun!" thai criyt fast.
- 960 Than sum of tham war sua agast,
 That thai fled, and lap our the wall.
 Bot to sa swyth, thai fled nocht all.
 For the constabill, that wes hardy,
 All armyt schot furth to the cry;
- 965 And with him fele hardy and stout.
 Yeyt wes the erle, with his rout,
 Fechtand with thaim apon the wall;
 Bot sone he discumfit thaim all.
 Be that his men war cummyn ilkan
- 970 Wp to the wall; and he has tane
 His way down to the castell sone.
 In gret perell he has him doyn:
 For thai wer fer ma men tharin,
 And thai had bene of gud covyn,
- 975 Than he; bot thai effrayit war.
 And nocht for thi, with wapnys bar,
 The constabill, and his cumpany,
 Met him and his rycht hardely.

- Thar mycht men se gret bargane riss:
- 980 For with wapnys of mony wiss
 Thai dang on othyr, at thair mycht,
 Quhill swerdis that war fayr and brycht
 War till the hiltis all bludy.
 Then hidwysly begouth the cry:
- 985 For thai, that fellyt or stekyt war,
 Hidwysly gan cry and rar.
 The gud erle, and his cumpany,
 Faucht in that fycht sa sturdely,

- That all thair fayis ruschyt war.
 990 The constable wes slane rycht thar:
 And fra he fell, the ramanand
 Fled, quhar thai best mycht, to warand.
 Thai durst noucht bid to ma debate.
 The erle wes handlyt thar sa hat.
 995 That had it nocht hapnyt throw cass,
 That the constable thar slane then was.
 He had bene in gret perell thar.
 Bot quhen thai fled thar wes no mar;
 Bot ilk man, to sauff his lyff,
 1000 Fled furth his dayis for to dryve;
 And sum slaid doune out our the wall.
 The erle has tane the castell all;
 For then wes nane durst him withstand.
 I hard newyr quhar, in nakin land,
 1005 Wes castell tane sa hardely,
 Owtakyn Treile all anerly,
 Quhen Alexander the conquerour,
 That conquest Babilonys tour,
 Lap on bar fors fra the wall;
 1010 Quhar he amang his fayis all,
 Defendyt hym full doughtely,
 Quhill his noble chewalry
 With leddris our the wall yeid,
 That nothyr left for dede no dreid.
 1015 For fra thai wyst weill that the king
 Wes in the toune, thar wes na thing
 In till that tym that stynt thaim moucht,
 For all perell thai set at noucht.
 Thai clamb the wall; and Aristé
 1020 Come fyrst to the gud king, quhar he
 Defendyt him, with all his mycht

- That then sa hard wes set, Ik hycht,
 That he wes fellit on a kne:
 He till his bak had set a tre,
 1025 For dred thai suld behind assaile.
 Aristé then to the bataile
 Sped him in all hy sturdely;
 And dang on thaim sa douchtely,
 That the king weile reskewit was.
 1030 For his men, in to syndri plas,
 Clamb our the wall and soucht the king,
 And him reskewit with hard fechting;
 And wane the toun deliuerly.
 Owtane this taking anerly,
 Fol. 36 b 1035 I herd newir, in na tym gane,
 Quhar castell was sa stoutly tane.

- And off this taking that I mene
 Sanct Margaret, the gud haly queyne,
 Wyst in hyr tyme, throw reweling
 1040 Off him that knaws and wate all thing.
 Tharfor, in sted off prophecy,
 Scho left a taknyng rycht joly,
 That is yeit in till hyr chapele.
 Scho gert weile portray a castell,
 1045 A leddre wp to the wall standand,
 And a man wp thar apon climband.
 And a wrat oucht him, as auld men sais,
 In Frankis, *Gardys wouys de Fransais*.
 And for this word scho gert wryt swa,
 1050 Men wend the Frankis men suld it ta.
 Bot for Frawnsois hattyn wes he,
 That swa clamb wp in priueté,
 Scho wrat that, as in prophecy:

And it fell eftrewart sothly
 1055 Rycht as scho said; for tane it was,
 And *Frawensoys* led thaim wp that pass.

On this wiss Edinburgh wes tane;
 And thai that war tharin ilkane
 Othyr tane, or slane, or lap the wall.
 1060 Thair gudis haiff thai lesyt all;
 And souch the howss euirilkane.
 Schyr Peris Lubant that wes tane,
 As I said er befor, thai fand
 In boyis, and hard festnyng sittand.
 1065 Thai broucht him till the erle in hy,
 And he gert louss him hastily;
 Then he become the kingis man.
 Thai send word to the king rycht than,
 And tauld how the castell wes tane.
 1070 And he in hy is thidder gane,
 With mony ane in cumpany;
 And gert myne down, all halily,
 Bath tour and wall rycht to the grond:
 And syne our all the land gan fond,
 1075 Sesand the countré till his pess.
 Off this deid, that sa worthi wes,
 The erle wes prisyt gretumly.
 The king, that saw him sa worthi,
 Wes blyth, and joyfull our the lave,
 1080 And to manteyme his stat, him gave
 Rentis and landis fayr inewch.
 And he to sa gret worschip dreuch,
 That all spak off his gret bounté.
 Hys fayis gretly stonayit he;
 1085 For he fled neuir for force off fycht.

Quhat sall I mar say off his mycht?
 His gret manheid, and his bounté,
 Gerris him yeit renownyt be.

- In this tyme, that thir jupertyss
 1090 Off thir castellis, that I dewiss,
 War eschewyt sa hardely,
 Schir Eduuard the Bruce, the hardy,
 Had all Galloway and Nydysdale
 Wonnyn till his liking all haile;
 1095 And dongyn down the castellis halle
 Rycht in the dyk, bath tour and wall.
 He hard then say, and knew it weill,
 That in Ruglyne wes a pele.
 Thiddir he went, with his menye,
 1100 And wonnyn it in schoit tyme has he.
 Syne to Dundé he tuk the way,
 That then wes haldyne, as Ic herd say,
 Agayne the king. Tharfor in hy
 He set a sege thar to stoutly;
 1105 And lay thar quhill it yoldyn was.
 To Strewillyne syne the way he tais;
 Quhar gud Schyr Philip the Mowbray,
 That wes sa douchty at assay,
 Wes wardane; and had in keping
 1110 That castell, of the Inglis king.
 Thar till a sege thai set stythly;
 Thai bykyrrit oftsyss sturdely;
 Bot gret chewalry done wes nane.
 Schyr Eduuard, fra the sege wes tane,
 1115 A weile lang tyme about it lay,
 Fra the Lentryne, that is to say,
 Quhill forouth the Sanct Jhonys mess;
 The Inglis folk, that tharin wes,

Begouth to failye wictaill be than.
1120 Than Schyr Philip, that douchti man,
Tretyt quhill thai consentit war,
That giff at Mydsomer, the neist yer
To cum, it war nocht with bataile
Reskewyt; then that, for owtyn faile,
1125 He suld the castell yauld quytly.
That connand band thai sickyrly.

BUKE AUCHT.

- AND quhen this connand thus wes maid,
 Schir Philip in till Ingland raid;
 And tauld the king all haile his tale,
 How he a twelf moneth all hale
 5 Had, as it wrytyn wes in thair taile,
 Fol. 37 a To reskew Strewillyne with bataill.
 And quhen he hard Schyr Philip say
 That Scottis men had set a day
 To fecht, and that sic space he had
 10 To purway him, he wes rycht glaid;
 And said, it wes gret sukudry
 That set thaim apon sic foly.
 For he thought to be, or that day,
 Sa purwayit, and in sic aray,
 15 That thar suld nane strenth him withstand.
 And quhen the lordis off Ingland
 Herd that this day wes set planly,
 Thai jugyt it all for to failly,
 And thought to haiff all thair liking,
 20 Giff men abaid thaim in fechting.
 Bot oft faillys the fulis thocht:
 And yeit wyssmennys ay cummys nocht
 To sic end, as thai wene, allwayis.
 A litill stane oft, as men sayis,
 25 May ger weltyr a mekill wayn.
 Na mannys mycht may stand agayn

The grace off God, that all thing steris.
 He wate quhat till all thing afferis;
 And disponys at his liking,
 30 Eftir his ordynance, all thing.

Quhen Schyr Eduuard, as I yow say,
 Had gevyn sa owtrageouss a day
 To yeld or reskew Strewillyne,
 Rycht to the king he went him syne.
 35 And tauld quhat tretim he had mad;
 And quhat day he thaim gevyn had.
 The king said, quhen he hard the day;
 "That wes unwisly doyn perfay!
 "Ik herd neur quhar sa lang warnyng
 40 "Wes gevyn to sa mychty a king,
 "As is the king off Ingland.
 "For he has now in till hand
 "Ingland, Ireland, and Walis alsua,
 "And Aquitayngné yeit, with all tha;
 45 "And off Scotland yeit a party
 "Duellis wndre his senyowry.
 "And off tresour sua stuffyt is he,
 "That he may wageouris haiff plenté.
 "And we ar quhoynes agayne sa fele.
 50 "God may rycht weill oure werdys dele;
 "Bot we ar set in juperty
 "To tyne, or wyn, then hastily."
 Schir Eduuard said; 'Sa God me rede!
 'Thocht he, and all that he may led,
 55 'Cum; we sall fecht all, war thai ma.'
 Quhen the king hard his brodyr sua
 Spek to the bataile sa hardyly,
 He prisyt him in hys hart gretumly,
 And said; "Brodyr, sen sua is gane,

- 60 " That this thing thus is wndretane,
 " Schap we ws tharfor manlely;
 " And all that luffis ws tendrely,
 " And the fredome off this countré,
 " Purway thaim at that time to be
 65 " Boune, with all the mycht that euir thai may:
 " Swa, giff that our fayis assay
 " To reskew Strewilline, throw bataill,
 " That we off purpos ger thaim faill."
 To this thai all assentyt ar,
 70 And bad thair men all mak thaim yar
 For to be boune agayne that day,
 On the best wiss that euir thai may.

- Than all, that worthi war to fycht,
 Off Scotland, set all hale thair mycht
 75 To purway thaim, agane that day.
 Wapynnys and armowris purwayit thai;
 And all that afferis to fechting.
 And in Ingland the mychty king
 Purwayit him in sa gret aray,
 80 That, certis hard I neuir say,
 That Inglis men mar aparaile
 Maid, then thai did for [that] bataill.
 For quhen the tyme wes cummyn ner,
 He assemblit all his powér.
 85 And, but his awne chewalry,
 That wes sa gret it wes ferly,
 He had of mony ser countré
 With him gud men of gret bounté.
 Of Fraunce worthi chewalry
 90 He had in till his cumpany;
 The erle off Henaud als wes thar,
 And with him men that worthi war;

- Off Gascoyne, and off Almany,
 And off the worthyast off Bretayngy,
 95 He had wycht men, and weill farand,
 Armyt clenly, bath fute and hand.
 Off Ingland, to the chewalry
 He had thar gaderyt sa clenly,
 That nane left that mycht wapynnys weld,
 100 Or mychty war to fecht in feild.
 All Walis als with him had he;
 Fol. 37 b And off Irland a gret mengné;
 Off Poutyne, Aquitayne, and Bayoune,
 He had mony off gret renoune;
 105 Ane hundre thowsand men, and ma:
 And fourty thowsand war of tha
 Armyt on hors, bath heid and hand.
 And off thai yeit war thre thousand,
 With helyt horss in plate and mailye,
 110 To mak the front off the batailye.
 And fyfty thousand off archeris
 He had, for owtyn hobeleris.
 And men of fute [and smal rangale,]
 That yemyt harnays and wictaile,
 115 He had sa fele, it wes ferly.
 Off cartis als thar yeid thaim by
 Sa fele that, but all thai that bar
 Harnays, and als that chargyt war
 With pailyownys, and weschall with all,
 120 And aparaile of chambyr and hall,
 And wyne, and wax, schot, and wictaile,
 Aucht scor, chargyt with pulaile.
 Thai war sa fele quhar that thai raid,
 And thair bataillis war sa braid,
 125 And swa gret rowme held thair char,
-

- Than men that mekill ost mycht se,
 Nerby quha sa wald be,
 Ourtak the landis largely.
 Men mycht se than, that had bene by,
 130 Mony a worthi man, and wycht;
 And mony ane armur gayly dycht,
 And mony ane sturdy sterand sted,
 Arayit in till ryche wede;
 Mony helmys, and haberiownys;
 135 Scheldis and speris, and penownys;
 And sa many a cumbly knycht,
 That it semyt that in to fycht
 Thai suld wencuss the warld all haile.
 Quhy suld I mak to lang my taile?
 140 To Berwik ar [thai] cummyn ilkane;
 And sum tharin has innys tane;
 And sum logyt with owt the townys,
 In tentis and in pailyownys.
 And quhen the king his ost has sene
 145 So gret; and sa gud men, and clene;
 He wes rycht joyfull in his thought:
 And weil supposyt that thar wes nocht
 In warld a king mycht him withstand.
 Him thought all womyn till his hand;
 150 And largely amang his men
 The land of Scotland delt he then.
 Off othyr mennys thing larg wes he.
 And thai, that war off hys menye,
 Manausyt the Scottis men hely
 155 With gret wordis. Bot nocht for thi,
 Or thai cum all to thair entent,
 Howis in haile claith sall be rent.

The king, throu consaile of his men.
 His folk delt in bataillis ten.

- 160 In ilkane war weile ten thousand,
 That lete thai stalwartly suld stand
 In the bataile, and stythly fycht;
 And leve nocht for thair fayis mycht.
 He set ledaris till ilk bataile,
 165 That knawin war of gud gouernaile.
 And till renownyt erlis twa,
 Off Glosyster and Herfurd war tha,
 He gaif the waward in leding,
 With mony men at thair bidding,
 170 Ordanyt in to full gud aray.
 Thai war sa chewalrouss, that thai
 Trowyt, giff thai come to fycht,
 Thar suld na strenth withstand thair mycht.
 And the king, quhen his mengné wer
 175 Diwysit in till bataillis ser,
 His awyne bataill ordanyt he;
 And quha suld at his bridill be.
 Schyr Gilis de Argenté he set
 Apon a half, hys reyngye to get;
 180 And off Walence Schyr Amery
 On othyr half, that wes worthy;
 For in thair souerane bounté
 Owt our the lave affyit he.

- Quhen the king, apon this kyn wyss,
 185 Had ordanyt, as Ik her diuiss,
 His bataillis, and his stering,
 He raiss arly in a mornyng,
 And fra Berwik he tuk the way.
 Bath hillis and walis helyt thai,
 190 As the bataillis, that war braid,
 Departyt our the feldis raid.
 The sone wes brycht, and schynand cler,
 And armouris that burnysyt wer,

- Swa blomyt with the sonnys beme,
 195 That all the land wes in a leme.
 Baneris rycht fayrly flawmand,
 And penselys to the wynd wawand,
 Swa fele thar war of ser quentiss,
 Fol. 38 a That it war gret slycht to diuise.
 200 And suld I tell all thar affer,
 Thar contenance, and thar maner,
 Thought I couth, I suld combryt be.
 The king, with all that gret menye,
 Till Edinburgh he raid him rycht.
 205 Thai war all out to fele to fycht
 With few folk, of a symple land.
 Bot quhar God helpys quhat ma withstand?

- The king Robert, quhen he hard say
 That Inglis men in sic aray,
 210 And in to sua gret quantité,
 Come in his land; in hy gert he
 His men be somound generaly.
 And thai come all, full wilfully,
 To the Torwod, quhar that the king
 215 Had ordanyt to mak thair meting.
 Schir Eduuard the Bruce, the worthi,
 Come with a full gret cumpany
 Off gud men, armyt weill at rycht,
 Hardy, and forsy for to fycht.
 220 Waltre, stewart of Scotland syne,
 That than wes bot a berdles hyne,
 Come with a rout of noble men,
 That men mycht be contynence ken.
 The gud lord of Dowglas alsua
 225 Broucht with him men, Ik wndreta,
 That weile war wsyt in fechting;

- Thai sall the les haiff abaysing ;
 Giff thaim betid in thrang to be,
 Awantage thai sall tittar se,
 230 For to stonay thair fayis mycht,
 Than men that wsis nocht to fycht.
 The erle off Murreff, with his men
 Arayit weile, come alsua then
 In to gud cowyne for to fycht,
 235 And gret will for to manteym thair mycht.
 Owtakyn, thair mony barownys,
 And knychtis that of gret renowne is,
 Come, with thair men, full stalwartly.
 Quhen thai war assemblyt halely,
 240 Off fechtand men I trow thai war
 Thretty thowsand, and sum dele mar ;
 For owtyn cariage and pettail,
 That yemyt harnayis and wictaill.

- Our all the ost than yeid the king ;
 245 And beheld to thair contenyng,
 And saw thaim of full fayr affer.
 Off hardy contenance thai wer ;
 Be liklynes the mast cowart
 Semyt full weill to do his part.
 250 The king has sene all thair hawing,
 And knew him weile in to sic thing ;
 And saw thaim all commounaly
 Off sic contenance, and sa hardy,
 For owt effray or abaysing,
 255 In his hart had he gret liking.
 And thought that men of sa gret will,
 Giff thai wald set thair will thar till,
 Suld be full hard to wyn perfay.
 And as he met thaim in the way,

- 260 He welcummyt thaim with glaidsum far,
 Spekand gud wordis her and thar.
 And thai that thair lord sa mekly
 Saw welcum thaim, and sa hamly,
 Joyfull thai war: and thought that thai
 265 Aucht weill to put thaim till assay
 Off hard fechting, or stalwart stur,
 For to maynteyme hys honur.

- The worthi king, quhen he has sene
 Hys ost assemblit all bedene;
 270 And saw thaim wilfull to fulfill
 His liking, with gud hart and will;
 And to maynteyme weill thar [franchiss:]
 He wes reiosyt mony wyss.
 And callyt all his consaile priué,
 275 And said thaim; "Lordis, now ye se
 "That Inglis men, with mekill mycht,
 "Has all disponyt thaim for the fycht:
 "For thai yone castell wald reskew.
 "Tharfor is gud we ordane now
 280 "How we may let thaim of thair purpos;
 "And sua to thaim the wayis closs,
 "That thai pass nocht, but gret letting.
 "We haiff her with ws at bidding
 "Weile thretty thowsand men, and ma.
 285 "Mak we four bataillis of tha;
 "And ordane ws on sic maner,
 "That when our fayis cummys ner,
 "We to the New Park hald our way;
 "For thar behowys thaim nede away,
 290 "Bot giff that thai will be newth us ga,
 "And our the merraiss passand swa,
 "We sall be at awantage thar.

- " And me think that richt spedfull war
 " To gang on fute to this fechtng,
 295 " Armyt bot in litill armyng ;
 Fol. 38 b " For schup we ws on hors to fycht,
 " Sen our fayis ar mar off mycht,
 " And better horsyt than ar we,
 " We suld in to gret perell be.
 300 " And gyff we fecht on fute, perfay
 " At a wantage we sall be ay.
 " For in the park, amang the treys,
 " The horss men [cumbryt beis] alwayis.
 " And the sykis als sua, that ar thar doun,
 305 " Sall put thaim to confusioun."

- All thai consentyt till that saw.
 And than, in till a litill thraw,
 Thair four bataillis ordanyt thai.
 And till the erle Thomas perfay
 310 Thai gaif the waward in leding ;
 For in his noble gouernyng,
 And in his hey chewalry,
 Thai assoweryt rycht souerany.
 And, for to maynteyme his baner,
 315 Lordis, that of gret worschip wer,
 War assygnyt, with thair mengné,
 In till his battaill for to be.
 The tothyr bataill wes geuyn to led
 Till him, that douchty wes of deid,
 320 And prisyt off hey chewalry ;
 That wes Schyr Eduuard the worthy.
 I trow he sall maynteyme it sua
 That, howsa euir the gamyn ga,
 Hys fayis to plenyne sall mater haf.
 325 And syne the thrid bataill thai gaff

- Till Waltre Stewart for to leid;
 And to Douglas douchty of deid.
 Thai war cosyngis in ner degre,
 Tharfor till him betaucht wes he:
 330 For he wes young; but nocht for thi
 I trow he sall sa manlily
 Do his dewour, and wirk sa weill,
 That him sall nede ne mar yemseill.
 The ferd bataile the noble king
 335 Tuk till his awne gouernyng:
 And had in till his cumpany
 The men of Carrik halely;
 And off Arghile, and of Kentyr,
 And off the Ilis, quharoff wes Syr
 340 Anguss of Ile and But, all tha.
 He of the plane land had alsua
 Off armyt men a mekill rout:
 His bataill stalwart wes and stout.
 He said the rerward he wald ma;
 345 And ewyn [be] for him suld ga
 The waward; and, on athir hand,
 The tothyr bataillis suld be gangand,
 Besid on sid a litill space:
 And the king, that behind thaim was,
 350 Suld se quhar thar war mast myster,
 And releve thar with his baner.

- The king thus, that wes wycht and wys,
 And rycht awisé at diuiss,
 Ordanyt his men for the fechting
 355 In gud aray in alkin thing.
 And on the morn, on Settreday,
 The king hard his discourouris say
 That Inglis men, with mekill mycht,

- Had lyin at Edinburgh all nycht.
 360 Tharfor, with owtyn mar delay,
 He till the New Park held his way,
 With all that in his leding war;
 And in the park thaim herberyt thar.
 And in a plane feld, be the way,
 365 Quhar he thought ned behowyd away
 The Inglis men, gif that thai wald
 Throw the park to the castell hald,
 He gert men mony pottis ma,
 Off a fute breid round; and all tha
 370 War dep wp till a mannys kne;
 Sa thyk, that thai mycht liknyt be
 'Till a wax cayme, that beis mais.
 All that nycht trawailland he wais;
 Swa that or day he has maid
 375 Thai pottis, and thaim helyt haid
 With stykkis, and with gres all grene,
 Swa that thai moucht nocht weil be sen.

- On Sonday than, in the mornyng,
 Weile sone eftir the sone rising,
 380 Thai hard thair mess commounaly.
 And mony thaim schraiff full devoutly,
 That thought to dey in that mellé,
 Or than to mak thair contré fre.
 To God, for thair rycht, prayit thai.
 385 Thar dynit nane of thaim that day;
 Bot, for the vigil of Sanct Jhane,
 Thai fastyt water and breid ilkan.
 The king, quhen that the mess wes don,
 Went furth to se the pottis sone;
 390 And at his liking saw thaim mad.
 On athir sid, rycht weill braid,

It wes pittyt, as Ik haif tauld.
 Giff that thair fayis on horss wald hald
 Furth in that way, I trow thai sall
 39 a 395 Nocht weill eschaip for owtyne a fall.
 Throw out the ost than gert he cry
 That all suld arme thaim hastily,
 And busk thaim on thair best maner.
 And quhen thai assemblyt wer,
 400 He gert array thaim for the fycht:
 And syne gert cry our all on hycht,
 That quha sa euir he war, that fand
 Hys hart nocht sekyr for to stand
 To wyn all, or dey with honor,
 405 For to maynteyme that stalwart stour,
 That he betyme suld hald his way;
 And [nane] suld duell with him, bot thai
 That wald stand with him to the end,
 And tak the vre that God wald send.
 410 Than all ansuerd with a cry,
 And with a woce said generaly;
 That nane for dout off deid suld faile,
 Quhill discumfyt war the gret bataile.

Quhen the gud king has hard his men
 415 Sa hardely ansuer him then,
 Sayand that nothyr dede, na dreid,
 Till sic discomfort suld thaim leid,
 That thai suld eschew the fechting;
 In hart he had gret reiosing.
 420 For him thought men off sic covyne,
 Sa gud and hardy, and sa fyne,
 Suld weile in bataill hald thair rycht,
 Agayne men off full mekill mycht.
 Syne all the smale folk, and pitall,
 425 He send with harnays and with wictail

- In till the park, weill fer him fra;
 And fra the bataillis gert thaim ga.
 And as he bad, thai went thar way;
 Twenty thowsand weile ner war thai.
 430 Thai held thair way till a walé;
 The king left with a clene mengné.
 The quethir thai war thretty thousand,
 That I trow sall stalwartly stand,
 And do thair dewour as thai aw.
 435 Thai stud than rangyt all on raw,
 Redy for to gyff hard battaill,
 Giff ony folk wald thaim assaile.
 The king gert thaim all buskit be;
 For he wyst in certanté
 440 That his fayis all nycht lay
 At the Fawkyrk; and syne that thai
 Held towart him the way all straucht,
 With mony men of mekill maucht.
 Tharfor till his newo bad he,
 445 The erle off Murreff, with his menye,
 Besid the kyrk to kepe the way,
 That na man pass that gat away,
 For to debate the castell.
 And he said, him self suld weill
 450 Kep the entré with his bataill,
 Giff that ony wald thar assale.
 And syne his brodyr, Schyr Eduuard,
 And young Waltre alsua Steward,
 And the lord off Douglas alsua,
 455 With thair mengné, gud tent suld ta,
 Quhilk off thaim had of help myster,
 And help with thaim that with hym wer.

The king send than James of Douglas,
 And Schyr Robert the Keyth, that than was

- 460 Marschell off all the ost, of fé,
The Inglis mennys come to se.
And thai lap on, and furth thai raid;
Weile horsyt men with thaim thai had:
And sone the gret ost haf thai sene,
465 Quhar scheildis schynand war sa schene,
And bassynetis burnyst brycht,
That gave agayne the sone gret lycht.
Thai saw sa fele browdyne baneris,
Standaris, and pennownys, and speris,
470 And sa fele knychtis apon stedis,
All flawmand in thair [joly] wedis;
And sa fele bataillis, and sa braid,
That tuk sa gret rowme as thai raid,
That the maist ost, and the stoutest,
475 Off Crystyndome, and the grettest,
Suld be abaysit for to se
Thair fayis in to sic quantité,
And swa arayit for to fycht.
Quhen thair discourrouris has had sycht
480 Off thair fayis as I yow say,
Toward the king thai tuk thair way,
And tauld him, in till priueté,
The multitud, and the beauté,
Off thair fayis, that come sa braid,
485 And off the gret mycht that thai haid.
Than the king bad thaim thai suld ma
Na contenance that it war sua;
Bot lat thaim in to comowne say,
That thai come in till ewyll aray,
490 To comfort his on that wyss.
For oftsyss throw a word may ryss
Discomford, and tynsaill with all.
And throu a word, als weill may fall,

- Comford may ryss, and hardlyment
 495 May ger men do [all] thair entent.
 On the samyn wiss it did here;
 Thar comford, and thar hardy cher,
 Comford thaim sa gretumly.
 Fol. 39 b Off thair ost that the leyst hardy
 500 Be contenance wald formast be
 For to begyne the gret mellé.
- Apon this wiss the noble king
 Gaff all his men recomforting,
 Throw hardy contenance of cher,
 505 That he maid on sa gud maner.
 Thaim thought that na myscheiff mycht be.
 Sa gret, with thi thai him mycht se
 Befor thaim, sua that thaim suld greve,
 That ne his worschip suld thaim releve.
 510 His worschip comfort thaim sua,
 And contenance that he gan ma,
 That the mast coward wes hardy.
 On othyr half, full sturdely,
 The Inglis men, in sic aray
 515 As ye haf herd me forouth say,
 Come with thair bataillis approachand.
 The baneris to the wynd wawand.
 And quhen thai cummyn war sa ner,
 That bot twa myle betuix thaim wer,
 520 Thai chesyt a joly cumpany
 Off men, that wicht war and hardy,
 On fayr courseris armyt at rycht.
 Four lordys off mekill mycht
 War capitanyis of that route.
 525 The Syr the Clyffurd, that wes stout,
 Wes off thaim all souerane leidar:

Aucht hundre armyt, I trow, thai war.
 Thai war all young men, and joly,
 Yarnand to do chewalry;
 530 Off best of ywill the ost war thai
 Off contenance, and off aray:
 Thai war the fayrest cumpany
 That men mycht find of sa mony.

To the castell thai thought to far:
 535 For giff that thai weill mycht cum thar,
 Thai thought it suld reskewit be.
 Furth on thair way held this menye,
 And towart Strewilline held thair way.
 The New Park all eschewit thai;
 540 For thai wist weill the king wes thar;
 And newth the New Park gan thai far,
 Weill newth the kyrk, in till a rout.
 The erle Thomas, that wes sa stout,
 Quhen he saw thaim sa ta the plane,
 545 In gret hy went he thaim agane,
 With fyve hundre, for owtyn ma,
 Anoyit in his hart, and wa
 That thai sa fer wer passit by.
 For the king haid said him rudly,
 550 That "a rose of his chaplete
 "Was fallyn;" for quhar he wes set
 To kep the way thai men war past.
 And tharfor he hastyt him sa fast,
 That cummyn in schort tyme wes he
 555 To the plane feld, with his menye.
 For he thought that he suld amend
 That he trespassit had, or than end.
 And quhen the Inglis men him saw
 Cum on, for owtyn dyn or aw,

- 560 And tak sa hardely the plane,
 In hy thai sped thaim him agane;
 And strak with spuris the stedis stith.
 That bar thaim ewyn hard and swith.
 And quhen the erle saw that menye
 565 Cum sa stoutly, till his said he;
 "Be nocht abaysit for thair schor,
 "Bot settis speris yow befor.
 "And bak to bak set all your rout
 "And all the speris poyntis owt.
 570 "Swagate ws best defend may we,
 "Enweronyt with thaim gif we be."

- And as he bad thaim thai haf done:
 And the tothyr come on alsone.
 Befor thaim all come prekand
 575 A knycht, hardy off hart and hand,
 And a wele gret lord at hame,
 Schyr Gilyame de Amecout wes his name;
 And prekyt on thaim hardely.
 And thai met him sa sturdely,
 580 That he and horss wes borne doune,
 And slayne rycht thar for owt ransoun.
 With Inglis men gretly wes he
 Menyt that day, and his bounté.
 The lave come on rycht sturdely;
 585 Bot nane off thaim sa hardely
 Ruschyt amang thaim, as did he.
 Bot with fer mar maturyté,
 Thai assemblyt all in a rout,
 And enweround thaim all about,
 590 Assailyeand thaim on ilka sid.
 And thai with speris woundis wyd
 Gaff till the horss that cum thaim ner;

- And thai that ridand on thaim wer,
 That doune war borne, losyt the lyvis.
 595 And othyr speris, dartis, and knyffis,
 And wapynnys on ser maner,
 Kest amang thaim that fechtand wer;
 That thaim defendyt sa wittily,
 That thair fayis had gret ferly.
 ol. 40 a 600 For sum wald schout out of thair rout,
 And off thaim that assaylyt about,
 Stekyt stedis, and bar down men.
 The Inglis men sa rudly then
 Kest amang thaim suerdis and mass,
 605 That ymyd thaim a monteyle was
 Of wapynnys, that war warpyt thar.
 The erle and his thus fechtand war
 At gret myscheiff, as I yow say.
 For quhonnar, be full fer, war thai
 610 Than thair fayis; and all about
 War enweround; quhar mony rout
 War roucht [thaim] full dispitously.
 Thair fayis demanyt thaim full starkly.
 On athir half thai war sa stad,
 615 For the rycht gret heyt that thai had,
 For fechtyn, and for sonnys het,
 That all thair flesche of swate wes wete.
 And sic a stew raiss out of thaim then,
 Off aneding bath of hors and men,
 620 And off powdyr; that sic myrknes
 In till the ayr abowyne thaim wes,
 That it wes wondre for to se.
 Thai war in gret perplexité.
 Bot with gret trawail noch for thi
 625 Thai thaim defendyt manlily:
 And set bath will, and strenth and mycht,

- To rusch thair fayis in that fycht,
 That thaim demanyt than angryly.
 Bot gyff God help thaim hastily,
 630 Thai sall thair fill have off fechting.
 Bot quhen the noble renownyt king,
 With othyr lordis that war him by,
 Saw how the erle abandounly
 Tuk the plane feld, James of Douglas
 635 Come to the king, rycht quhar he was,
 And said; "A Schyr! Sanct Mary!
 "The erle off Murref opynly
 "Tayss the plane feld, with his mengné.
 "He is in perell, bot he be
 640 "Sone helpyt; for his fayis ar ma
 "Than he, and horsyt weill alsua.
 "And with your leve I will me speid
 "To help him, for he has [gret] ned:
 "All umbeweround with his fayis is he."
 645 The king said; "Sa our Lord me se!
 "A fute till him thow sall nocht ga.
 "Giff he weile dois, lat him weile ta.
 "Quhethir euir him happyn to wyn or loss,
 "I will nocht for him brek purpos."
 650 "Certis," said James, "I ma na wiss
 "Se that his fayis him suppress,
 "Quhen that I may set help thartill.
 "With your leve, sekyrly I will
 "Help him, or dey in to the payn."
 655 "Do than, and speid the sone agayn;"
 The king said: and he held his way.
 Gyff he may cum in tyme, perfoy
 I trow he sall him help sa weill,
 That all his fayis sall it feill.

660 Now Dowglas furth his wayis tais;

- And in that selfi tyme fell, throw caiss,
 That the king off Ingland, quhen he
 Was cummyn with his gret menye
 Ner to the place, as I said ar.
- 665 Quhar Scottis men arayit war.
 He gert arest all his bataill,
 And othyr alsua to tak consaill,
 Quhethir thai wald herbry thaim that nycht;
 Or than but mar ga to the fycht.
- 670 The waward, that wist na thing
 Off this arest, na his duelling.
 Raid to the Park all straucht thair way.
 For owtyn stinting, in gud aray.
 And quhen the king wist that thai wer,
- 675 In hale bataill, cummand sa ner,
 His bataill gert he weill aray.
 He raid apon a litill palfray,
 Laucht; and joly arayand
 His bataill, with an ax in hand.
- 680 And on his bassynet he bar
 An hat off tyre aboune ay quhar;
 And thar wpon, in to taknyng,
 Ane hey croune, that he wes king.

- And quhen Glosyster and Herfurd war,
 685 With thair bataill, approachand ner.
 Befor thaim all thar come rydand,
 With helm on heid, and sper in hand,
 Schyr Henry the Boune, the worthi.
 That wes a wycht knycht, and a hardy;
- 690 And to the erle off Herfurd cusyne;
 Armyt in armys gud and fyne;
 Come on a sted, a bow schote ner.
 Befor all othyr that thar wer:

- And knew the king, for that he saw
 695 Him swa rang his men on raw;
 And by the croune, that wes set
 Alsua apon his bassynet.
 And towart him he went in hy.
 Fol. 40 b And [quhen] the king sua apertly
 700 Saw him cum, forouth all his feris,
 In hy till him the hors he steris.
 And quhen Schyr Henry saw the king
 Cum on, for owtyn abaysing,
 Till him he raid in full gret hy.
 705 He thought that he suld weill lychtly
 Wyn him, and haf him at his will,
 Sen he him horsyt saw sa ill.
 Sprent thai samyn in till a ling.
 Schyr Henry myssit the noble king.
 710 And he, that in his sterapys stud,
 With the ax that wes hard and gud,
 With sa gret mayne raucht him a dynt,
 That nothyr hat, na helm, mycht stynt
 The hewy dusche that he him gave,
 715 That ner the heid till the harnys clave.
 The hand ax schaft fruschit in twa;
 And he doune to the erd gan ga
 All flatlynys, for him faillyt mycht.
 This wes the fyrst strak off the fycht,
 720 That wes performyst douchtely.
 And quhen the kingis men sa stoutly
 Saw him, rycht at the fyrst meting,
 For owtyn dout or abaysing,
 Have slayne a knyght sua at a strak,
 725 Sic hardyment thar at gan thai tak,
 That thai come on rycht hardely.
 Quhen Inglis men saw thaim sa stoutly

Cum on, thai had gret abaysing:
 And specially, for that the king
 730 Sa smertly that gud knycht has slayne,
 That thai withdrew thaim euirilkane;
 And durst nocht ane abid to fycht:
 Sa dred thai for the kingis mycht.

And quhen the kingis men thaim saw
 735 Swa in hale bataill thaim withdraw,
 A gret schout till thaim gan thai mak;
 And thai in hy tuk all the bak.
 And thai, that folowit thaim, has slane
 Sum off thaim that thai haf our tane.
 740 Bot thai wer few, forsuth to say,
 Thar horsis fete had all away.
 Bot, how sa quhoynes deyt thar,
 Rebutyt foulily thai war;
 And raid thair gait, with weill mar schame
 745 Be full fer than thai come fra hame.
 Quhen that the king reparyt was,
 That gert his men all leve the chas,
 The lordis off his cumpany
 Blamyt him, as thai durst, gretumly,
 750 That he him put in auentur,
 To mete sa styth a knycht, and sture,
 In sic poynt as he then wes sene.
 For thai [said], weill it mycht haiff bene
 Cause off thair tynsaill euirilkan.
 755 The king ansuer has maid thaim nane;
 Bot menyt hys handax schaft, sua
 Was with the strak brokyn in twa.

The erle Thomas wes yete fechtand
 With fayis apon athyr hand,

- 760 And off thaim a quantité:
Bot wery war his men and he.
The quhethir with wapynnys sturdely
Thai thaim defendyt manlely;
Quhill that the Douglas come ner,
765 That sped him on gret maner.
And Inglis men, that war fechtand,
Quhen thai the Douglas saw nerhand,
Thai wandyst, and maid an opynnyng.
James of Dowglas, be thair relying.
770 Knew that thai war discumfyt ner:
Than bad thaim, that with him wer,
Stand still, and press na forthyrmar.
“For thai that yondre fechtand ar.”
He said, “ar off sa gret bounté,
775 “That thair fayis weill sone sall be
“Discumfyt, throw thair awne mycht,
“Thought na man help thaim for to fycht.
“And cum we now to the fechting,
“Quhen thai ar at discumfiting,
780 “Men suld say we thaim fruscht had;
“And swa suld thai, that causs has mad
“With gret trauaill and hard fechting,
“Loss a part off thair lowing.
“And it war syn to less thair pryss,
785 “That off sa souerane bounté is.
“And he, throw plane and hard fechting,
“Has her eschewyt wnlikly thing,
“He sall haff that he wonnyn has.”
The erle with that, that fechtand was,
790 Quhen he hys fayis saw brawland sua,
In hy apon thaim gan he ga:
And pressyt him sa wondre fast
With hard strakys, quhill at the last

- Thai fled that durst abid ne mar.
 795 Bath horss and men slane left thai thar;
 And held thair way, in full gret hy,
 Nocht all to gyddyr bot syndryly.
 And thai that war owrtane war slayn;
 The lave went till thair ost agayne.
 800 Off thair tynsaill sary and wa.
 The erle, that had him helpyn sua,
 And his als, that wer wery,
 Hynt off thair bassynettis in hy,
 Fol. 41 a Till awent thaim; for thai war wate,
 805 Thai war all helyt in to swate.
 Thaim semyt men, forsuth Ik hycht,
 That had fadyt thair force in fycht;
 And swa did thai full douchtely.
 Thai fand off all thair cumpany
 810 That thar wes bot a yuman slayne:
 And lowyt God; and wes full fayne,
 And blyth, that thai eschapyt sua.
 Towart the king than gan thai ga;
 And till him weill sone cummyn ar.
 815 He wyttyt at thaim of thair far;
 And gladsome cher to thaim mad,
 For thai sa weile thaim borne had.
 Than all pressyt in to gret daynté
 The erle off Murreff for to se:
 820 For his hey worschip, and gret valour,
 All yarnyt to do him honour.
 Sa fast thai ran to se him thar,
 That ner all samyn assemblit ar.

And quhen the gud king gan thaim se
 825 Befor him swa assemblit be;
 Blyth and glad, that thar fayis war

- Rabutyt apon sic maner;
 A litill quhill he held him still;
 Syne on this wyss he said his will.
- 830 " Lordingis, we aucht to love and luff
 " All mychty God, that syttis abuff,
 " That sendis ws sa fayr begynnyng.
 " It is a gret discomforting
 " Till our fayis, that on this wiss
- 835 " Sa sone has bene rabutyt twiss.
 " For quhen thai off thair ost sall her,
 " And knaw suthly on quhat maner
 " Thair waward, that wes sa stout,
 " And syne yone othyr joly rout,
- 840 " That I trow off the best men war,
 " That thai mycht get amang thaim thar,
 " War rabutyt sa sodanly;
 " I trow, and knawis it all clerly,
 " That mony a hart sall wawerand be,
- 845 " That semyt er off gret bounté.
 " And, fra the hart be discumfyt,
 " The body is nocht worth a myt.
 " Tharfor I trow that gud ending
 " Sall folow till our begynnyng.
- 850 " And quhethir I say nocht this yow till,
 " For that ye suld folow my will
 " To fycht; bot in yow all sall be.
 " For giff yow thinkis speidfull that we
 " Fecht, we sall; and giff ye will,
- 855 " We leve, your liking to fulfill.
 " I sall consent, on alkyn wiss,
 " To do, rycht as ye will dywyss.
 " Tharfor sayis off your will planly."
 And with a woce than gan thai cry;
- 860 " Gud king, for owtyn mar delay,

- 'To morne alsone as ye se day,
 'Ordane yow hale for the bataill.
 'For doute off dede we sall nocht fail:
 'Na na payn sall refusyt be,
 865 'Quhill we haiff maid our countré fre!

- Quhen the king had hard sa manlily
 Thai spak to fechtng, and sa hardely,
 In hart gret glaidship can he ta;
 And said; "Lordingis, sen ye will sua,
 870 "Schaip we ws tharfor in the mornng.
 "Swa that we, be the sone rysing,
 "Haff herd mess; and buskyt weill
 "Ilk man in till his awn eschell,
 "With out the pailyownys, arayit
 875 "In bataillis, with baneris displayit.
 "And luk ye na wiss brek aray.
 "And, as ye luf me, I yow pray
 "That ilk man, for his awne honour,
 "Purway him a gud baneour.
 880 "And, quhen it cummys to the fycht,
 "Ilk man set hart, will, and mycht,
 "To stynt our fayis mekill prid.
 "On horss thai will arayit rid;
 "And cum on yow in full gret hy.
 885 "Mete thaim with speris hardely.
 "And think than on the mekill ill,
 "That thai and tharis has done ws till;
 "And ar in will yeit for to do,
 "Giff thai haf mycht to cum thar to.
 890 "And certis, me think weill that ye
 "For owt abasing aucht to be
 "Worthy, and of gret wasselagis.
 "For we haff thre gret awantagis.

- "The fyrst is, that we haf the rycht;
 895 "And for the rycht ay God will fycht.
 "The tothyr is, that thai cummyn ar,
 "For lyppynnyng off thair gret powar,
 "To sek ws in our awne land;
 "And has broucht her, rycht till our hand,
 900 "Ryches in to sa gret quantité,
 "That the powrest of yow sall be
 "Bath rych, and mychty thar with all,
 "Giff that we wyne, as weill may fall.
 "The thrid is, that we for our lyvis,
 905 "And for our childre, and for our wywis,
 Fol. 41 b "And for our fredome, and for our land,
 "Ar strenyeit in to bataill for to stand.
 "And thai, for thair mycht anerly,
 "And for thai lat of ws heychtly,
 910 "And for thai wald distroy ws all,
 "Maiss thaim to fycht: bot yeit may fall,
 "That thai sall rew thair barganyng.
 "And certis I warne yow off a thing;
 "That happyn thaim, as God forbed,
 915 "That deyt on roid for mankyn heid!
 "That thai wyn ws opynly,
 "Thai sall off ws haf na mercy.
 "And, sen we know thair felone will,
 "Me think it suld accord to skill,
 920 "To set stoutnes agayne felony;
 "And mak sa gat a juperty.
 "Quharfor I yow requer, and pray,
 "That with all your mycht, that ye may,
 "Ye press yow at the begynnyng,
 925 "But cowardyss or abaysing,
 "To mete thaim at thair fyrst assemble
 "Sa stoutly that the henmaist trymble.

- “ And menys of your gret manheid,
 “ Your worschip, and your douchti deid;
 930 “ And off the joy that we abid,
 “ Giff that ws fall, as weill may tid,
 “ Hap to wencuss this gret battaill.
 “ In your handys with out faile
 “ Ye ber honour, price, and richés,
 935 “ Fredome, welth, and blythnes;
 “ Gyff ye contene yow manlely.
 “ And the contrar all halyly
 “ Sall fall, giff ye lat cowardyss
 “ And wykytnes yow suppriss.
 940 “ Ye mycht haf lewyt in to threldome:
 “ Bot, for ye yarynt till have fredome,
 “ Ye ar assemblyt her with me.
 “ Tharfor is nedfull that ye be
 “ Worthy and wycht, but abaysing.
 945 “ And I warne yow weill off a thing;
 “ That mar myscheff may fall ws nane,
 “ Than in thair handys to be tane:
 “ For thai suld sla ws, I wate weill,
 “ Rycht as thai did my brothyr Nele.
 950 “ Bot quhen I mene off your stoutnes,
 “ And off the mony gret prowes,
 “ That ye haff doyne sa worthely;
 “ I traist, and trowis sekyrly,
 “ To haff plane wictour in this fycht.
 955 “ For thought our fayis haf mekill mycht,
 “ Thai have the wrang; and succudry,
 “ And cowatyss of senyowry,
 “ Amowys thaim for owtyn mor.
 “ Na ws char dreid thaim, bot befor:
 960 “ For strenth off this place, as ye se,

- " Sall let us enweronyt to be.
 " And I pray yow als specially,
 " Bath mar and les commonaly,
 " That nane of yow for gredynes
 965 " Haff ey to tak of thair ryches;
 " Na prisoneris for to ta;
 " Quhill ye se thaim contraryit sa,
 " That the feld anerly yowris be.
 " And than, at your liking, may ye
 970 " Tak all the riches that thar is.
 " Giff ye will wyrk apon this wiss,
 " Ye sall haiff wictour sekyrly.
 " I wate nocht quhat mar say sall I.
 " Bot all wate ye quhat honour is:
 975 " Contene [yow] than on sic awiss,
 " That your honour ay savyt be.
 " And Ik hycht her in leauté;
 " Giff ony deys in this bataille,
 " His ayr, but ward, releff, or taile,
 980 " On the fyrst day sall weld;
 " All be he neuir sa young off eild.
 " Now makys yow redy for to fycht.
 " God help ws, that is maist of mycht!
 " I rede, armyt all nycht that we be,
 985 " Purwayit in bataill sua, that we
 " To mete our sayis ay be boune."
 Than ansueryt thai all, with a soune;
 ' As ye dywyss all sall be done.'
 Than till thair innys went thai sone;
 990 And ordanyt thaim for the fechting:
 Syne assemblyt in the ewynnyng;
 And swagat all the nycht bad thai,
 Till on the morn that it wes day.

- Quhen the Cliffurd, as I sade ar,
 995 And all his rout, rebutyt war;
 And thair gret waward alsua
 War distrenyeit the bak to ta;
 And thai had tauld thair rebuting,
 Thai off the waward, how the king
 1000 Slew at a strak, sa apertly,
 A knycht that wycht wes and hardy;
 And how all haile the kingis bataill
 Schup thaim rycht stoutly till assaill;
 And Schyr Eduuard the Bruce alsua;
 1005 Quhen thai all hail the bak gan ta:
 And how thai left of thair men:
 And Cliffurd had tauld alsua then,
 How Thomas Randall tuk the playne,
 With a few folk; and how wes slayne
 1010 Schyr Gilyame D'Amecourt the worthi;
 Fol. 42 a And how the erle faucht manlily,
 That, as ane hyrchoune, all his rout
 Gert set owt speris all about;
 And how that thai war put agayne,
 1015 And part off thair gud men [war] slayne:
 The Inglis [men] sic abasing
 Tuk, and sik dreid of that tithing,
 That in fyve hundre placis and ma
 Men mycht se samyn routand ga,
 1020 Sayand; "Our lordis, for thair mycht,
 "Will allgate fecht agane the rycht.
 "Bot quha sa werrayis wrangwysly,
 "Thai fend God all to gretumly.
 "And thaim may happyn to mysfall.
 1025 "And swa may tid that her we sall."

And quhen thair lordys had persawing

- Off discomfort, and rownnynng,
That thai held samyn twa and twa;
Throw out the ost than gart thai ga
1030 Heraldis, to mak a crye,
That nane discomfort[yt] suld be;
For in punye is oft happyne
Quhile for to wyn, and quhill to tyne:
And that in to the gret bataill,
1035 That apon na maner may fail;
Bot giff the Scottis fley thair way,
Sall all amendyt be perfay.
Tharfor thai monest thaim to be
Off gret worschip, and of bounté;
1040 And stoutly in the bataill stand,
And tak amendis at thair hand.
Thai may weill monyss as thai will:
And thai may hecht als to fulfill,
With stalwart hart, thair bidding all.
1045 Bot nocht for thi I trow thai sall
In till thar hartis dredand be.
The king, with his consaill priué,
Has tane to rede, that he wald nocht
Fecht or the morne, that he war socht.
1050 Tharfor thai herberyd thaim that nycht
Doune in the Kers: and gert all dycht,
And maid redy thair aparail,
Agayne the morne, for the battaill.
And, for in the Kers pulis war,
1055 Howssis thai brak, and thak bar
To mak briggis, quhar thai mycht pass.
And sum sayis yeit, the folk that was
In the castell, quhen nycht gan fall,
For that thai knew the myscheiff all,
1060 Thai went full ner all that thai war,

And duris and wyndowys with thaim bar;
Swa that thai had, befor the day,
Briggyt the pulis; swa that thai
War passyt our ilkane all hale,
1065 Arayit in till thair apparail.

BUKE NYNTE.

- THE Scottis men, quhen it wes day,
 Thair mes devoutly gert thai say:
 Syne tuk a sop; and maid thaim yar.
 And quhen thai all assemblyt war,
 5 And in thair bataillis all purwayit,
 With thair braid baneris all displayit,
 Thai maid knychtis; as it afferis
 To men that wsys thai mysteris.
 The king maid Walter Stewart knycht;
 10 And James of Dowglas, that wes wycht;
 And othyr als of gret bounté
 He maid, ilk ane in thar degre.
 Quhen this wes doyne, that I yow say,
 Thai went all furth in gud aray;
 15 And tuk the plane full apertly.
 Mony gud man, wicht and hardy,
 That war fulfillyt of gret bounté,
 In till thai rowtis men mycht se.
 The Inglis men, on othyr party,
 20 That as angelis schane brychtly,
 War nocht arayit on sic maner:
 For all thair bataillis samyn wer
 In a schilthrum. Bot quhethir it was
 Throw the gret stratnes of the place
 25 That thai war in, to bid fechting;
 Or that it was for abaysing;

- I wate nocht. Bot in a schiltrum
 It semyt thai war all and sum;
 Owtane the awaward anerly,
 30 That rycht with a gret cumpany,
 Be thaim selwyn, arayit war.
 Quha had bene by, mycht have sene thar
 That folk ourtak a mekill feild
 On breid; quhar mony a schynand scheld,
 35 And mony a burnyst brycht armur,
 And mony a man off gret walur,
 Mycht in that gret schiltrum be sene;
 And mony a brycht baner and schene.

- And quhen the king off England
 40 Swa the Scottis saw tak on hand,
 Takand the hard feyld sa opynly,
 And apon fute, he had ferly;
 And said, "Quhat! will yone Scottis fycht?"
 'Ya sekырly!' said a knycht,
 45 Schyr Ingrame the Wmfrawill hat he;
 And said, 'Forsuth now, Schyr, I se,
 Fol. 42 b 'It is the mast ferlyfull sycht
 'That euyre I saw, quhen for to fycht
 'The Scottis men has tane on hand,
 50 'Agayne the mycht of England,
 'In plane hard feild, to giff bataile.
 'Bot, and ye will trow my consaill,
 'Ye sall discomfyt thaim lychtly.
 'Withdrawys yow hyne sodandly,
 55 'With bataillis, and with penownys,
 'Quhill that we pass our pailyownyis;
 'And ye sall se alsone that thai,
 'Magre thair lordys, sall brek aray,
 'And scaile thaim our harnays to ta.

- 60 ‘ And, quhen we se thaim scalit sua,
 ‘ Prik we than on thaim hardely,
 ‘ And we sall haf thaim wele lychtly.
 ‘ For than sall nane be knyht to fycht,
 ‘ That may withstand your mekill mycht.’
 65 “ I will nocht,” said the king, “ perfay,
 “ Do sa: for thar sall na man say,
 “ That I sall eschew the bataill,
 “ Na withdraw me for sic rangaille.”

- Quhen this wes said, that er said I, ‘
 70 The Scottis men comounaly
 Knelyt all doune, to God to pray.
 And a schort prayer thar maid thai
 To God, to help thaim in that fycht.
 And quhen the Inglis king had sycht
 75 Off thaim kneland, he said in hy;
 “ Yone folk knel to ask mercy.”
 Schyr Ingrahame said; ‘ Ye say suth now.
 ‘ Thai ask mercy; bot nane at yow:
 ‘ For thair trespas to God thai cry.
 80 ‘ I tell yow a thing sekyrly;
 ‘ That yone men will all wyn or de:
 ‘ For doute of dede thai sall nocht fle.’
 “ Now be it sa than;” said the king.
 And than, but langer delaying,
 85 Thai gert trump till the assemblé.
 On athir sid men mycht than se
 Mony a wycht man, and worthi,
 Redy to do chewalry.

- Thus war thai boune on athir sid.
 90 And Inglis men, with mekill prid,
 That war in till thair awaward,

- To the bataill that Schyr Eduuard
 Gownyt and led, held straucht thair way.
 The horss with spuris hardnyt thai;
 95 And prikyt apon thaim sturdely:
 And thai met thaim rycht hardely:
 Swa that, at thair assemblé thar,
 Sic a fruschyng of speris war,
 That fer away men mycht it her.
 100 At that meting, for owtyn wer,
 War stedis stekyt mony ane;
 And mony gud man borne [doune] and slayne;
 And mony hardy men, and douchty,
 Was thar eschewyt; for hardely
 105 Thai dang on othyr with wapnys ser.
 Sum of the horss, that stekyt wer,
 Ruschyt, and relyt rycht rudlye.
 Bot the remanand nocht forthi,
 That mycht cum to the assembling,
 110 For that let maid na stinting;
 Bot assemblyt full hardely.
 And thai met thaim full sturdely,
 With speris that wer scharp to scher,
 And axys that weile groundyn wer,
 115 Quhar with was roucht mony a rout.
 The fechting wes thar sa fell and stout,
 That mony a worthi man, and wicht,
 Throw forss wes fellyt in that fycht,
 That had na mycht to ryss agane.
 120 The Scottismen fast gan thaim payn.
 Thair fayis mekill mycht to frusch.
 I trow thai sall na payn refuse,
 Na perell, quhill thair fayis be
 Set in weill hard perplexité.
 125 And quhen the erle of Murref swa

- Their waward saw, sa stoutly, ga
 The way to Schyr Eduuard all straucht,
 That met thaim with full mekill maucht.
 He held hys way, with his baner,
 130 To the gret rout quhar samyn wer
 The nyne bataillis, that war sa braid;
 That sa fele baneris with thaim haid,
 And of men sa gret quantité,
 That it war wondre for to se.
 135 The gud erle thiddyr tuk the way
 With his bataill, in gud aray.
 And assemblit sa hardily,
 That men mycht her, that had bene by,
 A gret frusch of the speris that brast:
 140 For thair fayis assemblyt fast,
 That on stedis, with mekill prid,
 Come prikand, as thai wald our rid
 The erle and all his cumpany.
 Bot thai met thaim sa sturdely,
 145 That mony of thaim till erd thai bar.
 For mony a sted wes stekyt thar;
 And mony gud man fellyt wndre fet,
 Fol. 43 a That had na hap to ryss wp yete.
 Thar mycht men se a hard bataill,
 150 And sum defend, and sum assaile;
 And mony a reale romble rid
 Be roucht thar, apon athir sid;
 Quhill throw the byrnyss bryst the blud,
 That till erd doune stremand yhude.
 155 The erle of Murreff, and his men,
 Sa stoutly thaim contenyt then,
 That thai wan place, ay mar and mar,
 On thair fayis; quhethir thai war
 Ay ten for ane, or may, perfay;
 160 Swa that it semyt weill that thai

- War tynt amang sa gret menye,
 As thai war plungyt in the se.
 And quhen the Inglis men has sene
 The erle, and all his men, bedene
 165 Faucht sa stoutly, but effraying,
 Rycht as thai had nane abasing;
 Thaim pressyt thai with all thair mycht.
 And thai, with speris and suerdis brycht,
 And axys that rycht scharply schar,
 170 Ymyddis the wesag met thaim thar.
 Thar mycht men se a stalwart stour;
 And mony men of gret valour,
 With speris, masis, and knyffis,
 And othyr wapynnys, wyssyllyt thair lyvis:
 175 Swa that mony fell doune all dede.
 The greyss woux with the blud all reid.
 The erle, that wycht wes and worthi,
 And hys men, faucht sa manlyly,
 That quha sa had sene thaim that day,
 180 I trow forsuth that thai suld say
 That thai suld do thair dewor wele,
 Swa that thair fayis suld it felle.

- Quhen thir twa fyrst bataillis wer
 Assemblyt, as I said yow er,
 185 The Stewart, Waltre that than was,
 And the gud lord als of Douglas,
 In a bataill, quhen that thai saw
 The erle, for owtyn dred or aw,
 Assembill with his cumpany
 190 On all that folk sa sturdely,
 For till help him thai held thair way;
 And assemblyt sa hardely
 Besid the erle, a litill by,

- That thair fayis feld thair cummyn wele.
 195 For with wapynnys stalwart of stele
 Thai dang apon, with all thair mycht.
 Thar fayis resawyt weile, Ik hycht,
 With swerdis, speris, and with mase.
 The bataill thar sa feloune was,
 200 And swa rycht gret spilling of blud,
 That on the erd the floussis stud.
 The Scottis men sa weill thaim bar,
 And swa gret slauchter maid thai thar,
 And fra sa fele the lyvis rewyte,
 205 That all the feld bludy wes lewyte.
 That tyme thar thre bataillis wer,
 All syd besid, fechtand weill ner.
 Thar mycht men her mony dint,
 And wapynnys apon armuris stynt;
 210 And se tumble knychtis, and stedis,
 And mony rich and reale wedis
 Defoulyt foully wndre fete.
 Sum held on loft; sum tynt the suet.
 A lang quhill thus fechtand thai war,
 215 That men na noyis mycht her thar;
 Men hard noucht bot granys, and dintis
 That slew fyr, as men slayis on flyntis.
 Thai faucht ilk ane sa egerly,
 That thai maid nothir noyis na cry;
 220 Bot dang on othyr at thair mycht,
 With wapnys that war burnyst brycht.
 The arowys alsua thyk thar flaw,
 That thai mycht say wele, that thaim saw,
 That thai a hydwyss schour gan ma:
 225 For quhar thai fell, Ik wndreta,
 Thai left eftir thaim taknyng,
 That sall ned, as I trow, leching.

- The Inglis archeris schot sa fast,
 That mycht thair schot haff ony last,
 230 It had bene hard to Scottis men.
 Bot king Robert, that wele gan ken
 That thair archeris war peralouss,
 And thair schot rycht hard and grewouss,
 Ordanyt, forouth the assemblé,
 235 Hys marschell with a gret menye,
 Fyve hundre armyt in to stele,
 That on lycht horss war horsyt welle,
 For to pryk amang the archeris;
 And swa assaile thaim with thair speris,
 240 That thai na layser haiff to schute.
 This marschell that Ik of mute,
 That Schyr Robert of Keyth was cauld,
 As Ik befor her has yow tauld,
 Quhen he saw the bataillis sua
 245 Assemblill, and to gidder ga,
 And saw the archeris schoyt stoutly;
 With all thaim off his cumpany,
 Fol. 43 b In hy apon thaim gan he rid;
 And our tuk thaim at a sid;
 250 And ruschyt amang thaim sa rudly,
 Stekand thaim sa dispitously,
 And in sic fusoun berand doun,
 And slayand thaim, for owtyn ransoun;
 That thai thaim scalyt euirilkane.
 255 And fra that tyme furth thar wes nane
 That assemblyt schot to ma.
 Quhen Scottis archeris saw that thai sua
 War rebutyt, thai woux hardy,
 And with all thair mycht schot egrely
 260 Amang the horss men, that thar raid;
 And woundis wid to thaim thai maid;

- And slew of thaim a full gret dele.
 Thai bar thaim hardely and wele.
 For fra thair fayis archeris war
 265 Scalyt, as I said till yow ar,
 That ma na thai war be gret thing,
 Swa that thai dred nocht thair schoting,
 Thai woux sa hardy, that thaim thought
 Thai suld set all thair fayis at nocht.
- 270 The merschell, and his cumpany,
 Wes yeit, as till yow er said I,
 Among the archeris, quhar thai maid
 With speris rowme quhar that thai raid;
 And slew all that thai mycht our ta.
- 275 And thai wele lychtly mycht do sua:
 For thai had nocht a strak to stynt,
 Na for to hald agayne a dynt.
 And agayne armyt men to fycht
 May nakyt men have litill mycht.
- 280 Thai scalyt thaim on sic maner,
 That sum to thair gret bataill wer
 Withdrawyn thaim, in full gret hy:
 And sum war fled all wtrely.
 Bot the folk that behind thaim was,
- 285 That, for thair awne folk, had na space
 Yheyt to cum [to] the assembling,
 In agayne smertly gan thai ding.
 The archeris, that thai met fleand,
 That then war maid sa recreand,
- 290 That thair hartis war tynt clenly,
 I trow thai sall nocht schout gretly
 The Scottis men with schote that day.
 And the gud king Robert, that ay
 Wes fillyt off full gret bounté,

- 295 Saw how that his bataillis thre
 Sa hardely assemblyt thar,
 And sa weill in the fycht thaim bar;
 And swa fast on thair fayis gan ding,
 That him thought nane had abaysing;
 300 And how the archeris war scalyt then;
 He was all blyth: and till his men
 He said; "Lordingis, now luk that ye
 "Worthy, and off gud cowyn be,
 "At thys assemblé, and hardy.
 305 "And assemblill sa sturdely,
 "That na thing may befor yow stand.
 "Our men ar sa freschly fechtand,
 "That thai thair fayis has grathyt sua,
 "That be thai pressyt, Ik wndreta,
 310 "A litill fastyr, ye sall se
 "That thai discumfyt sone sall be."

- Quhen this wes said, thai held thair way;
 And on ane feld assemblyt thai
 Sa stoutly, that at thair cummyng
 315 Thair fayis war ruschyt a gret thing.
 Thar mycht men se men felly fycht;
 And men, that worthi war and wycht,
 Do mony worthi wasselage.
 Thai faucht, as thai war in a rage.
 320 For quhen the Scottis archery
 Saw thair fayis sa sturdely
 Stand in to bataill thaim agayn;
 With all thair mycht, and all thair mayn,
 Thai layid on, as men out of wit.
 325 And quhar thai, with full strak, mycht hyt,
 Thar mycht na armur stynt thair strak.
 Thai to fruchyt that thai mycht our tak:

- And with axys sic duschys gave,
 That thai helmys and hedis clave.
 330 And thar fayis rycht hardely
 Met thaim, and dang on thaim douchtely,
 With wapnys that war styth of stele:
 Thar wes the bataill strekyt wele.
 Sa gret dyn thar wes of dyntis,
 335 As wapnys apon armur styntis;
 And off speris sa gret bresting;
 And sic thrang, and sic thrysting;
 Sic gyrnyng, granyng; and sa gret
 A noyis, as thai gan othyr beit;
 340 And ensenyeys on ilka sid;
 Gewand, and takand, woundis wid;
 That it wes hydwyss for to her.
 All thair four bataillis with that wer
 Fechtand in a frount halyly.
 345 A mychty God! how douchtely
 Schyr Eduuard the Bruce, and his men,
 Amang thair fayis contenyt thaim then!
 Fechtand in sa gud covyn,
 Fol. 44 a Sa hardy, worthy, and sa fyne,
 350 That thar waward ruschyt was;
 And, maugre tharis, left the place:
 And till thair gret rout, to warand,
 Thai went; that tane had apon hand
 Sa gret anoy, that thai war effrayit
 355 For Scottis, that thaim hard assayit,
 That than war in a schiltrum all.
 Quha hapnyt in to that fycht to fall,
 I trow agane he suld nocht ryss.
 Thar mycht men se, on mony wyss,
 360 Hardimentis eschewyt douchtely;
 And mony, that wycht war and hardy,

- Sone liand wndre fete all dede;
 Quhar all the feld off blud wes rede.
 Armys, and quhytyss, that thai bar,
 365 With blud war sa defoulyt thar,
 That thai mycht nocht descroyit be.
 A mychty God! quha than mycht se
 That Stewart, Waltre, and his rout,
 And the gud Douglas, that wes sa stout,
 370 Fechtand in to that stalwart stour;
 He suld say that till all honour
 Thai war worthi, that, in that fycht,
 Sa fast pressyt thair fayis mycht,
 That thaim ruschyt quhar thai yeid.
 375 Thar men mycht se mony a steid
 Fleand on stray, that lord had nane.
 A Lord! quha then gud tent had tane
 Till the gud erle of Murreff,
 And his, that sa gret rowtis geff,
 380 And faucht sa fast in that battaill,
 Tholand sic paynys and trawaill;
 That thai and tharis maid sic debat,
 That quhar thai come thai maid thaim gat.
 Than mycht men her enseynyeis cry:
 385 And Scottis men cry hardely,
 "On thaim! On thaim! On thaim! Thai faile!"
 With that sa hard thai gan assaile,
 And slew all that thai mycht our ta.
 And the Scottis archeris alsua
 390 Schot amang them sa deliuerly,
 Engrewand thaim sa gretumly,
 That quhat for thaim, that with thaim faucht,
 That swa gret rowtis to thaim raucht,
 And pressyt thaim full egrely;
 395 And quhat for arowis, that felly

Mony gret woundis gan thaim ma,
 And slew fast off thair horss alsua;
 That thai wandyst a litill wei.
 Thai dred sa gretly then to dey,
 400 That thair cowyn wes wer and wer:
 For thai, that fechtand with thaim wer,
 Set hardement, and strenth, and will,
 And hart, and corage als, thar till;
 And all thair mayne, and all thair mycht,
 405 To put thaim fully to [the] flycht.

In this tyme, that I tell off her,
 At that bataill, on this maner,
 Wes strykyn, on athyr party
 That war fechtand enforcely;
 410 Yomen, and swanys, and pitaill,
 That in the Park yemyt wictaill,
 War left; quhen thai wyst but lesing,
 That thair lordis, with fell fechtynge,
 On thair fayis assemblyt wer;
 415 Ane off thaim selwyn that war thar
 Capitane of thaim all thai maid.
 And schetis, that war sumdele brad,
 Thai festnyt in steid off baneris,
 Apon lang treys and speris:
 420 And said that thai wald se the fycht;
 And help thair lordis at thair mycht.
 Quhen her till all assentyt wer,
 In a rout assemblit er;
 Fyftene thowsand thai war, or ma.
 425 And than in gret hy gan thai ga,
 With thair baneris, all in a rout,
 As thai had men bene styth and stout.
 Thai come, with all that assemblé,

- Rycht quhill thai mycht the bataill se;
 430 Than all at anys thai gave a cry,
 "Sla! sla! Apon thaim hastily!"
 And tharwith all cummand war thai:
 Bot thai war wele fer yete away.
 And Inglis men, that ruschyt war
 435 Throuch forss of fycht, as I said ar,
 Quhen thai saw cummand, with sic a cry,
 Towart thaim sic a cumpany,
 That thaim thought wele als mony war,
 As that wes fechtand with thaim thar;
 440 And thai befor had nocht thaim sene;
 Than, wit ye weill, with outyn wene,
 Thai war abaysit sa gretumly,
 That the best and the mast hardy,
 That war in till thair ost that day,
 445 Wald with thair mensk haf bene away.

- The king Robert, be thair relying,
 Saw thai war ner at discomfiting,
 And his ensenye gan hely cry.
 Fol. 44 b Than, with thaim off his cumpany.
 450 Hys fayis he pressyt sa fast that day,
 [Thai] wer in till sa gret effray,
 That thai left place ay mar and mar.
 For all the Scottis men that thar war,
 Quhen thai saw thaim eschew the fycht,
 455 Dang on thaim with all thair mycht;
 That thai scalyt thaim in troplys ser,
 And till discomfitor war ner:
 And sum off thaim fled all planly.
 Bot thai, that wycht war and hardy,
 460 That schame lettyt to ta the flycht,
 At gret myscheiff mantemyt the fycht;

- And stythly in the stour gan stand.
 And quhen the king of Ingland
 Saw his men fley, in syndry place,
 465 And saw his fayis rout, that was
 Worthyn sa wycht, and sa hardy,
 That all his folk war halyly
 Sa stonayit, that thai had na mycht
 To stynt thair fayis in the fycht;
 470 He was abaysyt sa gretumly,
 That he and his cumpany,
 Fyve hundre, armyt all at rycht,
 In till a frusch all tok the flycht;
 And to the castell held thair way.
 475 And yeyt haiff lk hard som men say,
 That of Walence Schir Aymer,
 When he the feld saw wencusyt ner,
 Be the reyngye led away the king,
 Agayne his will, fra the fechting.
- 480 And quhen Schyr Gylis the Argenté
 Saw the king thus, and his menye,
 Schap thaim to fley sa spedyly,
 He come rycht to the king in hy,
 And said; "Schyr, sen it is sua
 485 "That ye thusgat your gat will ga,
 "Hawys gud day! for agayne will I:
 "Yeyt fled I neuir sekyrly.
 "And I cheyss her to bid and dey,
 "Than for to lyve schamly, and fley."
 490 Hys bridill, but mar abad,
 He turnyt; and agayne he rade,
 And on Eduuard the Bruyss rout,
 That wes sa sturdy, and sa stout,
 As drede off nakyn thing had he,

- 495 He prikyt; cryand. "The Argenté!"
And thai with spuris swa him met,
And swa fele speris on him set,
That he and hors war chargyt swa,
That bathe till the erd gan ga:
500 And in that place thar slane wes he.
Off hys deid wes rycht gret pité.
He wes the thrid best knycht, perfay,
That men wyst lywand in his day.
He did mony a fayr journé.
505 On Saryzynys thre derenyys faucht he:
And, in till ilk derenye off tha,
He wencussyt Saryzynys twa.
His gret worschip tuk thar ending.
And fra Schyr Aymer with the king
510 Was fled, wes nane that durst abid;
Bot fled, scalyt on ilka sid.
And thair fayis thaim pressyt fast.
Thai war, to say suth, swa agast,
And fled sa fast, rycht effrayitly,
515 That off thaim a full gret party
Fled to the watre of Forth; and thar
The mast part off thaim drownyt war.
And Bannokburne, betuix the brays,
Off men, off hors, swa stekyt wais,
520 That, apon drownyt hors and men,
Men mycht pass dry owt our it then.
And laddis, swanys, and rangail,
Quhen thai saw wencussyt the battaill,
Ran amang thaim; and swa gan sla,
525 As folk that na defens mycht ma,
That [it] war pitté for to se.
Ik hard neuir quhar, in na contré,
Folk at sua gret myscheiff war stad.

- On ane sid thai thair fayis had,
 530 That slew thaim doun for owtyn mercy:
 And thai had, on the tothyr party,
 Bannokburne, that sua cumbyrsum was,
 For slyk and depnes, for to pas,
 That thar mycht nane out our it rid.
 535 Thaim worthys, mawgre tharis, abid.
 Swa that sum slayne, sum drownyt, war:
 Mycht nane eschap that euir come thar.
 The quhethir mony gat away,
 That ellis war fled, as I sall say.
- 540 The king, with thaim he with him had,
 In a rout till the castell rad,
 And wald haiff bene tharin, for thai
 Wyst nocht quhat gat to get away.
 Bot Philip the Mowbray said him till;
 545 "The castell, Schyr, is at your will.
 "Bot cum ye in it, ye sall se
 "That ye sall sone assegyt be.
 Fol. 45 a "And thar sall nane of Ingland
 "To mak yow rescourss tak on hand.
 550 "And, but rescours, may na castell
 "Be haldyn lang, ye wate this wele.
 "Tharfor comfort yow, and rely
 "Your men about yow rycht starkly;
 "And haldis about the Park your way,
 555 "Rycht als sadly as ye may.
 "For I trow that nane sall haff mycht,
 "That chassys, with sa fele to fycht."
 And his consaill thai haff doyne;
 And be newth the castell went thai sone,
 560 Rycht by the Round Table away:
 And syne the Park enweround thai;

- And towart Lythkow held in hy.
 But I trow thai sall hastily
 Be conweyt with sic folk, that thai,
 565 I trow, mycht suffre wele away.
 For Schyr James lord of Douglas
 Come to the king, and askyt the chace;
 And he gaff him it, but abaid.
 Bot all to few of hors he haid:
 570 He had nocht in hys rout sixty.
 The quhethir he sped him hastely
 The way eftyr the king to ta.
 Now lat him on his wayis ga:
 And eftre this we sall weill tell
 575 Quhat him, in till the chace, befell.

- Quhen the gret bataill on this wiss
 Was discumfyt, as Ik dewyss,
 Quhar thretty thowsand wele war ded,
 Or drownyt in that ilk sted;
 580 And sum war in till handis tane;
 And othyr sum thair gate war gane;
 The erle of Herfurd fra the mellé
 Departyt, with a gret mengné:
 And straucht to Bothwell tok the vai,
 585 That than in the Ingliss mennys fay
 Was, and haldyn as [a] place of wer.
 Schyr Waltre Gilbertson wes ther
 Capitane, and it had in ward.
 The erle of Herfurd thidderward
 590 Held, and wes tane in our the wall,
 And fyfty of his men with all;
 And set in howssis sindryly;
 Swa that thai had thar na mercy.
 The lave went towart Ingland.

595 Bot off that rout, I tak on hand,
 The thre partis war slane or tane.
 The lave with gret payn hame ar gane.

Schyr Mawrice, alsua, the Berclay,
 Fra the gret bataill held hys way,
 600 With a gret rout off Walis men.
 Quhar euir thai yeid men mycht thaim ken,
 For thai wele ner all nakyt war;
 Or lynnyn clathys had but mar.
 Thai held thair way in full gret hy.

605 Bot mony off thair cumpany,
 Or thai till Ingland come, war tane;
 And mony als off thaim war slayne.
 Thair fled als othyr, wayis ser.
 Bot to the castell, that wes ner,

610 Off Strewilline fled sic a mengye,
 That it war wondre for to se.
 For the craggis all helyt war
 About the castell, her and thar,
 Off thaim, that for strenth of that sted,

615 Thidderwart to warand fled.
 And for thai war sa fele, that thar
 Fled wndre the castell war,
 The king Robert, that wes wytty,
 Held in his gud men ner him by,

620 For drede that riss agayne suld thai.
 This wass the causs, forsuth to say,
 Quhar through the king of Ingland
 Eschapyt hame in till his land.
 Quhen that the feld sa clene was maid

625 Off Inglis men, that nane abaid,
 The Scottis men sone tuk in hand
 Off tharis all that euir thai fand;

That mony man mychty wes maid
Off the riches that thai thar haid.

- 630 Quhen this wes doyne that her say I,
The king send a gret cumpany
Wp to the crag, thaim till assaile
That war fled fra the gret battaill:
And thai thaim yauld for owtyn debate;
635 And in hand has tane thaim fute hate.
Syne to the king thai went thair way.
Thai dispendyt haly that day
In spulyeing, and riches takyng,
Fra end wes maid off the fechting.
640 And quhen thai nakyt spulyeit war,
That war slane in the bataill thar,
It wes forsuth a gret ferly
To se samyn sa fele dede ly.
Twa hundre payr off spuris reid
645 War tane of knychtis that war deid.
The erle of Glosystre ded wes thar,
Fol. 45 b That men callt Schyr Gilbert of Clar;
And Gylis de Argenté alsua;
And Payn Typont; and othyr ma,
650 That thair namys nocht tell can I.
And, apon Scottis mennys party,
Thar wes slayne worthi knychtis twa;
Wilyame the Wepoynt wes ane of tha;
And Schyr Waltre of Ross ane othyr,
655 That Schyr Eduuard, the kingis brothyr,
Luffyt, and had in sic daynté
That as him selff him luffyt he.
And quhen he wyst that he wes ded,
He wes sa wa, and will of reide,
660 That he said, makand iwill cher,

- That him war lewer that journey wer
Wndone, than he sua ded had bene.
Owtakyn him, men has nocht sene
Quhar he for ony man maid menyng.
665 And the causs wes of hys luffyng,
That he his sistre peramouris
Luffyt, and held all at rebouris
Hys awyne wyff dame Ys abell.
And tharfor sa gret distance fell
670 Betuix him and the erle Dawy
Off Athole, brothyr to this lady;
That he apon Saynct Jhonys nyght,
Quhen bath the kingis war boun to fycht,
In Camyskynnell the kingis wictaill
675 He tuk; and sadly gert assaile
Schyr Wilyam off Keth, and him slew,
And with him men ma then ynew.
Tharfor syne in till Ingland
He wes bannyst; and all his land
680 Wes sesyt as forfait to the king,
That did thar off syne his liking.

- Quhen the feld, as I tauld yow ar,
Wes dispulyeit, and left all bar,
The king and all his cumpany,
685 Blyth and joyfull, glaid and mery,
Off the grace that thaim fallin was,
Towart thair innys thair wayis tays,
To rest thaim, for [thai] wery war.
Bot for the erle Gilbert of Clar,
690 That slayne wes in the bataill place,
The king sumdele anoyit was:
For till him ner wele sib wes he.
Than till a kyrk he gert him be

- Broucht, and walkyt all that nycht.
 695 And on the morn, quhen day wes lycht,
 The king raiss, as his willis was.
 Than ane Inglis knycht, throw cass,
 Hapnyt that he yeid wawerand,
 Swa that na man laid on him hand.
 700 In a busk he hid hys armyng,
 And waytyt quhill he saw the king
 In the morne cum forth arly:
 Till him than is he went in hy.
 Schyr Marmeduk the Twengue he hycht.
 705 He raykyt till the king all rycht,
 And halyst him apon his kne.
 "Welcum, Schyr Marmeduk," said he;
 "To quhat man art thou presoner?"
 'To nane,' he said, 'bot to yow her.
 710 'I yeld me at your will to be.'
 "And I ressave the, Schyr," said he.
 Than gert he tret him curtasly.
 He duelt lang in his cumpany;
 And syne till Ingland him send he,
 715 Arayit weile, but ransoun fre;
 And geff him gret gyftis tharto.
 A worthi man, that sua wald do.
 Mycht mak him gretly for to prise.
 Quhen Marmeduk, apon this wiss,
 720 Was yoldyn. as Ik to yow say,
 Than come Schir Philip the Mowbray,
 And to the king yauld the castell.
 His cunnand hes he haldyn well.
 And with him tretyt sua the king,
 725 That he belewyt of hys duelling;
 And held him lelely his fay,
 Quhill the last end off his lyf day.

- Now will we of the Lord of Douglas
 Tell, how that he folowit the chas.
 730 He had to quhone in his cumpany;
 Bot he sped him in full gret hy.
 And as he throuch the Torwod fur,
 Sa met he ridand on the mur
 Schyr Laurence off Abyrnethy,
 735 That, with twenty-four in cumpany,
 Come for till help the Inglismen;
 For he was Ingliss man yet then.
 But quhen he hard how that it wes,
 He left the Inglis mennys pess;
 740 And to the lord Dowglas rycht thar
 For to be lele and trew he swar.
 And than thai bath folowit the chass:
 And or the king of Ingland was
 Passyt Lythkow, thai come sa ner,
 745 With all the folk that with thaim war,
 That weill amang thaim swyth thai mycht;
 Bot thai thought thaim to few to fycht
 Fol. 46 a With the gret rout that thai had thar:
 For fyve hundre armyt thai war.
 750 To gyddir sarraly raid thai;
 And held thaim apon bridill ay.
 Thai war gouernyt wittily;
 For it semyt ay thai war redy
 For to defend thaim, at thair mycht,
 755 Giff thai assaillyt war in fycht.
 And the lord of Douglas, and his men,
 How that he wald nocht schaip him then
 For to fecht with thaim all planly,
 He conwoyt thaim sa narowly,
 760 That of the henmaist ay tuk he:
 Mycht nane behind his falowis be

A pennystane cast, na he in hy
 Wes dede, or tane deliuerly,
 That nane rescourss wald till him ma,
 765 All thought he luwt him neuir sua.

On this maner conwoyt he,
 Quhill that the king, and his menye,
 To Wenchburg all cummyn ar.
 Than lychtyt all that thai war,
 770 To bayt thar horss, that war wery.
 And Douglas, and his cumpany,
 Baytyt alsua besid thaim ner.
 Thai war sa fele, with owtyn wer,
 And in armys sa clenly dycht.
 775 And swa arayit for to fycht;
 And he sa quhoynes, and but supleyng;
 That he wald nocht, in plane fechtng,
 Assaile thaim: bot ay raid thaim by,
 Waytand hys poynt ay ythandly.
 780 A litill quhill thai baytyt thar;
 And syne lap on, and furth thai far.
 And [he] was alwayis by thaim ner;
 He leyt thaim nocht haff sic layser,
 As anys watre for to ma.
 785 And giff ony stad war sa,
 That he behind left ony space,
 Sesyt alsone in hand he was.
 Thai conwoyt thaim on sic awiss,
 Quhill that the king, and hys rout, is
 790 Cummyn to the castell of Dunbar;
 Quhar he, and sum of his menye, war
 Resawyt rycht weile; for yete than
 The erle Patrik was Inglis man;
 That gert with mete, and drynk alsua,

- 795 Refresche thaim weill; and syne gert ta
 A bate, and send the king be se,
 To Bawmburgh, in his awn contré.
 Thair horss thar left thai all on stray;
 Bot sesyt I trow weill sone war thai:
 800 The lave, that lewynt thar without,
 Adressyt thaim in till a rout,
 And till Berwik held straucht thair way
 In route: bot and we suth [sall] say,
 Stad thai war full narowly,
 805 Or thai come thar. Bot nocht for thi
 Thai come to Berwik weill; and thar
 In to the toune ressawyt war;
 Ellys at gret myscheff had thai bene.
 And quhen the lord off Douglas has sene
 810 That he had lesyt all hys payne,
 Towart the king he went agayne.

- This king eschapyt on this wiss.
 Lo quhat fading in fortoun is!
 That will apon a man quhill smyle;
 815 And prik on hym syne a nothyr quhill.
 In na tym stable can scho stand.
 This mychty king off Ingland
 Scho had set on hyr quheill on hycht;
 Quhen with sa ferlyfull a mycht,
 820 Off men of armys, and archeris,
 And off fute men, and hobeleris,
 He come; ridand out off his land,
 As I befor have borne on hand.
 And in a nycht syne, and a day,
 825 Scho set him in sa hard assay,
 That he, with few men, in a bate
 Wes fayne for till hald hame his gate.

- Bot off this ilk quhelys turnyng
 King Robert suld mak na murnyng.
 830 For on his syd the quheyle on hycht
 Raiss, quhen the tothyr doun gan lycht.
 [For twa contrares ye may wit wele,
 Set agayne othyr in a quhele,
 Quhen ane is hie, the tother is law;
 835 And gif it fall that fortoun thraw
 The quhele about, it that on hycht
 Was er, on force it mon doun lycht:]
 And it that wndre lawch was ar,
 Mon lepe on loft in the contrar.
 840 Sa fure it off thir kingis twa.
 Quhen the king Robert stad was sua,
 That in gret myscheiff wes he,
 The tothyr was in his maiesté.
 And quhen the king Eduuardis mycht
 845 Wes lawyt, king Robert wes on hycht:
 And now sic fortoun fell him till,
 That he wes hey and at his will.

- At Strewillyne wes he yeyt liand:
 And the gret lordis, that he fand
 850 Dede in the feld, he gert bery
 In haly place honorabilly;
 And the lave syne, that dede war thar,
 Fol. 46 b Into gret pyttis erdyt war.
 The castell, and the towris, syne
 855 Rycht till the ground doune gert he myn.
 And syne to Bothwell send he
 Schyr Eduuard with a gret menye;
 For thar wes than send him word
 That the rich erle off Herford,
 860 And othyr mychty als, wer ther.

- Swa tretyt he with Schyr Walter,
That erle, and castell, and the lave,
In Schyr Eduuardis hand he gave.
And till the king the erle send he,
865 That gert him rycht weill yemyt be:
Quhill at the last thai tretyt sua
That he till Ingland hame suld ga,
For owtyn paying of ransoun, fre;
And that for him suld changyt be
870 Byschap Robert that blynd was mad;
And the queyne, that thai takyn had
In presoun, as befor said I;
And hyr douchtre dame Maiory.
The erle wes changyt for thir thre.
875 And, quhen thai cummyn war hame all fre,
The king hys douchtre, that was far,
And wes als aperand ayr,
With Waltre Stewart gan he wed.
And thai wele sone gat of thair bed
880 A knaw child, throw our Lordis grace,
That eftre hys gud eldfadyr was
Callyt Robert; and syne wes king,
And had the land in gouernyng,
Eftyr hys worthy eyme Dawy,
885 That regnyt twa yer and forty.
And in the tyme of the compiling
Off this buk, this Robert wes king.
And off hys kynrik passit was
Fyve yer; and wes the yer off grace
890 A thousand, thre hundyr, sevynty
And fyve; and off his eld sixty.
And that wes eftre that the gud king,
Robert, wes broucht till his ending,
Fyve and forty wynter, but mar.

- 895 God graunt that thai, that cummyn ar,
Off his ofspring, manteyme the land,
And hald the folk weile to warand;
And manteyme rycht and leawté,
As wele as in hys tyme did he!
- 900 King Robert now wes wele at hycht;
For ilk day than grew his mycht.
His men woux rich: and his contré
Haboundyt weill of corne and fe,
And off alkyn othyr ryches.
- 905 Myrth, and solace, and blythnes,
War in the land commonaly;
For ilk man blyth was and joly.
The king, estre the gret journé,
Throw rede off his consaill priué,
- 910 In ser townys gert cry on hycht.
That quha sa clemyt till haf rycht
To hald in Scotland land, or fe,
That in thai twelf moneth suld he
Cum and clam yt; and tharfor do
- 915 To the king that pertenynt tharto.
And giff thai cum nocht in that yer,
Than suld thai wit, with owtyn wer,
That hard thar estre nane suld be.
The king, that wes of gret bounté,
- 920 And besynes, quhen this wes done,
Ane ost gert summound estre sone:
And went thaim in till Ingland;
And our raid all Northummyrland;
And brynt howssis, and tuk thair pray:
- 925 And syne went hame agane thair way.
I lat it schortly pass for by:

For thar wes done na chewalry,
Prowyt, that is to spek of her.

The king went oft on this maner

930 In Ingland, for to rich his men,
That in riches haboundyt then.

BUKE TEND.

- THE erle off Carrik, Schyr Eduuard,
 That stoutar wes than a libbard,
 And had na will to be in pess,
 Thocht that Scotland to litill wes
 5 Till his brothyr, and him alsua.
 'Tharfor to purposs gan he ta,
 That he of Irland wald be king.
 'Tharfor he send, and had tretyng
 With Hyrsery off Irland;
 10 That in thair leawté tuk on hand
 Off all Irland to mak him king,
 With thi that he with hard fechting
 Mycht our cum the Ingliss men,
 That in the land war wonnand then;
 15 And thai suld help with all thair mycht.
 And he, that hard thaim mak sic hycht,
 In till his hart had gret liking:
 And, with the consent of the king,
 Gadryt him men off gret bounté;
 20 And at Ayr syne schyppyt he,
 In till the neyst moneth of Mai.
 Till Irland held he straucht his wai.
 He had than in his cumpany
 Fol. 47 a The erle Thomas, that wes worthi;
 25 And Schyr Philip the Mowbray,

That sekyr wes in hard assay;
 Schyr Jhone the Soullis, ane gud knycht;
 And Schyr Jhone Stewart, that wes wycht;
 The Ramsay als of Ouchtrehouss,
 30 That wes wycht and chewalrouss;
 And Schyr Fergus off Ardrossane:
 And othyr knychtis mony ane.

In Wokingis fyrth arywyt thai
 Sauffly, but bargane or assay:
 35 And send thair schippis hame ilkane.
 A gret thing have thai wndretane,
 That with sa quhoynes as thai war thar,
 That war sex thousand men, but mar,
 Schup to werray all Irland,
 40 Quhar thai sall se mony thousand
 Cum armyt on thaim for to fycht.
 Bot thocht thai quhone war, thai war wycht:
 And, for owt drede or effray,
 In twa bataillis tuk thair way
 45 Towart Cragfergus, it to se.
 Bot the lordis of that countré,
 Mandweill, Besat, and Logane,
 Thair men assemblyt euirilkane.
 The Sawagis war alsua thar.
 50 And quhen thai assemblit war,
 Thar war wele ner twenty thousand.
 Quhen thai wist that in till thair land
 Sic a menye aryvyt war,
 With all the folk that thai had thar
 55 Thai went towart thaim in gret hi.
 And fra Schyr Eduuard wist suthly
 That ner to him cummand war thai,
 His men he gert thaim wele aray.

The awaward had the erle Thomas;
 60 And the rerward Schyr Eduuard was.

Thair fayis approchyt to the fechting;
 And thai met thaim but abaysing.
 Thar mycht men se a gret mellé:
 For erle Thomas, and his menye,
 65 Dang on thair fayis sa douchtely,
 That in schort tym men mycht se ly
 Ane hundre, that all bloody war.
 For hobynys, that war stekyt thar,
 Relyt, and flang, and gret rowme mad,
 70 And kest thaim that apon thaim rad.
 And Schyr Eduuardis cumpany
 Assemblyt syne sa hardely,
 That thai thair fayis ruschyt all.
 Quha hapnyt in that fycht to fall,
 75 It wes perell off hys rysing.
 The Scottis men, in that fechting,
 Swa apertly and wele thaim bar,
 That thair fayis sua ruschyt war,
 That thai haly the flycht has tane.
 80 And in that bataill wes tane or slane
 All hale the flur off Wlsyster.
 The erle off Murreff gret price had ther;
 For his worthi chewalry
 Comfort all his cumpany.
 85 This wes a full fayr begynnyng;
 For, newlingis at thair arywing,
 In plane bataill thai discomfyt thar
 Thair fayis, that four ay for ane war.
 Syne to Cragfergus ar thai gane,
 90 And in the toune has innys tane.
 The castell weill wes stuffyt then

Off new with wyctail, and with men.
 Thartill thai set a sege in hy.
 Mony eschewe full apertly
 95 Wes maid, quhill thar the sege lay:
 Quhill trewys at the last tuk thai.

Quhen that the folk off Hulsyster
 Till his pess haly cummyn wer,
 [Then] Schyr Eduuard wald tak on hand
 100 To rid furth forthyr in the land.
 Off the kingis off that countré,
 Thar come till him, and maide fewté,
 Weyll ten or twelf, as Ik hard say:
 Bot thai held him schort quhile thair fay.
 105 For twa off thaim, ane Makgullane,
 And ane othyr hat Makartane,
 With set a pase in till his way,
 Quhar him behowyt ned away,
 With twa thowsand off men with speris,
 110 And als mony of thair archeris.
 And all the catell of the land
 War drawyn thidder to warand.
 Men callys that plase Innermallane:
 In all Irland straytar is nane.
 115 For Schyr Eduuard that kepyt thai;
 Thai thought he suld nocht thar away.
 Bot he his wiage sone has tane;
 And straucht towart the pass is gane.
 The erle off Murreff, Schyr Thomas,
 120 That put hym fyrst ay till assayis,
 Lychtyt on fute, with his menye,
 And apertly the pase tuk he.
 Thir Ersch kingis I spak off ar,
 Fol. 47 b With all the folk that with thaim war,

- 125 Met him rycht sturdely: bot he
 Assaylyt sua with his menye,
 That maugre tharis, thai wan the pass.
 Slayne off thair fayis fele thar was.
 Throw out the wod thaim chasyt thai;
 130 And sesyt in sic fusoune the pray,
 That all the folk off thair ost war
 Refreschyt weill, ane wouk or mar.

- At Kilsagart Schir Eduuard lay;
 And wele sone he has hard say,
 135 That at Dundalk wes assemblé
 Maid off the lordis off that countré.
 In ost thai war assemblyt thar.
 Thar wes fyrst Schyr Richard of Clar,
 That in all Irland lufftenande
 140 Was off the king off Ingland.
 The erle of Desmond wes thar;
 And the erle alsua of Kildar;
 The Breman, and Wodoune,
 That war lordis of gret renoune.
 145 The Butler alsua thar was;
 And Schyr Moryss le Fyss Thomas.
 Thai with thair men ar cummyn thar
 A rycht gret ost forsuth thai war.
 And [quhen] Schyr Eduuard wyst suthly
 150 That thar wes swilk chewalry,
 His ost in hy he gert aray;
 And thiddyrtwartis tuk the way;
 And ner the toun tuk his herbery.
 Bot for he wyst all witterly
 155 That in the toun war mony men,
 His bataillis he arayit then;

And stud arayit in bataill,
To kep thaim gif thai wald assaile.

- And quhen that Schyr Richard of Clar,
160 And othyr lordis that thar war,
Wyst that the Scottis men sa ner
With thair bataillis cummyn wer,
Thai tuk to consaile that that nycht,
For it wes layt, thai wald nocht fycht:
165 Bot on the morne, in the mornynge,
Weile sone eftre the sone rysing,
Thai suld isch furth all that thar war.
Tharfor that nycht thai did no mar:
Bot herbryit thaim, on athyr party.
170 That nycht the Scottis company
War wachit rycht weill, all at rycht;
And on the morn, quhen day wes lycht,
In twa bataillis thai thaim arayit.
Thai stud with baneris all displayit,
175 For the bataill all redy boun.
And thai, that war with in the toun,
Quhen sone wes rysyn schenand cler,
Send furth of thaim that with in wer
Fyfty, to se the contenyng
180 Off Scottis men, and thair cummyng.
And thai raid furth, and saw thaim sone:
Syne come agayne with outyn hone.
And quhen thai samyn lychtyt war,
Thai tauld thair lordis, that wer thar,
185 That Scottis men semyt to be
Worthi and off gret bounté.
Bot thai ar nocht, with outyn wer,
Half dell a dyner till ws her.

The lordys had off this tithing
190 Gret joy, and gret recomforting:
And gert men throw the cité cry
That all suld arme thaim hastily.

Quhen thai war armyt, and purwayit:
And for the fycht all hale arayit;
195 Thai went thaim furth in gud aray.
Sone with thair fayis assemblit thai;
That kepyt thaim rycht hardely.
The stour begouth thar cruelly:
For athyr part set all thair mycht
200 To rusche thair fayis in the fycht;
And with all mycht on othyr dang.
The stalwart stour lestyt wele lang;
That men mycht nocht persave, na se,
Quha maist that thar abowe suld be.
205 For fra sone eftre the sone rissing,
Quhill eftre mydmorne, the fechting
Lestyt in till swilk a dout.
Bot than Schyr Eduuard, that wes stout,
With all thaim of his cumpany,
210 Schot apon thaim sa sturdely,
That thai mycht thole no mar the fycht.
All in a frusche thai tuk the flycht,
And thai folowyt full egrely:
In all the toun commonaly
215 Thai entryt, bath intremellé.
Thar men mycht felloun slauchtre se:
For the rycht noble erle Thomas
That with his rout folowyt the chas,
Maid swilk a slauchtre in the toun,
220 And swa felloun occisioun,
That the rewys all bludy war

- Off slayne men, that war lyand thar.
 The lordis war gottyn all away.
 Fol. 48 a And quhen the toun, as I yow say,
 225 Wes throw gret force of fechtyn tane,
 And all thar fayis fled or slayne,
 Thai herbryit thaim all in the toun;
 Quhar off wictaill wes sic fusoun,
 And sua gret haboundance of wyne,
 230 That the gud erle had dowtyne
 That off thair men suld drunkyn be,
 And mak in drunkynes soim mellé.
 Tharfor he maid of wyne leveré
 Till ilk man, that he payit suld be:
 235 And thai had all yneuch perfay.
 That nycht rycht weill at ese war thai;
 And rycht blyth of the gret honour
 That thaim befell for thair walour.

- Eftyr this fycht thai soiornyt thar,
 240 In to Dundalk, thre dayis but mar.
 Syne tuk thai southwartis thair way.
 The erle Thomas wes forouth ay.
 And, as thai raid throw the countré,
 Thai mycht apoun the hillis se
 245 Swa mony men, it wes ferly.
 And quhen the erle wald sturdely
 Dress him to thaim with his baner,
 Thai wald [fley] all that [euir] thai wer;
 Swa that in sycht nocht ane abad.
 250 And thai southwart thair wayis raid,
 Quhill till a gret forest come thai;
 Kylrose it hat, as Ik hard say:
 And thai tuk all thair herbery thar.
 In all this tyme Rycharde of Clar,

- 255 That wes the kingis luftenand
Off the barnagis of Irland,
A gret ost he assemblyt had.
Thai war fyve bataillis, gret and braid,
That soucht Schir Eduuard and his men.
- 260 Weill ner him war thai cummyn then.
He gat sone wittring that thai wer
Cummand on him, and war sa ner.
His men he dressyt thaim agayn,
And gert thaim stoutly ta the playn.
- 265 And syne the erle thaim come to se;
And Schyr Philip the Mowbray send he;
And Schyr Jhone Stewart went alsua,
Furth to discouer the way thai ta.
Thai saw the ost sone cum at hand;
- 270 Thai war to gess fyfty thousand.
Hame till Schir Eduuard raid thai then,
And said weill thai war mony men.
He said agayne; "The ma thai be,
"The mar honour all out haff we,
- 275 "Giff that we ber ws manlyly.
"We ar set her in juperty
"To wyn honour, or for to dey.
"We ar to fer fra hame to fley:
"Tharfor lat ilk man worthi be.
- 280 "Yone ar gadryngis of this countré;
"And thai sall fley, I trow, lychtly,
"And men assaile thaim manlyly."
All said than, that thai weile suld do.
With that approchand ner thaim to.
- 285 The bataillis come, redy to fycht;
And thai met thaim with mekill mycht,
That war ten thowsand worthi men.
The Scottis men all on fute war then;

And thai on stedys trappyt weile,
 290 Sum helyt all in irne and stele.

Bot Scottis men, at thair meting,
 With speris persyt thair armyng;
 And stekyt horsse, and men doun bar.
 A feloun fechting wes then thar.
 295 I can nocht tell thair strakys all;
 Na quha in fycht gert othyr fall.
 Bot in schort tyme, Ik wndreta,
 Thai of Irland war contraryit sua,
 That thai durst than abid no mar;
 300 Bot fled scalyt, all that thai war:
 And levyt in the bataill sted
 Weill mony off thair gud men dede.
 Off wapnys, armyng, and of ded men,
 The feld wes haly strowyt then.
 305 That gret ost rudly ruschynt was:
 Bot Schyr Eduuard let na man chas.
 Bot with prisoneris, that thai had tane,
 Thai till the woud agayne ar gane:
 Quhar that thair harnays levyt war.
 310 That nycht thai maid thair men gud cher;
 And lovyt God fast off his grace.
 The gud knyght, that sa worthi was,
 Till Judas Machabeus mycht
 Be liknyt weill; that, in to fycht,
 315 Forsuk na multitud off men,
 Quhill he had ane aganys ten.

Thus as I said, Rychard of Clar,
 And his gret ost, rebutyt war.
 Bot he about him nocht for thi
 Fol. 48 b 320 Wes gaderand men ay ythenly:
 For he thought yete to cowyr hys cast.

- It angyrryt him rycht ferly fast,
 That twyss in till batell wes he
 Discomfyt with a few mengné.
 325 And Scottis men, that to the forest
 War ridyn, for to mak thair rest,
 All thai twa nychtis thar thai lay,
 And maid thaim myrth, solace, and play.
 Towart Ydymsy syne thai raid,
 330 Ane Irsche king, that aith had maid
 To Schyr Eduuard of fewté.
 For forouth that him prayit he
 To se hys land; and na wictaill,
 Na noucht that mycht thaim help, suld faile.
 335 Schyr Eduuard trowit in hys hycht;
 And with hys rout raid thiddir rycht.
 A gret rywer he gert him pass;
 And in a rycht fayr place, that was
 Lawch by a bourne, he gert thaim ta
 340 Thair herbery: and said he wald ga
 To ger men wictaill to thaim bring.
 He held hys way, but mar duelling:
 For to betraiss thaim wes his thought.
 In sic a place he has thaim broucht,
 345 Quhar of twa journaïs wele, and mar,
 All the catell with drawyn war.
 Swa that thai in that land mycht get
 Na thing that worth war for till etc.
 With hungryr he thought thaim to feblis,
 350 Syne bring on thaim thair ennemyss.

This fals traytouris men had maid,
 A litill [south] quhar he herbryit had
 Schyr Eduuard and the Scottismen,
 The ischow off a louch to den;
 355 And leyt it out in to the nycht.

- The watre than, with swilk a mycht,
 On Schyr Eduuardis men com doun,
 That thai in perell war to droun.
 For or thai wist on flot war thai;
 360 With mekill payn thai gat away:
 And held thair lyff, as God gaff grace.
 Bot off thair harnayis tynt thar was.
 He maid thaim na gud fest, perfoy;
 And nocht for thi yneuch had thai.
 365 For thought thaim failyt of the mete,
 I warn yow wele thai war wele wet.
 In gret distres thar war thai stad:
 For gret default off mete thai hade.
 And thai betuix reweris twa
 370 War set; and mycht pass nane off tha.
 The Bane that is ane arm of the se,
 That with horss may nocht passyt be,
 Wes betuix thaim, and Hulsyster.
 Thai had bene in gret perell ther;
 375 Ne war [a] scowmar of the se,
 Thomas of Downe hattyn wes he,
 Hard that the ost sa straytly than
 Wes stad; and salyt wp the Ban,
 Quhill he come wele ner quhar thai lay.
 380 Thai knew him weill, and blyth war thai.
 Than with four schippys, that he had tane,
 He set [thaim] our the Ban ilkane.
 And quhen thai come in biggit land,
 Wictaill and mete ynewch thai fand:
 385 And in a wod thaim herberyth thai.
 Nane of the land wist quhar thai lay.
 Thai esyt thaim, and maid gud cher.

In till that tym besid thaim ner,
 With a gret ost, Schyr Rychard of Clar,

- 390 And othyr gret of Irland, war
 Herberyt in a forest syde.
 And ilk day thai gert men rid,
 To bring wictaill, on ser manerys,
 To thaim fra the toun off Coigneris;
 395 That wele ten gret myle wes thaim fra.
 Ilk day, as thai wald cum and ga,
 Thai come to the Scottis ost sa ner,
 That bot twa myle betuix thaim war.
 And quhen the erle Thomas persawing
 400 Had off thair cummyng and thair ganging,
 He gat him a gud cumpany,
 Thre hundre on horss, wycht and hardy.
 Thar wes Schyr Philip the Mowbray,
 And Sir Johne Stewart als perfay;
 405 And Schyr Alane Stewart alsua,
 Schir Robert Boid, and othyr ma.
 Thai raid to mete the wictaleris,
 That with thair wictaill fra Coigneris
 Come, haldand to thair ost the way.
 410 Swa sudanly on thaim schot thai,
 That thai war sua abaysyt all,
 That thai leyt all thair wapnys fall;
 And mercy petously gan cry.
 And thai tuk thaim in thair mercy;
 Fol. 49 a 415 And has thaim wp sa clenly tane,
 That off thaim all eschapyt nane.

- The erle of thaim gat wittering,
 That off thair ost, in the ewynnyng,
 Wald cum owt at the woddis sid,
 420 And agaynys thair wictaill rid.
 He thought than on ane juperty,
 And gert hys menye halily

- Dycht thaim in the presoneris aray:
 Their pennownys als with thaim tuk thai.
 425 And quhill the nycht wes ner thai bad,
 And syne towart the ost thai raid.
 Sum of thair mekill ost has sene
 Thar come; and wend [weill] thai had bene
 Thar wictalouris. Tharfor thai raid
 430 Agaynys thaim scalyt; for thai haid
 Na dred that thai thair fayis war;
 And thaim hungryt alsua weill sar.
 Tharfor thai come abandounly.
 And quhen thai ner war, in gret hi
 435 The erle, and all that with him war,
 Ruschyt on thaim with wapnys bar;
 And thair ensenyeis hey gan cry.
 Than thai, that saw sua sodanly
 Thair fayis dyng on thaim, war sa rad,
 440 That thai na hart to help thaim had;
 Bot to the ost thair way gan ta.
 And thai chassyt, and sua fele gan sla,
 That all the feldys strowyt war.
 Ma than a thowsand ded war thar.
 445 Rycht till thar ost thai gan thaim chass;
 And syne agane thair wayis tais.

- On this wyss wes the wictaill tayne;
 And of the Irche men mony slayne.
 The erle syne, with his cumpany,
 450 Presoneris and wictalis halily,
 Thai broucht till Schyr Eduuard alswith;
 And he wes of thair cummyn blyth.
 That nycht thai maid thaim mery cher;
 For rycht all at thair eyss thai wer.
 455 Thai war ay walkyt sekyrly.

- And thair fayis, on the tothyr party,
 Quhen thai hard how thair men war slane,
 And how thair wictal als wes tane,
 Thai tuk to consaill that thai wald
 460 Thair wayis towart Coigneris hald;
 And herbery in the cité ta.
 And than in gret hy thai haf don sua;
 And raid be nycht to the cité.
 Thai fand thair of wictal gret plenté;
 465 And maid thaim rycht mery cher;
 For all traist in the toun thai wer.
 Apon the morne thai send to spy
 Quhar Scottis men had tane herbery.
 Bot thai war with all als tane,
 470 And broucht rycht till the ost ilkane.
 The erle of Murreff rycht mekly
 Speryt at ane of thair cumpany,
 Quhar thair ost wes; and quhat thai thought
 To do; and said him. gif he moucht
 475 Fynd that till him the suth said he,
 He suld gang hame but ransoun fre.
 He said; " Forsuth I sall yow say,
 " Thai thynk to morn, quhen it is day,
 " To sek yow, with all thair menye;
 480 " Giff thai may get wit quhar ye be.
 " Thai haff gert throw the countré cry,
 " Off payne of lyve, full fellounly,
 " That all the men off this countré
 " To nycht in to the cyté be.
 485 " And trewly thai sall be sa fele,
 " That ye sall na wiss with thaim dele."
 ' De pardew,' said he, ' weill may be !'
 To Schyr Eduuard, with that, yeid he;
 And tauld him wtrely this tale.

- 490 Than haf thai tane for consale hale,
 That thai wald rid to the cité
 That ilk nycht, swa that thai mycht be
 Betuix the toune, with all thair rout,
 And thaim that war to cum without.
- 495 As thai dewisyt thai haf done;
 Befor the toune thai come alsone:
 And bot halfindall a myle of way
 Fra the cité, a rest tuk thai.
 And quhen the day wes dawyn lycht,
- 500 Fyfty on hobynys, that war wycht,
 Come till a litill hill, that was
 Bot fra the toun a litill space.
 And saw Schyr Eduuardis herbery;
 And off the sycht had gret ferly,
- 505 That swa quhone durst ony wiss
 Wndretak sa hey enpryss,
 As for to cum sa hardely
 Apon all the chewalry
 Off Irland, for to bid bataill.
- 510 And swa it wes with owtyn faill.
 For agane thaim war gadryt thar,
 With the wardane Richard of Clar,
 The Butler, and erlis twa,
 Off Desmownd and Kildar war tha;
- 515 Brynrame, Wedoune, and Fyze Waryne;
 And Schyr Paschall of Florentine,
 That wes a knycht of Lumbardy,
 And wes full of chewalry.
- Fol. 49 b The Mawndweillis war thar alsua;
 520 Besatis, Loganys, and othyr ma;
 Sawages als; and yeit wes ane,
 Hat Schyr Nycholl of Kylkenane.

- And with thir lordis sa fele wes then,
That, for ane of the Scottis men,
525 I trow that thai war fyve, or ma.
Quhen thir discourouris seyne had sua
The Scottis ost, thai went in hy
And tauld thair lordis opynly,
How thai to thaim wer cummyn ner;
530 To sek thaim fer wes na myster.
And quhen the erle Thomas had sene
That thai men at the hill had bene,
He tuk with him a gud mengné,
On horss ane hundre thai mycht be;
535 And till the hill thai tuk thair way.
In a slak thaim enbuschyt thai:
And, in schort tyme, fra the cité
Thai saw cum rydand a mengné
For to discor to the hill.
540 Than war thai blyth, and held tham still,
Quhill thai wer cummyn to thaim ner.
Than in a frusche, all that thai wer,
Thai schot apon thaim hardely.
And thai that saw sa sudandly
545 That folk cum on, abaysit war.
And nocht forthi sum of thaim thar
Abad stoutly to ma debate:
And othyr sum ar fled thair gate.
And in to wele schort tym war tha,
550 That maid arest, contraryit sua,
That thai fled halyly thair gat.
And thai thaim chassyt rycht to the yat;
And a gret part off thaim has slayn;
And syne went till thair ost agayn.
555 Quhen thai within has sene sua slayn

- Thair men, and chassyt hame agayn,
Thai war all wa; and in gret hy,
“ Tyll armys !” heyly gan thai cry.
Than armyt thaim all that thar war,
560 And for the bataill maid thaim yar.
Thai ischyt owt, all wele arayit,
In to the bataill, baner displayit;
Bowne on thair best wiss till assaile
Thair fayis in to fele bataill.
- 565 And quhen Schyr Philip the Mowbray
Saw thaim ische in sa gud aray,
Till Schir Eduuard the Bruyss went he;
And said, “ Schyr, it is gud that we
“ Schap for sum slycht that may awaile,
570 “ To help ws in to this bataill.
“ Our men ar quhoyne, bot thai haf will
“ To do mar than thai may fulfill.
“ Tharfor I rede, our cariage,
“ For owtyn ony man or page,
575 “ Be thaim selwyn arrayit be;
“ And thai sall seyme fer ma than we.
“ Set we befor thaim our baneris,
“ Yone folk that cummys out of Coigneris,
“ Quhen thai our baneris thar may se,
580 “ Sall trew traistly that thar ar we:
“ And thidder in gret hy sall thai rid.
“ Cum we than on thaim at a sid,
“ And we sall be at awantag;
“ For fra thai in our cariag
585 “ Be entryt, thai sall combryt be;
“ And than, with all our mycht, may we
“ Lay on, and do all that we may.”
All as he ordanyt done haf thai.
And thai that come out of Coigneris

590 Adressyt thaim to the baneris;
 And smate with spuris the hors in hy;
 And ruschyt thaim sudandly.
 The barell ferraris, that war thar,
 Cumbryt thaim fast that ridand war.

595 And than the erle, with his bataill,
 Come on, and sadly gan assaill.
 And Schyr Eduuard, a litill by,
 Assemblit sua rycht hardely,
 That mony a fey fell wndre fete.

600 The feld wox sone of blud all wete.
 With sa gret felny thar thai faucht;
 And sic rowtis till othyr raucht,
 With stok, with stayne, and with retrete,
 As athir part gan othyr bet;

605 That it wes hidwyss for to se.
 Thai mantemyt that gret mellé
 Sa knychtlik apon athir.sid,
 Giffand and takand rowtis roid,
 That pryme wes passyt, or men mycht se,

610 Quha mast at thar abow mycht be.
 Bot sone eftre that pryme wes past,
 The Scottis men dang on sa fast,
 And schot on thaim at abandoun,
 As ilk man war a campioun,

615 That all thair fayis tuk the flycht.
 Wes nane of thaim that wes sa wicht,
 That ewyr durst abid his fer;

Fol. 50 a Bot ilk man fled thair wayis ser.
 To the toun fled the mast party.

620 And erle Thomas sa egrely,
 And hys rowte, chassyt with suerdis bar,
 That all amang thame mellyt war,

That all to gidder come in the toun.
 Than wes the slauchter sa fellouné,
 625 That all the ruys ran of blud.
 Thaim that thai gat to ded all yhud;
 Swa that than thar weill ner wer dede
 Als fele as in the bataill stede.

The syvewarine wes takyn thar.
 630 Bot swa rad wes Richard of Clar,
 That he fled to the south countré.
 All that moneth I trow that he
 Sall haf na gud will for to fycht.
 Schyr Jhone Stewart, a noble knycht,
 635 Wes woundyt throw the body thar,
 With a sper that scharply schar.
 Bot to Monpeller went he syne,
 And lay thar lang in till helyne:
 And at the last helyt wes he.
 640 Schyr Eduuard than, with his menye,
 Tuk in the toun thair herbery.
 That nycht thai blyth war, and joly,
 For the victour that thai had thar.
 And on the morn, for owtyn mar,
 645 Schyr Eduuard gert men gang and se
 All the wictaill of that cité;
 And thai fand sic foysoun tharin
 Off corne, and flour, and wax, and wyn,
 That thai had of it gret ferly.
 650 And Schyr Eduuard gert halily
 In till Cragfergus caryit be.
 Syne thidder went his men and he,
 And held the sege full stalwartly,
 Quhill Palme Sondag wes passit by.
 655 Than, quhill the Twysday in Payss wouk,

On athir half thai trewys tuok;
 Swa that thai mycht that haly tid
 In pennance, and in prayer, bid.

- Bot, apon the Pasche ewyn rycht,
 660 To the castell, in to the nycht,
 Fra Dewillyne schippis come fyftene,
 Chargyt with armyt men bedene:
 Four thowsand, trow I weill, thai war.
 In the castell thai entryt ar.
- 665 The Mawndweill, auld Schyr Thomas,
 Capitane of that menye was.
 In till the castell priuely
 Thai entryt, for thai had gret spy
 That mony of Schyr Eduuardis men
- 670 War scalyt in the contré then.
 Tharfor thai thought in the mornyng
 Till isch, but langer delaying,
 And to suppriss thaim suddanly;
 For thai thought thai suld traist ly,
- 675 For the trewys that takyn war.
 Bot I trow, falset euirmar
 Sall [haif] wnfayr and ewill ending.
 Schyr Eduuard wist of this na thing;
 For off tresoun had he na thought.
- 680 Bot, for the trew, he lewynt nocht
 To set wachis to the castell:
 Ilk nycht he gert men walk it wele.
 And Nele Flemyng wachit that nycht,
 With sixty men, worthi and wycht.
- 685 And als sone as the day wes cler,
 Thai that with in the castell wer
 Had armyt thaim, and maid thaim boun;
 And sone thair brig awalit doun,

- And ischit in till gret plenté.
 690 And quhen Nele Flemyng gan thaim se,
 He send ane to the king in hy;
 And said to thaim that war him by;
 "Now sall men se, Ik wndretak,
 "Quha dar dey for his lordis sak.
 695 "Now ber yow weill, for sekyrly
 "With all this mengné fecht will I.
 "In till bargane thaim hald sall we,
 "Quhill that our maister armyt be."
 And with that word assemblyt thai.
 700 Thai war to few all out, perfay,
 With sic a gret rout for to fycht.
 Bot nocht forthi with all thair mycht
 Thai dang on thaim sa hardely,
 That all thair fayis had gret ferly,
 705 That thai war all of swilk manheid,
 As thai na drede had of thair dede.
 Bot thair fayis sa gane assaile,
 That na worschip thar mycht awaile.
 Than thai war slane wþ euirilkan,
 710 Sa clene, that thar eschapyt nane.

- And the man that went to the king,
 For to warne him of thair isching,
 Warnyt him in full gret hy.
 Schyr Eduuard wes commonaly
 715 Callyt the king of Irland.
 And quhen he hard sic thing on hand,
 In full gret hast he gat his ger.
 Twelff wucht men in his chawmer wer,
 That armyt thaim in full gret hy.
 720 Syne with his baner hardily
 The myddis of the toun he tays.

- Fol. 50 b Weill ner cummand war his fayis,
 That had delt all thair men in thre.
 The Mawndwell, with a gret menye,
 725 Rycht throw the toun the way held down:
 The lave on athyr sid the toun
 Held, to mete thaim that fleand war.
 Thai thought that all that thai fand thar
 Suld dey, but ransoune, euirilkane:
 730 Bot wthyr wayis the gle is gane.
 For Schyr Eduuard, with his baner,
 And his twelff I tauld yow of er,
 On all that rowte sua hardely
 Assemblyt, that it wes ferly.
 735 For Gib Harpar befor him yeid,
 That wes the douchteast in deid
 That than wes leuand, off his state;
 And with ane ax maid him sic gat,
 That he the fyrst fellyt to ground.
 740 And off thre, in a litill stound,
 The Mawndweill be his armyng
 He knew, and roucht him sic a swyng,
 That he till erd yeid hastily.
 Schyr Eduuard, that wes ner him by,
 745 Reuersyt him, and with a knyff
 Rycht in that place reft him the liff.

- With that off Ardrossane Fergus,
 That wes a knycht rycht curageous,
 Assemblyt with sixty and ma.
 750 Thai preysyt than thair fayis swa,
 That thai that saw thair lord slayne,
 Tynt hart, and wald haf bene again.
 And ay as Scottis men mycht be
 Armyt, thai come to the mellé;

- 755 And dang apon thair fayis sua,
That thai all the bak gan ta:
And thai thaim chassyt to the yat.
Thar wes hard fycht, and gret debat:
Thar slew Schyr Eduuard, with his hand,
760 A knycht that of all Irland
Wes callit best, and of maist bounté.
To surnam Maundweill had he;
His awne name I can noucht say.
Bot his folk to sa hard assay
765 War set, as thai of the doungeoun
Durst opyn na yhat, na brig lat down.
And Schyr Eduuarde, Ik tak on hand,
Soucht thaim, that fled thar to warand,
Sa felly, that of all perfay
770 That ischyt apon him that day,
Thar eschapyt neurir ane,
That thaim war othir tane or slayn.
For to the fycht Maknakill then
Come, with twa hundreth sper men;
775 And thai slew all thai mycht to wyn.
This ilk Maknakill, with a gyn,
Wan off thair schippis four or fyve;
And haly reft the men thair life.
Quhen end was maid of this fychting,
780 Yeyt then wes lyffand Nele Flemyng.
Schyr Eduuarde went him for to se;
About him slayne lay his menyne
All in a lump, on athyr hand;
And he, redy to dey, throwand.
785 Schir Eduuard had of him pité,
And him full gretly menynt he;
And regratyt his gret manheid,
And his worschip, and douchty deid.

- Sic mayn he maid, men had gret ferly;
 790 For he wes nocht custummabilly
 Wont for to meyne men ony thing;
 Na wald nocht her men mak menyng.
 He stud thar by till he wes ded;
 And syne had him till haly sted;
 795 And him with worship gert he be
 Erdyt, with gret solemnyté.

- On this wiss ischit Maundwill.
 Bot sekyrly falset and gyle
 Sall all wayis haif ane iwill ending;
 800 As weill is sene be this isching.
 In tyme of trewys ischit thai;
 And in sic tyme as on Pasche day,
 Quhen God raiss for to sauf mankin
 Fra wem of auld Adamys syne.
 805 Tharfor sa gret myschaunce thaim fell,
 That ilkane, as ye hard me tell,
 War slayne wp, or takyn thar.
 And thai, that in the castell war,
 War set in till sa gret [a stour:]
 810 For thai couth se quhar na succour
 Suld come to [thair] releyff; and thai
 Tretyt: and till a schort day
 The castell till him yauld fre,
 To sawff thaim lyff and lym: and he
 815 Held thaim full well his cunnand.
 The castell tuk he in his hand;
 And wyttalyt weill; and has set
 A gud wardane it for to kept:
 And a quhill tharin restyt he.
 820 Off him no mar now spek will we;
 Bot to King Robert will we gang,

- That we haff left wnspokyn of lang.
 Quhen he had conwoyt to the se
 Fol. 51 a His brodyr Eduuard, and his menye,
 825 [With his shippis he maid him yare
 Into the Ilis for to fayr.
 Walter Stewart with him tuk he,
 His maich, and with him gret menye;]
 And othyr men off gret noblay.
 830 To Tarbart thai held thair way,
 In galayis ordanyt for thair far.
 Bot thaim worthyt draw thair schippis thar:
 And a myle wes betuix the seys;
 Bot that wes lompnyt all with treis.
 835 The king his schippis thar gert draw.
 And for the wynd couth stoutly blaw
 Apon thair bak, as thai wald ga,
 He gert men rapys and mastis ta,
 And set thaim in the schippis hey,
 840 And sayllis to the toppis tey;
 And gert men gang thar by drawand.
 The wynd thaim helpyt, that wes blawand;
 Swa that, in a litill space,
 Thair flote all our drawin was.

 845 And quhen thai, that in the Ilis war,
 Hard tell how the gud king had thar
 Gert hys schippis with saillis ga
 Owt our betuix [the] Tarbart [is] twa,
 Thai war abaysit sa wtrelly.
 850 For thai wyst, throw auld prophecy,
 That he that suld ger schippis sua
 Betuix thai seis with saillis ga,
 Suld wyne the Ilis sua till hand,
 That nane with strenth suld him withstand.

- 855 Tharfor thai come all to the king.
 Wes nane withstud his bidding,
 Owtakyn Jhone of Lorne allayne.
 Bot weill sone eftre wes he tayne;
 And present rycht to the king.
- 860 And thai that war of his leding,
 That till the king had brokyn fay,
 War all dede, and destroyit away.
 This Jhone of Lorne the king has tayne,
 And send hym furth to Dunbertayne,
- 865 A quhill in presoun thar to be.
 Syn to Louchlewyn send wes he;
 Quhar he wes quhill in festnyng:
 I trow he maid tharin ending.
 The king, quhen all the Ilis war
- 870 Broucht till his liking, les and mar,
 All that sesoun thar duellyt he,
 At huntyng, gamyn, and at gle.

- Quhill the king apon this maner
 Dawntyt the Ilis, as I tell her,
- 875 The gud Schyr James of Douglas
 In till the Forest duelland was,
 Defendand worthely the land.
 That tym in Berwik wes duelland
 Edmound de Cailow, a Gascoune,
- 880 That wes a knycht of gret renoune;
 And in till Gascoune, his contré,
 Lord off gret senyowry wes he.
 He had Berwik in keping:
 And maid a priué gaderyng,
- 885 And gat him a gret cumpany
 Of wycht men armyt jolily.
 And the nethyr ende of Tewidale

- He prayit doun till him all hale;
 And of the Mers a gret party;
 890 Syne towart Berwik went in hy.
 Schyr Adam of Gordoun, that than
 Wes becummyn Scottis man,
 Saw thaim dryf sua away thair fe;
 And wend thai had bene quhone, for he
 895 [Saw but the fleying skail perfay,
 And thaim that seysit on the pray.
 Than to Schir James of Douglas
 In full gret hy the way he tais;
 And told how Inglis men thar pray
 900 Had tane; and syne wer went away
 Toward Berwik with all thar fe.
 And said they quhone were; and gif he]
 Wald sped him, he suld weill lichtly
 Wyn thaim, and reskew all the ky.
 905 [Schir James sone gave his assent
 To folow thaim: and furth is went,
 And folowit thaim in full gret hy,
 And cum weill ner thaim hastily.
 For, ere thay mycht fullely se,
 910 Thai cum weill ner with thair menye.
 Bot then both forray, and the skail,
 War knyt in till a sop all haill;]
 With knawis and swanys, that na mycht
 Had for to stand in feld and fycht.
 915 The lave behynd thaim maid a stale.
 The Dowglas saw thair lump all hale;
 And saw thaim of sa gud cowyn,
 And saw thai war sa mony syne,
 That thai for ane of his war twa.
 920 "Lordingis," he said, "sen it is sua
 "That we haf chassyt of sic maner,

- " That we now cummyn ar sa ner,
 " That we may nocht eschew the fycht,
 " Bot gif we fouly ta the flycht;
 925 " Lat ilkane on his lemman mene;
 " And how he mony tyme has bene
 " In gret thrang, and weill cummyn away:
 " Think we to do rycht sua to day.
 " And tak we of this furd her by
 930 " Our awantage; for in gret hy
 " Thai sall come on ws for to fycht.
 " Set we than will, and strenth, and mycht,
 " For to mete thaim rycht hardely."
 And with that word full hastily
 935 He displayit his baner;
 For his fayis war cummand ner,
 That, quhen thai saw he wes sa quhoine,
 Thought thai suld with thaim sone haf don,
 And assemblit full hardely.
 940 Thar men mycht se men fecht felly,
 And a rycht cruell mellé mak;
 And mony strakys giff and tak.

- The Dowglas thar weill hard was stad.
 Bot the gret hardyment that he hade
 Fol. 51 b 945 Comfort hys men on sic awyss,
 That na man thought on cowardyss;
 Bot faucht sa fast, with all thair mayn,
 That thai fele of thair fayis has slayn.
 And thought thai be weill fer way ma
 950 Than thai, yeyt euyr demanyt thaim sua,
 That Edmund de Cailow wes ded
 Rycht in that ilk fechtyn stede.
 And all the lave, fra he wes done,
 War planly discomfyt sone.

- 955 And thai that chassyt sum has slayn,
And turnyt the prayis all agayn.
The hardast fycht forsuth this wes
That cuir the gud lord off Dowgles
Wes in, as off sa few mengné.
- 960 For nocht had bene his gret bounté,
That slew thair chyftane in that fycht;
His men had all to dede bene dycht.
He had in till custoume alway,
Quhen cuir he come till hard assay,
- 965 To preyss him the chiftane to sla;
And her fell hap that he did sua:
That gert him haff wictour fele syss.
Quhen Schyr Edmound apon this wiss
Was dede, the gud lord of Douglas
- 970 To the Forest his wayis tays.
His fayis gretly gan him dred;
The word sprang weile fer of his deid,
Swa that in Ingland ner thar by
Men spak of it commonaly.
- 975 Schir Robert Nevile that tid
Wonnyt at Berwik, ner besid
The march, quhar the lord Douglas
In the Forest repayrand was;
And had at him full gret inwy,
- 980 For he saw him sa manlyly
Mak ay his boundis mar and mar.
He hard the folk that with him war
Spek off the lord Douglas mycht,
And how he forsye wes in fycht,
- 985 And how he fell oft fayr fortoun.
He wrethyt tharat all [full] soun;
And said, "Quhat wene ye, is thar nayne
"That cuir is worth bot he allane?

- " Ye set him as he wer but per.
 990 " But Ik awow, befor yow her,
 " Giff euir he come in till this land,
 " He sall fynd [me] ner at his hand :
 " And gif Ik euir his baner
 " May se displayit apon wer,
 995 " I sall assemblill on him but dout,
 " All thought yhe hald him neuir sa stout."

- Of this awow sone bodword was
 Brocht to Schyr James of Dowglas,
 That said; " Gif he will hald his hycht,
 1000 " I sall do sa he sall haiff sycht
 " Off me and my cumpany,
 " Yeyt or oucht lang, wele ner him by."
 Hys retenew than gaderyt he,
 That war gud men of gret bounté,
 1005 And till the march, in gud aray,
 Apon a nycht he tuk the way.
 Swa that, in to the mornynge arly,
 He wes, with all his cumpany,
 Befor Berwik : and thar he maid
 1010 Men to display his baner brad.
 And of his menye sum sent he
 For to bryn townys twa or thre :
 And bad thaim sone agayne thaim sped;
 Swa that on hand, giff thar come ned,
 1015 Thai mycht be for the fycht redy.
 The Newill that wist wittily
 That Dowglas cummyn wes sa ner,
 And saw all braid stand his baner,
 Than with the folk that with him wer,
 1020 (And he had a gret menye thar;
 For all the gud off that countré

- In till that tyme with him had he;
 Swa that he thar with him had then
 Wele may then war the Scottis men;)
 1025 He held his way wp till a hill:
 And said; "Lordingis, it war my will
 "To mak end off the gret deray
 "That Dowglas mayis ws ilk day.
 "Bot me think it spedfull that we
 1030 "Abid, quhill his men scalit be
 "Throw the countré, to tak thair pray:
 "Than fersly schout on thaim we may;
 "And we sall haf thaim at our will."
 Than all thai gaf assent thartill;
 1035 And on the hill abaid howand.
 The men fast gaderyt of the land,
 And drew till him in full gret hy.
 The Dowglas then, that wes worthi,
 Thought it wes foly mar to bid:
 1040 Towart the hill than gan he rid.
 And quhen the Newill saw that thai
 Wald nocht pass furth to the forray,
 Bot pressyt to thaim with thair mycht,
 He wyst weill than that thai wald fycht
 1045 And till his mengye gan he say;
 Fol. 52 a "Lordingis, now hald we furth our way.
 "Her is the flour of the countré;
 "And may then thai alsua ar we.
 "Assembill we then hardely:
 1050 "For Douglas, with yone yhwmanry,
 "Sall haf na mycht till ws perfay."
 Than in a frusch assemblyt thai.
 Than mycht men her the speris brast,
 And ilkane ding on othir fast;
 1055 And blude bryst owt at woundis wid.

Thai faucht fast apon athyr sid;
 For athyr party gan thaim payn
 To put thair fayis on bak agayn.

- The lordis off Newill and Douglas,
 1060 Quhen at the fechting fellast was,
 Met to giddy, rycht in the preyss.
 Betuix thaim than gret bargane wes.
 Thai faucht felly with all thair maucht:
 Gret rowtis athir othyr raucht.
 1065 Bot Dowglas starker wes, Ik hycht,
 And mar wsyt alsua to fycht:
 And he set hart, and will alsua,
 For to deliuer him of his fa;
 Quhill at the last, with mekill mayn,
 1070 Off forss then Newill has he slayn.
 Then his ensenye hey gan cry;
 And on the lave sa hardely
 He ruschyt, with his menye,
 That in till schort tym men mycht se
 1075 Thair fayis tak thaim to the flycht.
 And thai thaim chassyt with all thair mycht.
 Schyr Rawff Newill, in the chass,
 And the baron of Hiltoun, was
 Takyn; and othyr of mekill mycht.
 1080 Thar wes fele slayne in to that fycht,
 That worthi in thair tym had bene.
 And quhen the feld wes clengyt clen,
 Swa that thair fayis euirilkane
 War slayne, or chassyt awai, or tan,
 1085 Than gert he forray all the land;
 And sesyt all that euir thai fand;
 And brynt townys in thair way:

Syne hale and fer [hame] cummyn ar thai.
 The prayis amang his menye,
 1090 Eftre thair meritis, delt he;
 And held na thing till his behuff.
 Sic dedis aucht to ger men luff
 Thair lord: and sua thai did perfay.
 He tretyt thaim sa wisly ay,
 1095 And with sa mekill luff alsua,
 And sic a wansement wald ma
 Off thair deid, that the mast cowart
 He maid stoutar then a libart.
 With cherysing thusgat maid he
 1100 His men wycht, and of gret bounté.

Quhen Newill thus was broucht to ground,
 And of Cailow auld Schyr Edmound;
 The drede of the Lord of Dowglas,
 And his renoune, sa scalit was
 1105 'Throw out the marchis of Ingland,
 That all that thar war in wonnand
 Dred him, as the fell dewill of hell.
 And yeit haf Ik herd oft syss tell,
 That he sa gretly dred wes than
 1110 That quhen wiwys walde childre ban,
 Thai wald, rycht with an angry face,
 Betech thaim "to the blak Douglas."
 Throw his gret worschip and bounté,
 Swa with his fayis dred wes he,
 1115 That thaim growyt to her his name.
 He may at ese now duell at hame
 A quhill, for I trow he sall noucht
 With fayis all a quhile be soucht.
 Now lat him in the Forest be:

1120 Off him spek now no mar will we.
Bot off Schyr Eduuard the worthi,
That, with all his chewalry,
Wes in Cragfergus yeit liand,
To spek mar we will tak on hand.

BUKE ELEUENTH.

- QUHEN Schyr Eduuard, as Ik said er,
 Had discomfyt Richard of Clar,
 And of Irland all the barnage
 Thriss, throw his worthi wasselag,
 5 And syne with all his men of mayn
 Till Cragfergus wes cummyn agayn;
 The gud erle of Murreff, Thomas,
 Tuk leyff in Scotland for to pas.
 And he him levyt with a gruching;
 10 And syne him chargyt to the king,
 To pray him specialli, that he
 Cum in till Irland, him to se:
 For, war thai bath in to that land,
 Thai suld fynd nane suld thaim withstand.
 15 The erle furth thane his way has tane,
 And till his schipping is he gayn;
 And sayllyt weill out our the se.
 Fol. 52 b In till Scotland sone arywit he.
 Syne till the king he went in hy:
 20 And [he] resawyt him glaidsumly;
 And speryt of his brodyr fayr,
 And of journayis that thai had thar.
 And he him tauld all but lesing.
 Quhen the king left had the spering,
 25 Hys charge to the gud king tauld he.
 And he said, he wald blythly se

- Hys brothyr, and se the affer
 Off that contré, and of thar wer.
 A gret mengye then gaderyt he:
 30 And twa lordys of gret bounté,
 The tane the Stewart, Waltyr, was,
 The tothyr, James of Douglas,
 Wardanys in his absence maid he;
 For to mayneteyme wele the countré.
 35 Syne to the se he tuk the way;
 And at Lochriane in Galloway
 He schippyt, with all his menye.
 To Cragfergus sone cummyn is he.
 Schir Eduuard of his come wes blyth;
 40 And went doun to mete him swyth;
 And welcumyt him with gladsome cher:
 Sa did thai all that with him wer;
 And specially the erle Thomas
 Off Murreff, that his newo was.
 45 Syne till the castell went thai yar,
 And maid thaim mekill fest and far.
 Thay soiournyt thar dayis thre,
 And that in myrth and jolyté.

- King Robert, apon thiskyn wiss,
 50 In till Irland arywit is:
 And quhen in Cragfergus had he
 With his men soiournyt dayis thre,
 Thai tuk to consaill that thai wald,
 With all thair folk, thair wayis hald
 55 Throw all Irland, fra end till othyr.
 Schir Eduuard than, the kingis brothyr,
 Befor in the awaward raid;
 The king him selff the rerward maid,
 That had in till his cumpany

- 60 The erle Thomas, that wes worthi.
Thair wayis southwart haff thai tane,
And sone ar passyt [euirilkane.]
This wes in the moneth off May,
Quhen byrdis syngis in ilk spray;
65 Melland thair notis with seymly soun,
For softnes of the suet sesoun:
And levys of the branchys spredis,
And blomys brycht besid thaim bredis;
And feldis ar strowyt with flouris
70 Well sawerand, of ser colouris:
And all thing worthis blyth and gay.
Quhen that this gud king tuk his way
To rid southwart, as I said ar,
The wardane than, Richard of Clar,
75 Wyst the king wes arywyt sua,
And wyst that he schup him to ta
His way towart the south contré.
And of all Irland assemblit he
Bath burges and chewalry;
80 And hobilleris and yhumanry;
Quhill he had ner fourty thousand.
Bot he wald nocht yet tak on hand
With all his fayis in feld to fycht.
Bot he wmbethought him of ane slycht;
85 That he with all that gret menye
Wald in [a] wod enbuschit be,
And priuely besid the way,
Quhar that thair fayis suld away;
And lat the awaward pass fer by,
90 And syne assemblit hardely
On the rerward, with all thair men.
Thai did as thai diuisit then.
In ane wod thai enbuschit wer;

The Scottis ost raid by thaim ner;
 95 Bot thai na schawing of thaim maid.
 Schir Eduuard weill fer forouth rad,
 With thaim that war of his menye;
 To the rerward na tent tuk he.

And Schyr Richard of Clar in hy,
 100 Quhen Schyr Eduuard wes passyt by,
 Send lycht yomen, that weill couth schout,
 To bykkyr the rerward apoun fute.
 Than twa of thaim, that send furth war,
 At the wod sid thaim bykkyrit thar;
 105 And schot amang the Scottis men.
 The king, that had thar with him then
 Weill fyve thousand, wicht and worthi,
 Saw thai twa sa abandounly
 Schut amang thaim, and cum sa ner;
 110 He wist rycht weill, with owtyn wer,
 That thai rycht ner suppowall had.
 Tharfor a bidding has he mad,
 That na man sall be sa hardy
 To prik at thaim, bot sarraly
 115 Rid redy ay in to bataill,
 To defend gif men wald assaill.
 "For we sall sone, Ik wndreta,"
 He said, "haf for to do with ma."

Bot Schyr Colyne Cambell, that ner
 Fol. 53 a 120 Was by quhar thai twa yhumen wer,
 Schowtand amang thaim hardily,
 Prykyt on thaim in full gret hy;
 And sone the tane has our tane,
 And with the sper him sone has slayne.
 125 The tothyr turnyt and schot agayne;

- And at a schot his horss has slayne.
 With that the king come hastily,
 And, in till hys malancoly,
 With a trounsoun in till his new
 130 To Schyr Colyne sic dusche he gewe,
 That he dynnyt on his arsoun.
 Then bad he smertly tit him doun.
 Bot othyr lordis, that war him by,
 Ameysst the king in to party.
 135 And he said; " Breking of bidding
 " Mycht causs all our discumfiting.
 " Weyne ye, yone ribaldis durst assaill
 " Ws sa ner, in till our bataill,
 " Bot giff thai had suppowaill ner?
 140 " I wate rycht weill, with owtyn wer,
 " That we sall haf to do in hy;
 " Tharfor luk ilk man be redy."
 With that weill ner thretty, or ma,
 Off bowmen come, and bykyrit sua
 145 That thai hurt off the kingis men.
 The king has gert his archeris then
 Schoute, for to put thai men agayn.
 With that thai entryt in a playn;
 And saw arayit agayn thaim stand,
 150 In four bataillis, fourty thowsand.

- The king said; " Now, lordingis, lat se
 " Quha worthy in this fycht sall be.
 " On thaim, for owtyn mar abaid!"
 Sa stoutly than on thaim thai raid,
 155 And assemblyt sa hardely,
 That off thair fayis a gret party
 Was laid at erd, at thair meting.
 Thar wes off speris sic bristing,

- As athir apon othyr raid,
 160 That it a wele gret frusch has maid.
 Horss come thar fruschand heid for heid,
 Swa that fele on the ground fell deid.
 Mony a wycht and worthi man,
 As athir apon othyr ran,
 165 War duschyt dede down to the ground.
 The red blud out off mony a wound
 Ruschyt in sa gret foyssoun than,
 That off the blud the stremys ran.
 And thai, that wraith war, and angry,
 170 Dang on othyr sa hardily,
 With wapnys that war brycht and bar,
 That mony a gud man deyit thar.
 For thai that hardy war and wycht,
 And stoutlynys with thair fayis gan fycht,
 175 Pressyt thaim formast for to be.
 Thar mycht men cruell bargane se,
 And hard bataill. Ik tak on hand.
 In all the wer off Irland
 Sa hard a fychting wes nocht sene;
 180 The quhethir of gret wictours nynetene
 Schyr Eduuard has, with owtyn wer;
 And in to les than in thre yer;
 And in syndry bataillis of tha
 Wencussyt thretty thowsand and ma,
 185 With trappyt hors rycht to the fete.
 Bot in all tymys he wes yete
 Ay ane for fyve, quhen lest was he,
 Bot the king, in to this mellé,
 Had alwayis aucht of his famen
 190 For ane: bot he sua bar him then,
 That his gud deid and his bounté
 Comfortyt swa all his menye,

- That the mast coward hardy wes.
 For quhar he saw the thickest press,
 195 Sa hardely on thaim he raid,
 That thar about him rowme he maid.
 And erle Thomas, the worthi,
 Wes in all tyme ner him by;
 And faucht as he war in a rage.
 200 Swa that, for thair gret wasselage,
 Thair men sic gret hardyment gan tak,
 That thai na perell wald forsak;
 Bot thaim abandound sa stoutly,
 And dang apon thaim sa hardely,
 205 That all thair fayis affrayit war.
 And thai that saw weill, be thair far,
 That thai eschewyt sumdele the fycht,
 Than dang thai on with all thair mycht,
 And in thair fleyng fele gan sla.
 210 The kingis men has chassyt swa,
 That thai war scalyt euirilkane.
 Rychard off Clar the way has tane
 To Dewillyne, in to full gret hy,
 With othyr lordys that fled him by.
 215 And warnysyt bath castellis and townys,
 That war in thair possessiownys.

- Thai war sa felly fleyit thar,
 That I trow Schyr Richard off Clar
 Fol. 53 b Sall haff na will to faynd hys mycht
 220 In bataill, na in forss to fycht,
 Quhill king Robert, and his menye,
 Is duelland in that cuntré.
 Thai stuffyt strenthis on this wiss.
 And the king, that wes to priss,
 225 Saw in the feld rycht mony slayne.

- And ane off thaim, that thar wes tane,
 That wes arayit jolyly,
 He saw greyt wondre tendrely,
 And askyt him quhy he maid sic cher. .
 230 He said him; "Schyr, with owtyrn wer,
 " It is na wondre thought I gret;
 " I se fele her lossyt the suet
 " The flour of all North Irland,
 " That hardyast war of thair hand,
 235 " And mast dowtyt in hard assay."
 The king said; ' Thow dois wrang perfay;
 ' Thow has mar causs myrthis to ma,
 ' For thow the dede eschapyt sua.'
 Richard off Clar, on this maner,
 240 And all his folk, discomfyt wer,
 With few folk, as I to yow tauld.
 And quhen Eduuard the Bruyss, the bauld,
 Wyst at the king had fochtyn sua,
 With sa fele folk, and he tharfra,
 245 Mycht na man se a wäer man.
 Bot the gud king said till him than,
 That it wes in his awne foly;
 For he raid swa wnwittely
 Sa fer befor, and na waward
 250 Maid to thaim of the rerward.
 For, he said, quha on wer wald rid
 In a waward, he suld na tid
 Pass fra hys rerward fer of sycht;
 For gret perell swa fall thar mycht.
 255 Off this fycht will we spek no mar.
 Bot the king, and all that thar war,
 Raid furthwart in bettyr aray,
 And nerar to giddy than er did thai.

- Throw all the land playnly thai raid.
 260 Thai fand nane that thaim obstakill maid.
 Thai raid ewyn forouth Drochindra,
 And forouth Dewillyne syne alsua:
 And to giff battaill nane thai fand.
 Syne went thai southwart in the land;
 265 And rycht till Kynrike held thair way,
 That is the southmaist toun perfoy,
 That in Irland may fundyn be.
 Thar lay thai dayis twa or thre:
 And buskyt syne agayn to far.
 270 And quhen that thai all redy war,
 The king has hard a woman cry;
 He askyt quhat that wes in hy.
 "It is the layndar, Schyr," said ane,
 "That hyr child ill rycht now has tane;
 275 "And mon leve now behind ws her:
 "Tharfor scho makys yone iwill cher."
 The king said; "Certis, it war pité
 'That scho in that poynt left suld be;
 'For certis I trow thar is na man
 280 'That he ne will rew a woman than."
 Hiss ost all thar arestyt he,
 And gert a tent sone stentit be;
 And gert hyr gang in hastily,
 And othyr wemen to be hyr by,
 285 Quhill scho wes deliuer, he bad;
 And syne furth on his wayis raid.
 And how scho furth suld caryit be,
 Or cuir he furth fur, ordanyt he.
 This wes a full gret curtasy,
 290 That swilk a king, and sa mychty,
 Gert his men duell on this maner,
 Bot for a pouir lauender.

- Agayne northwart thai tuk thair way,
 Throw all Irland than perfay;
 295 Throw all Connach, rycht to Dewillyne;
 And throw all Methy, and Jereby syne;
 And syne haly throw Wlsister,
 And Monester, and Lenester;
 To Cragfergus, for owtyn bataill;
 300 For thar wes nane durst thaim assaill.
 The kings off Irchery
 Come to Schyr Eduuard halily;
 And thar manredyn gan him ma,
 Bot giff that it war ane or twa.
 305 Till Cragfergus thai come again.
 In 2ll that way wes nane bargain;
 Bot giff that ony poynye wer,
 That is noucht for to spek of her.
 The Irsche kingis than euirilkane
 310 Hame till thair awne repayr ar gane,
 And wndretuk in all kyn-thing
 For till obey to the bidding
 Off Schyr Eduuard, that thair king callit thay.
 He wes now weill set in gud way
 315 To conquer the land halyly:
 For he had apon his party
 The Irschery, and Wlsyster;
 And he wes sa furth on his wer
 That he was passyt throw Irland,
 320 Fra end till wthyr, throw strenth of hand.
 Fol. 54 a Couth he haf gouernyt him throw skill,
 And folowyt nocht to fast his will,
 Bot with mesur haf led his dede;
 It wes weill lik, with outyn drede,
 325 That he mycht haiff conqueryt weill
 The land of Irland ilka dele.

Bot his owtrageouss sucquedry,
 And will, that wes mar than hardy,
 Off purpos lettyt hym perfay:
 330 As Ik her eftre sall yow say.

Now leve we her the noble king,
 All at his ese, and his liking;
 And spek we of the lord of Douglas,
 That left to kep the marchis was.
 335 He gert set wrychtis that war sleye;
 And in the halche of Lyntailé
 He gert thaim mak a fayr maner.
 And quhen the howssis biggit wer,
 He gert purway him rycht weill thar;
 340 For he thowcht to mak ane infar,
 And to mak gud cher till his men.
 In Rychmound wes wonnand then
 Ane erle that men callit Schyr Thomas.
 He had inwy at the Dowglas;
 345 And said, gif that he his baner
 Mycht se displayit apon wer,
 That sone assemble on it suld he.
 He herd how Dowglas thought to be
 At Lyntailey, and fest to ma.
 350 And he had wittering weill alsua,
 That the king, and a gret menye,
 War passyt than of the countré;
 And the erle of Murref, Thomas.
 Tharfor he thought the contré was
 355 Febill of men, for to withstand
 Men that suld [fecht] with stalwart hand.
 And of the marchis than had he
 The gouernaile, and the pousté.
 He gaderyt folk about him then,

360 Quhill he wes ner ten thousand men;
 And wod axys gert with him tak;
 For he thought [he] his men wald mak
 To hew Jedwort forrest sa clene,
 That na tre suld tharin be sene.

365 Thai held thaim forthwart on thair way.
 Bot the gud lord Dowglas, that ay
 Had spyis owt on ilka sid,
 Had gud wittering that thai wald rid;
 And cum apon him suddanly.

370 Than gaderyt he rycht hastily
 Thaim that he mowcht, of his menye.
 I trow that than with him wald be
 Fyfty, that worthy war and wicht,
 At all poynt armyt weill and dycht;

375 And of archeris a gret menye,
 Assemblyt als with him had he.
 A place thar was thar in the way,
 Quhar he thought weill thai suld away,
 That had wod apon athyr sid.

380 The entré wes weill large and wid,
 And as a scheild it narowit ay,
 Quhill at, in till a place, the way
 Wes nocht a pennystane cast of breid.
 The lord of Douglas thidder yeid,

385 Quhen he wyst thai war ner cummand;
 And [in] a louch on the ta hand,
 Has hys archeris enbuschit he,
 And bad thaim hald thaim all priué,
 Quhill that thai hard him rayss the cry;

390 And than [thai] suld schut hardely
 Amang thair fayis, and sow thaim sar
 Quhill that he throw thaim passyt war;

- And syne with him furth hald suld thai.
 Than byrkis on athyr sid the way,
 395 That young and thik war growand ner,
 He knyt to gidder, on sic maner,
 That men moucht nocht weill throu thaim rid.
 Quhen this wes done, [he] gan abid
 Apon the tothyr half the way:
 400 And Richmound, in gud aray,
 Come ridand in the fyrst escheill.
 The lord Dowglas has sene him weill,
 And gert his men all hald thaim still,
 Quhill at thair hand thai come thaim till,
 405 And entryt in the narow way.
 Than with a schout on thaim schot thai,
 And cryt on hycht, "Douglas ! Douglas !"
 The Rychmound, that than worthi was,
 Quhen he has hard sua raiss the cry,
 410 And Douglas baner saw planly,
 He dressyt thidderwart in hy.
 And thai come on sua hardily,
 That thai throw thaim maid thaim the way;
 All that thai met till erd bar thai.
 415 The Rychmound borne doun thar was:
 On him arestyt the Douglas,
 And him reuersyt, and with a knyff
 Rycht in that place reft him the lyff.
 Fol. 54 b Ane hat apon his helm he bar;
 420 And that tuk with him Dowglas thar,
 In taknyng, for it furryt was.
 And syne in hy thair wayis tays,
 Quhill in the wod thai entryt war.
 The archeris weill has borne thaim thar,
 425 For weill and hardily schot thai.
 The Inglis rowt in gret affray

War set, for Douglas suddanly,
 With all thaim of his cumpany,
 Or euir thai wyst, wes in thair rout,
 430 And thyrlyt thaim weill ner throuch out;
 And had almost all doyn his deid,
 Or thai to help thaim couth tak heid.

And quhen thai saw thair lord slayn,
 Thai tuk him wp, and turnyt agayn,
 435 To draw thaim fra the schot away.
 Than in a plane assemblit thai;
 And for thair lord, that thar wes dede,
 Thai schup thaim in that ilk sted
 For to tak herbery all that nycht.
 440 And than the Dowglas, that wes wycht,
 Gat wytteryng, ane clerk Elyss,
 With weill thre hundyr ennymys,
 All straucht to Lyntailé war gayn,
 And herbery for thair ost had tane.
 445 Than thidder is he went in hy,
 With all thaim of his cumpany,
 And fand clerk Ellys at the mete;
 And [all] his round about him set.
 And thai come on thaim stoutly thar,
 450 And with suerdis that scharply schar,
 Thai seruyt thaim full egrely.
 Slayn war thai full grewously,
 That wele ner eschapyt nane;
 Thai seruyt thaim on sa gret wane,
 455 With scherand swerdis, and with knyffis,
 That weile ner all left the lyvys.
 Thai had a felloun eftremess;
 That sowrchargis to chargand wes.
 Thai that eschapyt thar throw cass

- 460 Rycht till the ost the wayiss taiss;
And tauld how that thair men war slayn
Sa clene that ne eschapyt nane.
And quhen thai of thair ost had herd
How that the Douglas with thaim ferd,
465 That had thair herbryouris slayne,
And ruschyt all thaim self agayn,
And slew thair lord in myd thair rout;
Thar wes nane of thaim all sa stout,
That mar will than had till assaile
470 The Dowglas: tharfor to consaill
Thai yeid, and to purpos has tayne
To wend hamwart; and hamwart ar gane;
And sped thaim swa apon thair way,
That in Ingland sone cum ar thai.
475 The forest left thai standand still;
To hew it than thai had na will:
Specially quhill the Dowglas
Swa ner hand by thair nychtbur was.
And he that saw thaim torne agayn,
480 Persawyt weill thair lord wes slayn;
And be the hat that he had tayne,
He wist alsua weill; for ayne,
That takyn wes, said him suthly,
That Rychmound commounly
485 Wes wount that furryt hat to wer.
Than Douglas blythar was than er;
For he wist weill that Rychmound,
His felloun fa, wes brought to ground.

Schir James of Dowglas, on this wiss,
490 Throu his worschip, and his empriss,
Defendyt worthely the land.
This poynt of wer, I tak on hand.

- Wes wndretane full apertly,
 And eschewyt rycht hardely.
 495 For he na stonayit, for owtyn wer,
 That folk, that well ten thousand wer,
 With fyfty armyt men, but ma.
 I can als tell yow othyr twa
 Poyntis, that weile eschewyt wer
 500 With fyfty men: and but wer,
 [Thai war all done sa hardily,
 That thai war prissyt soueranely,
 Atour all othyr poyntis of wer
 That in thair tym eschewyt wer.]
 505 This wes the fyrst, that sua stoutly
 Wes broucht to end wele with fyfty.
 In to Galloway the tothyr fell;
 Quhen, as ye forouth herd me tell,
 Schir Eduuard the Bruyss, with fyfty,
 510 Wencussyt of Sanct Jhon Schyr Amery,
 And fyfty hundyr men be tale.
 The thrid fell in till Esdail;
 Quhen that Schyr Jhone the Soullis was
 The gouernour of all that place,
 515 That to Schyr Androw Hardclay
 With fyfty men with set the way,
 That had thar in his cumpany
 Fol. 55 a Thre hundyr horsyt jolyly.
 This Schyr Jhone in till playn melle,
 520 Throw sowerane hardiment that felle,
 Wencussyt thaim sturdely ilkan,
 And Schyr Androw in hand has tayne.
 I will nocht reheress the maner;
 For quha sa likis, thai may her
 525 Young wemen, quhen thai will play,
 Syng it amang thaim ilk day.

- Thir war the worthi poyntis thre,
 That I trow euirmar sall be
 Prissy, quhile men may on thaim mene.
 530 It is wele worth, for owtyn wene,
 That thair namys for euirmar,
 That in thair tym sua worthi war,
 That men till her yeit has daynté,
 For thair worschip and thair bounté,
 535 Be lestand ay furth in lowing:
 Quhar he that is of hewynnys king
 Bring thaim he wp till hevynnys blis,
 Quhar allwayis lestand lowing is!

- In this tym that the Richmound
 540 Was on this maner broucht to ground,
 Men off the cost off Ingland,
 That duelt on Humbre, or nerhand,
 Gaderyt thaim a gret mengné;
 And went in schippis to the se;
 545 And towart Scotland went in hy,
 And in the Fyrth come hastily.
 Thai wend till haiff all thair liking:
 For thai wyst weile that the king
 Wes than fer owt of the countré,
 550 With him mony of gret bounté.
 Tharfor into the Fyrth come thai
 And endlang it wp held thai,
 Quhill thai, besid Enuerkething,
 On west half towart Dunferlyng,
 555 Tuk land; and fast begouth to ryve.
 The erle of Fyff, and the schyrryve,
 Saw to thair cost schippis approchand:
 Thai gaderyt to defend thair land;
 And asorgayn the schippis ay,

- 560 As thai saillyt, thai held thair way,
And thought to let thaim land to tak.
And quhen the schipmen saw thaim mak
Swilk contenance, in sic aray,
Thai said amang thaim all, that thai
565 Wald nocht let for thaim land to ta.
Than to the land thai sped thaim swa,
That thai come thar in full gret hy,
And arywyt full hardely.
The Scottis men saw thair cummyng,
570 And had of thaim sic abasing,
That thai all samyn raid thaim fra;
And the land letles lete thaim ta.
Thai durst nocht fecht with thaim; for thi
Thai withdrew thaim all halily;
575 The quethyr thai war fyve hundyr ner.

- Quhen thai away thus ridand wer,
And na defens begouth to schape,
Off Dunkeldyn the gud byschap,
That men callyt Wilyam the Sanctecler
580 Come with a rowt in gud maner;
I trow on hors thai war sixty.
Him selff was armyt jolyly;
And raid apon a stalwart sted.
A chemer, for till hele his wed,
585 Apon his armour had he then;
And armyt weill als war his men.
The erle and the schyrreff met he,
A waywart with thair gret menye:
And askyt thaim weill sone, quhat hy
590 Maid thaim to turne sa hastily.
Thai said, thair fayis, with stalwart hand,
Had in sic foyssoun takyn the land,

That thai thocht thaim all out to fele,
And thaim to few with thaim to dele.

595 Quhen the byschap hard it wes sua,
He said; "The king aucht weill to ma
" Off yow, that takys sa wele on hand,
" In his absence, to wer his land.
" Certis, giff he gert serff yow weill,
600 " The gilt spuris, rycht be the hele,
" He suld in hy ger hew yow fra.
" Rycht wald with cowartis men did swa.
" Quha luffis his lord, or his cuntré,
" Turne smertly now agayne with me!"

605 With that he kest of his chemer,
And hynt in hand a stalwart sper,
And raid towart his fayis in hy.
All turnyt with him halyly;
For he had thaim reprowyt sua,
610 That off thaim all nane fled him fra.
He raid befor thaim sturdely;
And thai him folowyt sarraly,
Quhill that thai come ner approachand
To thar fayis that had tane land.

Fol. 55 b 615 And sum war knyht in gud aray;
And sum war went to the forray.

The gud byschap, quhen he thaim saw,
He said; "Lordingis, but drede or aw,
" Pryk we apon thaim hardely,
620 " And we sall haf thaim wele lychtly,
" Se thai ws cum but abaysyng,
" Swa that we mak her na stinting,
" Thai sall weill sone discumfyt be.
" Now dois weill; for men sall se,
625 " Quha luffis the kingis mensk to day."

- Than all to giddy in gud aray,
Thai prikyt apon thaim sturdely.
The byschap that wes rycht hardy,
And mekill, and stark, raid forouth ay.
- 630 Than in a frusche assemblit thai.
And thai, that at the fryst meting,
Feld off the speris sa sar sowing,
Wandyst, and wald haiff bene away.
Toward the schippis in hy held thai,
- 635 And thai thaim chassyt fellounly;
And slew thaim sua dispitously,
That all the feldis strowyt war
Off Inglis men, that slane war thar.
And thai, yeyt that held wnslayne,
- 640 Pressyt to the se agayne.
And Scottis men, that chassyt sua,
Slew all that euir thai mycht our ta.
Bot thai that fled yeit, nocht for thi,
Swa to thar schippis gan thaim hy:
- 645 And in sum barge sua fele gan ga,
And thair fayis hastyt thaim sua,
That thai our tumblyt; and the men
That war thar war drownyt then.
Thar did ane Inglis man perfay
- 650 A weill gret strenth, as Ik hard say.
For quhen he chassyt wes till his bat,
A Scottis man, that him handlyt hat,
He hynt than be the armys twa;
And war him wele, or war him wa,
- 655 He ewyn apon his bak him flang;
And with him to the bat gan gang,
And kest him in, all mawgre his.
This wes a wele gret strenth I wis.
The Inglis men, that wan away,

660 To thair schippis in hy went thai;
And saylyt hame, angry and wa
That thai had bene rebutyt sua.

Quhen that the schipmen on this wiss
War discumfyt, as I dewyss,
665 The byschap, that sa weill him bar,
That he all hartyt that thar war,
Wes yeyt in to fechting sted,
Quhar that fyve hundyr ner war ded,
For owtyn thaim that drownyt war.
670 And quhen the feld wes spulyeit bar,
Thai went all hame to thair repar.
To the byschap is fallyn fayr,
That, throw his price, and his bounté,
Wes eschewyt swilk a journé.
675 The king tharfor, ay fra that day,
Him luffyt, and prisyt, and honoryt ay;
And held him in suylk claynté
That "his awne bischop" him callit he.
Thus thai defendyt the countré
680 Apon bath halffis the Scottis se,
Qubhill that the king wes out off land
That than, as Ik haf borne on hand,
Throw all Irland his courss had maid;
And agane to Cragfergus raid.
685 And quhen his brodyr, as he war king,
Had all the Irschery at bidding,
And haly Wlsistre alsua,
He buskyt hame hys way to ta.
Off his men that war mast hardy,
690 And prisyt mast of chewalry,
With his brodyr gret part left he;
And syne is went him to the se.

- Quhen thair levys on athir party
 Wes tane, he went to the schip in hy;
 695 The erle Thomas with him he had.
 Thai raissyt saillis but abaid;
 And in [the] land off Galloway,
 For owt perell, aryvyt thai.
 The lordis off the land war fayne,
 700 Quhen thai wist he wes cummyn agan;
 And till him went in full gret hy,
 And he ressawit thaim hamlyly;
 And maid thaim fest, and glaidsum cher.
 And thai sa wondrely blyth wer
 705 Off his come, that na man mycht say.
 Gret fest, and fayr, till him maid thai.
 Quhar euir he raid, all the countré
 Gaderyt in daynté him to se.

- Gret glaidship than wes in the land;
 710 All than wes wonnyn till his hand;
 Fra the Red Swyr to Orknay
 Fol. 56 a Wes nocht off Scotland fra his fay,
 Owtakyn Berwik it allane.
 That tym tharin wonnyt ane,
 715 That capitane wes of the toun.
 All Scottis men in suspicioun
 He had, and tretyt thaim rycht ill;
 He had ay to thaim hewy will,
 And held thaim fast at wndre ay:
 720 Quhill that it fell apon a day,
 That a burges, Syme of Spalding,
 Thought that it wes rycht angry thing
 Swagate ay to rebutyt be.
 Tharfor in till his hart thought he,
 725 That he wald slely mak covyne

- With the marchall, quhayis cosyne
He had weddyt till his wiff;
And as he thocht he did belyff.
Lettrys till him he send in hy
730 With a traist man all priuely;
And set him tym to cum a nycht,
With leddrys, and with gud men wicht,
Till the Kow yet all priuely;
And bad him hald his trist trewly,
735 And he suld mete thaim at the wall;
For his walk thar that nycht suld fall.
Quhen the marchell the lettre saw,
He wmbethocht him than a thraw.
For he wist, be him selwyn, he
740 Mycht nocht off mycht no power be
For till escheyff sa gret a thing:
And giff he tuk till his helping,
Ane othyr lettre suld writtyn be.
Tharfor rycht to the king yeid he;
745 And schawyt it him, betuix thaim twa,
The lettre and the charge alsua.
Quhen that the king hard that this trayne
Spokyn wes in till certayne,
That him thocht tharin na fantiss,
750 He said him; " Certis, thow wroucht as wiss,
" That has discoweryt the fryst to me;
" For giff thow had discoueryt the
" To my newo, the erle 'Thomas,
" Thow suld displess the lord Douglas;
755 " And him alsua, in the contrer.
" Bot I sall wyrk on sic maner,
" That thow at thine entent sall be,
" And haff of nane off thaim mawgré.
" Thow sall tak kep weill to the day;

- 760 " And with thaim that thow purches may,
 " At ewyn thow sall enbuschit be
 " In Dwms park; bot be priué.
 " And I sall ger the erle Thomas,
 " And the lord alsua of Douglas,
 765 " Athir with a sowme of men,
 " Be thar to do as thow sall ken."

- The marchell but mar delay
 Tuk leve, and held furth on his way;
 And held his spek priué and still,
 770 Quhill the day that wes set him till.
 Than of the best of Lothiane
 He hym till his tryst has tayne;
 For schyrreff tharoff than wes he.
 To Duns park, with his menye,
 775 He come at evyn priuely.
 And syne, with a gud company,
 Sone eftyr come the erle Thomas,
 That wes met with the lord Dowglas.
 A rycht fayr company thai war,
 780 Quhen thai war met to giddyr thar.
 And quhen the marschell the covyn
 To bath the lordis, lyne be lyne,
 Had tauld, thai went furth on thair way;
 Fer fra the toun thair horss left thai.
 785 To mak it schort, swa wroucht thai then,
 That, but seyng off ony men,
 Owtane Sym of Spaldyn allane,
 That gert that deid be wndretane,
 Thai set thair leddrys to the wall,
 790 And, but persawing, come wp all;
 And held thaim in a nuk priué,
 Quhill that the nycht suld passit be.

And ordaynyt that the maist party
 Off thair men suld gang sarraly
 795 With thair lordis, and hald a stale;
 And the remanand suld all hale
 Skaill throw the toun, and tak or sla
 The men that thai mycht our ta.

Bot sone this ordynance brak thai.
 800 For alsone as it clawyt day,
 The twa partis off thair men, and ma,
 All scalyt throw the toun gan ga;
 Sa gredy war thai to the gud,
 That thai ran rycht as thai war woud,
 805 And sesyt howssis, and slew men.
 And thai that saw thair fayis then
 Cum apon thaim sa suddanly,
 Throwout the toun thai raissyt the cry;
 And schot to giddir her and thar:
 Fol. 56 b 810 And ay, as thai assemblyt war,
 Thai wald abid, and mak debate.
 Had thai bene warnyt wele, I wate,
 Thai suld haiff sauld thair dedis der.
 For thai war gud men; and thai wer
 815 Fer ma than thai war that thaim soucht.
 Bot thai war scalyt, that thai moucht
 On na maner assemblyt be:
 Thar war gret melleyss twa or thre.
 Bot Scottis men sa weile tham bar,
 820 That thar fayis ay ruschyt war;
 And contraryit at the last war sua,
 That thai haly the bak gan ta.
 Sum gat the castell, bot nocht all;
 And sum ar slydyn our the wall;
 825 And sum war in till handis tane;

- And sum war in till bargane slayne.
On this wiss thaim contenynt thai,
Quhill it wes ner none of the day:
Than thai that in the castell war,
830 And othyr that fled to thaim thar,
That war a rycht gret cumpany,
Quhen thai the baneris saw simply
Standand, and stuffyt with a quhone,
Thair yattis haff thai apnyt sone,
835 And ischit on thaim hardely.
Than erle Thomas, that wes worthi,
And the gud lord als of Douglas,
With the few folk that with thaim was,
Met thaim stoutly with wapnys ser;
840 Thar men mycht se, that had bene ner,
Men abandoune hardely.
The Inglis men faucht cruelly;
And with all mychtis gan thaim payn
To rusche the Scottis men agayn.
845 I trow thai had swa done perfay,
For thai war fewar fer than thai,
Giff it na had bene a new mad knycht,
That till his name Schyr Wilyam hycht
Off Keyth, and off Gallistoun
850 He hycht throw difference of sournome,
That bar him sa rycht weill that day,
And put him till sua hard aßsay,
And sic dyntis about him dang;
That, quhar he saw the thikkeest thrang,
855 He pressit with sa mekill mycht,
And swa enforslye gan fycht,
That he maid till his mengné way:
And [thai] that ner war by him ay
Dang on thair fayis sua hardely,

- 860 That thai haff tane thair bak in hy,
And till the castell held the way.
And at gret myscheiff entryt thai,
For thai war pressyt thar so fast,
'That thai fele lesyt of the last.
865 Bot thai that entryt, nocht for thi,
Sparyt thair yattis hastily;
And in hy to the wallis ran;
For thai war nocht all sekyr than.

- The toun wes takyn on this wiss
870 Throu gret worschip, and hey priss;
And all the gud that [thai] thar fand
Wes sesyt smertly in till hand.
Wictaill thai fand in gret foyssoun;
And all that fell to stuff off toun,
875 That kepyt thai fra destroying:
And syn has word send to the king.
And he wes off that tything blyth,
And sped him thidderwart swith.
And as he throw the cuntré raid
880 Men gaderyt till him, quhill he haid
A mekill rowt of worthi men.
And the folk that war wonnand then
In till the Merss and Tewidaill,
And in the Forest als all hale,
885 And the est end off Lothiane,
Befor that the king come, ar gane
To Berwik, with sa stalwart hand,
That nane that wes that tyme wonnand
On yond half Tweid durst weil apper
890 And thai that in the castell wer,
Quhen thai thair fayis in sic plenté
Saw forouth thaim assemblyt be,

- And had na hop of reskewing,
 Thai war abaysit in gret thing.
 895 Bot thai the castell nocht for thi
 Held thai fyve dayis sturdely;
 Syne yauld it on the sext day;
 And till thair countr  syne went thai.
 Thus wes the castell, and the toun,
 900 Till Scottis mennys possessioun
 Broucht: and sone eftre the king
 Come ridand with his gadering
 To Berwik; and in the castell
 He wes herbrid bath fayr and weill;
 905 And all his lordis him by.
 The remanand commonaly
 Till herbry till the toun ar gane.
 The king has than to consaill tan,
 That he wald nocht brek doun the wall;
 910 Bot castell, and the toun withall,
 Fol. 57 a Stuff weill with men, and with victaill,
 And alkyn othyr apparail
 That mycht awaile, or ellis myster,
 To hald castell, or toun off wer.
 915 And Waltre, Stewart of Scotland,
 That than wes young and awenand,
 And syne in laucht wes to the king,
 Haid sa gret will and sic yarynyng,
 Ner hand the marchis for to be,
 920 That Berwik to yemsell tuk he;
 And resawit of the king the toun,
 And the castell, and the dongeoun.

The king gert men of gret noblay
 Ryd in till Ingland for to pray;
 925 That broucht owt gret plent  of fe:

- And sum contreis tholyt he
For wictaill, that in gret foyssoun
He gert bring smertly to the toun :
Swa that bath castell and toun war
930 Well stuffyt for a yer and mar.
The gud Stewart of Scotland then
Send for his frendis, and his men,
Quhill he had with him, but archeris,
And but burdowys and awblasteris,
935 Fyve hundyr men, wycht and worthi,
That bar armys of awncestry.
Jhone Crab, a Flemyng, als had he,
That wes of sa gret sutelté
Till ordane and mak apparaill,
940 For to defend, and till assaill,
Castell of wer, or than cité,
That nane sleyar mycht fundyn be.
He gert engynys and cranys ma,
And purwayit gret fyr alsua ;
945 Spryngaldis, and schot, on ser maneris
That to defend castell afferis,
He purwayit in till full gret wane.
Bot gynnys for crakys had he nane ;
For in Scotland yeit than, but wene,
950 The wss of thaim had nocht bene sene.
Quhen the toun apon this wiss
Was stuffyt, as Ik her diuiss,
The nobill king his way has tane,
And riddyn towart Lowthiane.
955 And Waltre Stewart, that wes stout,
He left at Berwik with his rout ;
And ordanyt fast for apparaill
To defend, giff men wald assaill.

BUKE TWELT.

- QUHEN to the king of Ingland
 Was tauld how that, with stalwart hand,
 Berwik wes tayne, and stuffyt syn
 With men, and wictaill of armyn,
 5 He wes anoyit gretumly;
 And gert assemblill all halely
 His consaill, and has tane to reid
 That he hys ost will thiddyr leid;
 And with all mycht that he mycht get
 10 To the toune ane assege set;
 And gert dyk thaim sa stalwartly,
 That quhill thaim likyt thar to ly,
 Thai suld fer owt the traister be.
 And gif the men of the contré
 15 With strenth of men wald thaim assaill,
 At thair dykis in to bataill,
 Thai suld a wantage hawe gretly,
 Thocht all Scottis, for gret foly,
 War till assaill in to fechting
 20 At hys dykis sa stark a thing.
 Quhen this consaill on this maner
 Wes tane, he gert bath fer and ner
 Hys ost haly assemblyt be:
 Ane gret folk than with him had he.
 25 Off Longcastell the erle Thomas,
 That syne was sanct, as men sayis,

- In his cumpany wes thar;
 And all the erllys that als war
 In Ingland, worthi for to fycht,
 30 And baronys als of mekill mycht,
 With him to that assege had he:
 And gert his schippis by the se
 Bring schot, and othyr apparail,
 And gret warnysone of wictaill.
 35 To Berwik with all his menye,
 With his bataillis arayit, come he.
 And till gret lordis, ilkane sindry,
 Ordanyt a feld for thair herbry;
 That men mycht sone se pailyownys
 40 Be stentyt, of syndry fassownys,
 That thai a toun all sone maid thar,
 Mar than bath toun and castell war.
 On othyr half syne, on the se,
 The schippis come in sic plenté,
 45 With wittaill, armyng, and with men,
 That all the havyn wes stoppyt then.

- And quhen thai that war in the toun
 Saw thair fayis, in sic foyssoun,
 Be land and se, cum sturdely;
 50 Thai, as wycht men and rycht worthi,
 Schup thaim to defend thair steid,
 That thai in awentur of deid
 Suld put thaim; or than rusch agayne
 Thair fayis. For thar capitane
 55 Tretyt thaim sa luffely;
 And thair with all the maist party
 Fol. 57 b Off thaim, that armyt with him wer,
 War of his blud, and sib him ner,
 Or ellis war [off] his elye.

- 60 Off sic comfort men mycht thaim se,
And of sa rycht fayr contenyng,
As nane of thaim had abaysing.
On dayis armyt weill war thai;
And on the nycht wele walkyt ay.
- 65 Weill sex dayis sua thai abaid,
That na full gret bargane haid.
Intill this tyme, that I tell her,
That thai with owtyn bargayne wer,
The Inglis men sa clossyt had
- 70 Thair ost, with dykis that thai maid,
That thai war strenthit gretumly.
Syne with all handis besely
Thai schup thaim, with thair apparail,
Thaim of the toun for till assaill.
- 75 And of our Ladys ewyn, Mary
That bar the byrth that all gan by.
That men callis hyr Natiuité,
Sone in the mornyng men mycht se
The Inglis ost arme thaim in hy;
- 80 And displayit baneris sturdely;
And assemblit to thair baneris
With instrumentis of ser maneris,
As scaffaldis, leddris, and couering,
Pikkys, howis, and with staf slyng.
- 85 Till ilk lord, and his bataill,
Wes ordanyt quhar he suld assaill.
And thai within, quhen that thai saw
That mengné raung thaim sua on raw,
Till thair wardis thai went in hy,
- 90 That war stuffyt rycht stalwartly
With stanys, and schot, and othyr thing
That nedyt to thair defending:

And in to sic maner abaid
 Thair fayis, that till assaill thaim maid.

- 95 Quhen thai with owt war all redy,
 Thai trumpyt till a salt in hy;
 And ilk man with his apparaill,
 Quhar he suld be, went till assaill.
 Till ilk kyrnell that war thar
- 100 Archeris to schut assignyt war.
 And quhen on this wyss thai war boun,
 Thai went in hy towart the toun;
 And fillyt dykis hastily,
 Synce to the wall rycht hardely
- 105 Thai went, with leddris that thai haid.
 Bot thai sa gret defend that maid,
 That war abowyne apon the wall,
 That oft leddris, and men with all,
 Thai gert fall flatlingis to the ground.
- 110 Than men mycht se in a litill stound
 Men assailand hardely,
 Dressand wp leddris douchtely;
 And sum on leddris pressand war;
 Bot thai that on the wall war thar,
- 115 Till all perellis gan abandoun
 Thaim, till thair fayis war dongyn doun.
 At gret myscheff defendyt thai
 Thar toun, for giff we suth sall say,
 The wallis of the toun than wer
- 120 Sa law, that a man with a sper
 Mycht stryk ane othyr wp in the face.
 And the schot als sa thik thar was,
 That it war wondre for to se.
 Waltre Stewart, with a menye,

- 125 Raid ay about, for to se quhar
 That for to help mast myster war:
 And, quhar men pressit mast, he maid
 Succour till his that myster haid.
 The mekill folk, that wes with out,
 130 Haid enweronyt the toun about,
 Swa that na part of it wes fre.
 Thar mycht men the assailiaris se
 Abandon thaim rycht hardely;
 And the defendouris doughtely,
 135 With all thair mychtis, gan thaim payn.
 To put thair fayis with force agayn.

- On this wiss thaim contenynt thai,
 Quhill none wes passit off the day.
 Than thai that in the schippis wer
 140 Ordanyt a schip, with full gret fer,
 To cum with all hyr apparaill
 Rycht to the wall, for till assaill.
 Till myd mast wp thair bat thai drew,
 With armyt men tharin inew:
 145 A brig thai had for to lat fall.
 Rycht fra the bat apon the wall.
 With bargis by hyr gan thai row,
 And pressyt thaim rycht fast to tow
 Hyr by the brighouss to the wall:
 150 On that entent thai set thaim all.
 Thai broucht hyr quhill scho come well ner.
 Than mycht men se on sic maner .
 Sum men defend, and sum assaill,
 Full besyly with gret trawaill.
 155 With in sa stoutly thai thaim bar,
 That the schipmen sa handlyt war,
 That thai the schip on na maner

- Mycht ger to cum the wall sa ner,
That thar fallbrig mycht neych thartill,
160 For oucht thai mycht, gud or ill,
Quhill that scho ebbyt on the grund.
Fol. 58 a Than mycht men, in a litill stound,
Se thaim be fer of wer cowyn,
Than thai war er, that war hyr in.
165 And quhen the se wes ebbyt sua,
That men all dry mycht till hyr ga,
Owt off the town ischit in hy
Till hyr a weill gret cumpany,
And fyr till hyr has keyndlyt sone:
170 In to schort tyme swa haif thai done,
That thai in fyr hes gert hyr bryn.
And sum war slayn that war hyr in,
And sum fled, and away ar gane.
Ane engynour thar haif thai tane,
175 That wes sleast of that myster,
That men wyst ony fer or ner:
In till the toun syne entryt thai.
It fell thaim happily perfay,
That thai gat in sa hastily;
180 For thar come a gret cumpany,
In full gret hy wp by the se,
Quhen thai the schip saw brynnand be.
Bot or thai come, the tothyr war past
The yat, and barryt it rycht fast.
185 That folk assaylyt fast that day;
And thai within defendyt ay
On sic awiss, that thai that war
With gret enforce assailland thar,
Mycht do thair will on na maner.
190 And quhen that ewyn-sang tym wes ner,
The folk with owt, that wer wery,

- And sum woundyt full cruelly,
 Saw thaim within defend thaim swa;
 And saw it wes nocht eyth to ta
 195 The toun, quhill sik defens wes mad;
 And thai, that in till faring had
 The ost, saw that thair schip war brynt,
 And of thaim that tharin wes tynt,
 And thair folk woundyt and wery;
 200 Thai gert blaw the retreit in hy.
 Fra the schipmen rebotyt war,
 Thai let the tothyr assaill no mar;
 For, throw the schip, thai wend ilkan
 That thai the toun wele suld haf tane.
 205 Men sayis, that ma schippis than sua
 Pressyt that tym the toun to ta;
 Bot for that thar wes brynt bot ane,
 And the engynour tharin wes tane,
 Her befor mentioun maid I
 210 Bot off a schip all anerly.

- Quhen that thai blawyn had the retret,
 Thair folk, that tholyt had paynys gret,
 Withdrew thaim haly fra the wall;
 The assalt have thai left all.
 215 And thai within that wery war,
 And mony of thaim woundyt war sar,
 War blyth and glaid, quhen that thai saw
 Thair fayis on that wiss thaim withdraw.
 And fra thai wyst suthly that thai
 220 Held to thair pailyownys thair way,
 Set gud wachys to thair wall;
 Syne till thair innys went thai all,
 And essayt thaim that wery war.
 And othyr that had woundis sar

- 225 Had gud lechys forsuth, Ik hycht,
That helpyt thaim as thai best mycht.
On athir sid wery war thai;
That nycht thai did ne mar perfay.
Fyve dayis eftyr thai war still,
230 That nane till othyr did mekill ill.

- Now leve we thir folk her lyand,
And still, as Ik have born on hand;
And turne the courss of our carping
To Schyr Robert, the douchty king,
235 That assemblyt, bath fer and ner,
Ane ost, quhen that he wist but wer,
That the king sua of Ingland
Had assegyt with stalwart hand
Berwik, quhar Waltre Stewart wes.
240 To purpos with his men he tais,
That he wald nocht swa sone assaile
The king of Ingland with bataill;
And at his dykis specially;
For that moucht weill turne to foly.
245 Tharfor he ordanyt lordis twa;
The erle of Murreff wes ane of tha,
The tothyr wes the lord of Dowglas;
With fyftene thowsand men to pass
In Ingland, for to bryn and sla;
250 And swa gret ryote thar to ma,
That thai that lay segeand the toun,
Quhen thai hard the destructioun
That thai suld in till Ingland ma,
Suld be sua dredand, and swa wa,
255 For thair childer, and for thair wiffis,
That thai suld drede to lese the lyvis;
And thair gudis alsua, that thai

- Suld dreid than suld be had away;
 Thai suld leve thair sege in hy,
 260 And wend to reskew hastily
 Thair gud, thair frendis, and thair land.
 Tharfor, as Ik haf born on hand,
 Thir lordis send he furth in hy.
 And thai thar way tuk hastily:
 265 And in Ingland gert bryn and sla;
 Fol. 58 b And wroucht tharin sa mekill wa,
 As thai forrayit the countré.
 That it wes pité for to se
 Till thaim that wald it ony gud;
 270 For thai destroyit all as thai yhud.
 Swa lang thai raid destroyand sua,
 As thai trawersyt to and fra,
 That thai ar cummyn to Repoun,
 And destroyit haly that toun.
 275 At Borowbrig syne thair herbry
 Thai tuk, and at Mytoun tharby.

- And quhen the men of that countré
 Saw thair land swa destroyit be,
 Thai gaderyt in to full gret hy
 280 Archeris, burges, and yhumanry,
 Preystis, clerkys, monkis, and freris,
 Husbandis. and men of all maneris,
 Quhill that thai samyn assemblit war
 Wele twenty thowsand men, and mar.
 285 Rycht gud armys inew thai had.
 The archebyschop of York thai mad
 Thair capitane; and to consaill
 Has tane, that thai in plane bataill
 Wald assaill the Scottis men,
 290 That fer fewar than thai war then.

- Than he displayit his baner;
And othyr byschappys, that thar wer,
Gert display thair baneris alsua.
All in a rout furth gan thai ga
295 Towart Mytoun the redy way.
And quhen the Scottismen hard say
'Thai war to thaim cummand ner,
'Thai buskyt thaim on thair best maner;
And delyt thaim in bataillis twa.
300 Dowglas the awaward gan ma:
'The rerward maid erle Thomas.
For chyftane of the ost he was.
And swa, ordanyt in gud aray,
'Towart thair fayis thai held thair way.
305 Quhen athyr had on othyr sycht,
'Thai pressyt on bath half to the fycht.
'The Inglis men come rycht sadly
With gud contenance, and hardy,
Rycht in a frusch with thair baner;
310 Quhill thair fayis come sa ner,
'That thai thair wisag mycht se.
'Thre sper lenth, I trow weill, mycht be
Betuix thaim, quhen sic abasing
'Tuk thaim, that, but mar, in a swyng
315 Thai gaff the bak all, and to ga.
Quhen Scottis men had sené thaim swa
Effrayitly fle all thair way,
In gret hy apon thaim schot thai;
And slew and tuk a gret party.
320 The laiff fled full effrayitly,
As thai best moucht, to sek warand.
'Thai chassyt sa ner at hand,
'That ner a thowsand deyt thar
Off thaim yet thre hundyr war

325 Preystis, that deyt in that chass,
 That for that bargane callit wass
 "The Chaptur of Mytone;" for thar
 Slayn sa mony prestis war.

Quhen this folk thus discomfyt was;
 330 And Scottis men had left the chas,
 Thai went thaim forthward in the land,
 Slayand swa, and destroyand.
 And thai that at the sege lay,
 Or it wes passyt the fyfte day,
 335 Had maid thaim syndry apparal,
 To gang eft sonys till assaill.
 Off gret gestis a sow thai maid,
 That stalwart heildyne abowyn it had:
 With armyt men inew tharin,
 340 And instrumentis for to myne.
 Syndry scaffaldis thai maid with all,
 That war weill heyar than the wall:
 And ordanyt als that, be the se,
 The toun suld weill assaillyt be.
 345 Thai within, that saw thaim swa
 Swa gret apparail schap to ma,
 Throw Crabys consaill, that wes sley,
 A crane thai haiff gert dress wp hey,
 Rynnand on quheillis, that thai mycht bring
 350 It quhar that nede war of helping.
 And pyk, and ter, als haiff thai tane;
 And lynt, and herdis, and bryntstane;
 And dry treyis that weill wald brin:
 And mellyt athir othir in:
 355 And gret fagaldis tharoff thai maid.
 Gyrdyt with irne bandis braid.
 The fagaldis weill mycht mesuryt be

- Till a gret townys quantité.
 Thai fagaldis brynnand in a ball,
 360 With thair cran thought [thai] till awaill;
 And gyff the sow come to the wall,
 To lat it brynnand on hyr fall;
 And with stark cheneis hald it thar,
 Quhill all war brynt wp that thar war.
 365 Engynys alsua for to cast
 Thai ordanyt, and maid redy fast,
 And set ilk man syne till his ward.
 Fol. 59 a And Schyr Waltre, the gud Steward,
 With armyt men suld rid about,
 370 And se quhar that thar war mast dout;
 And succour thar with his menye.
 And quhen thai in sic degre
 Had maid thaim for defending,
 On the Rud ewyn, in the dawing,
 375 The Inglis ost blew till assaill.
 Than mycht men, with ser apparail,
 Se that gret ost cum sturdely.
 The toun enweround thai in hy;
 And assaillyt with sua gret will,
 380 For all thair mycht thai set thartill,
 That thaim pressyt fast on the toun.
 Bot thai that gan thaim abandoun
 To dede, or than to woundis sar,
 Sa weill has thaim defendit thar,
 385 That leddrys to the ground thai flang;
 And with stanys sa fast thai dang
 Thair fayis, that fele thar left liand;
 Sum dede, sum hurt, and sum swonand.

Bot thai that held on feyt in hy
 390 Drew thaim away deliuerly;

- And scounryt nocht for that thing.
 Bot went stoutly till assailling.
 And thai aboun defendyt ay,
 And set thaim to sa hard assay.
 395 Quhill that fele of thaim woundyt war:
 And thai sa gret defens maid thar,
 That thai styntyth thair fayis mycht.
 Apon sic maner gan thai fycht,
 Quhill it wes ner none of the day.
 400 Than thai with out, on gret aray,
 Pressyt thair sowe toward the wall;
 And thai with in sone gert call
 The engynour, that takyn was.
 And gret mannance till him mais;
 405 And swour that he suld dey. bot he
 Prowyt on the sow sic sutelté,
 'That he to fruschyth [hyr] ilk dele.
 And he, that has persawyt wele.
 That the dede wes weill ner him till,
 410 Bot giff he mycht fullfill thar will,
 Thought that he at his mycht wald do.
 Bendyt in gret hy than ves scho,
 That till the sow wes ewyn set.
 In hy he gert draw the cleket,
 415 And smertly swappyt out a stane.
 Ewyn our the sow the stane is gane:
 And behind it a litill wey
 It fell: and than thai cryt, "Hey!"
 That war in hyr, "furth to the wall.
 420 "For dredles it is ouris all!"
 The gynour than deliuerly
 Gert bend the gyn in full gret hy:
 And the stane smertly swappyt owt:
 It flaw owt quhethirand with a rout.

- 425 And fell rycht ewyn befor the sow.
 Thair hartis than begouth to grow.
 Bot yeyt than, with thair mychtis all,
 Thai pressyt the sow towart the wall;
 And has hyr set thair to gentilly.
 430 The gynour than gert bend in hy
 The gyne, and wappyt out the stane,
 That ewyn towart the lyft is gane,
 And with gret wecht syne duschit doun
 Rycht be the wall, in a randoun;
 435 And hyt the sow in sic maner,
 That it that wes the most sower,
 And starkast for to stynt a strak,
 In sundre with that dusche it brak.
 The men ran owt in full gret hy,
 440 And on the wallis thai gan cry,
 That thair sow wes feryt thar.
 Jhone Crab, that had his ger all yar,
 In his fagaldis has set the fyr;
 And our the wall syne gan thaim wyr,
 445 And brynt the sow till brundis bar.
 With all thys, fast assailyeand war
 The folk with out, with felloun fycht;
 And thai with in with mekill mycht
 Defendyt manlily thair steid,
 450 In to gret awentur off deid.

- The schipmen, with gret apparail,
 Come with thair schippis till assaill;
 With top castell warnyst weill,
 Off wicht men armyt in to steill.
 455 Thair batis wp apoun thair mast,
 Drawyn weill hey, and festnyt fast,
 And pressyt with that gret atour.

- Towart the wall: bot the gynour
 Hyt in the aspyne with a stayne;
 460 And the men, that tharin war gane,
 Sum ded, sum dosnyt, come doun wynland.
 Fra thine furth durst nane tak on hand
 With schippis to preyss thaim to the wall.
 Bot the lave war assailyeand all
 465 On ilk syd sa egrely,
 That certis it wes gret ferly,
 That that folk sic defens has maid,
 With the gret myscheiff that thai had.
 Fol. 59 b For thair wallis sa law than wer,
 470 That a man rycht weill with a sper
 Mycht stryk ane othyr wp in the face;
 As her befor said to yow was.
 And fele of thaim war woundlit sar;
 And the laiff sa fast trawaillyt war,
 475 That nane had tyme rest for to ma,
 Thair aduersouris assaillyt sua.

- Thai war within sa straitly stad,
 That thair wardane, that with him had
 Ane hundyr men in cumpany,
 480 Armyt, that wicht war and hardy,
 And raid about for to se quhar
 That his folk hardest pressyt war,
 To releve thaim that had myster,
 Come syndry tymys in placis ser,
 485 Quhar sum of the defendouris war
 All dede, and othyr woundyt sar.
 Swa that he of his cumpany
 Behuffyt for to leve thar party:
 Swa that. be he a courss had maid
 490 About, of all the men he haid

- Thar wes lewyte with him bot ane,
That he ne had left thaim euirilkan,
To releve quhar he saw myster.
And the folk, that assailland wer
495 At Mary yat, to hewyn haid
The barraiss, and a fyr had maid
At the drawbrig, and brynt it doun;
And war thringand in gret foysoun
Rycht to the yat a fyr to ma.
500 Than thai with in gert smertly ga
Ane to the wardane, for to say
How thai war set in hard assay.
And quhen Schyr Waltre Stewart herd
How [his] men sa straitly thaim ferd,
505 He gert cum of the castell then
All that thar war off armyt men,
For [thar] that day assaillyt nane;
And with that rowt in hy is gane
To Mary yate; and to the wall
510 He send, and saw the myscheff all:
And wmbethought him suddanly
Bot giff gret help war set in hy
Thar to, thai suld bryn up the yet,
That fra the wall thai suld nocht let.
515 Tharfor apon gret hardyment
He suddanly set his entent;
And gert all wyd set wp the yat,
And the fyr that he fand thar at
With strenth off men he put away.
520 He set him to full hard assay;
For thai that war assailyeand thar,
Pressyt on him with wapnys bar;
And he defendyt with his mycht.
Thar mycht men se a felloun sycht

- 525 Off stabing, stoking, and striking.
 Thar maid thai sturdy defending:
 For with gret strenth of men the yat
 Thai defendyt, and stud thar at,
 Mawgre thair fayis; quhill the nycht
 530 Gert thaim on bath half leve the fycht.

- Thai off the ost, quhen nycht gan fall,
 Fra the assalt withdrew thaim all,
 Woundyt, and wery, and forbest,
 With mad cher the assalt thai left:
 535 And till thair innys went in hy,
 And set thair wachis hastily.
 The lave thaim esyt, as thai mycht best,
 For thai had gret myster of rest.
 That nycht thai spak commonaly
 540 Off thaim within, and had ferly
 That thai swa stout defens had maid,
 Agayne the gret assalt thai haid.
 And thai within, on othyr party,
 Quhen thai thair fayis sa hastily
 545 Saw withdraw thaim, thai war all blyth,
 And has ordanyt thair wachis swith;
 And syne ar till thair innys gane.
 Thar wes bot full few of thaim slayne;
 Bot fele war woundyt wttrely.
 550 The lave our mesur war wery.
 It was ane hard assawlt perfay;
 And certis, I herd neuir say
 Quhar quheyn mar defence had maid,
 That swa rycht hard assailling haid.
 555 And off a thing, that thar befell,
 Ik haff ferly, that I sall tell;
 That is, that, in till all that day,

Quhen all thair mast assailyeit thai,
 And the schot thikkest wes with all,
 560 Women with child, and childer small,
 In armfullis gaderyt wp, and bar
 Till thaim that on the wallis war
 Arowys and stanys, nane slane war,
 Na yeit woundyt; and that wes mar
 565 The myrakill of God Almychty:
 Fol. 60 a And to noucht ellys it set can I.

On athyr syd that nycht thai war
 All still: and on the morn but mar
 Thar come tithandis out off Ingland,
 570 To thaim of the ost, that bar on hand
 How that by Borowbrig at Mytoun
 Thair men war slayn, and dongyn doun;
 And at the Scottis men throu the land
 Raid yeit brynnand and destroyand.
 575 And quhen the king had hard this tale,
 His consaile he assemblyt haile,
 To se quhethir fayr war him till
 To ly about the toun all still,
 And assailye quhill it wonnyn war;
 580 Or than in Ingland for to fayr,
 And reskew his land, and his men.
 His consaill fast discordyt then.
 For sotheroun men wald that he mad
 Arest thar, quhill he wonnyn haid
 585 The toun, and the castell alsua.
 Bot northyn men wald na thing sua,
 That dred thair frendis for to tyn,
 And mast part of thair gudis syne,
 Throw Scottis mennys cruelté.
 590 Thai wald he lete the sege be,

- And raid for till reskew his land.
Off Longcastell, I tak on hand,
The erle Thomas, wes ane of tha
That consaillyt the king hame to ga.
595 And for that mar inclynyt he
To the folk off the south countré,
Than to the northyn mennys will,
He tuk it to sa mekill ill,
That he gert turss his ger in hy :
600 And with his bataill halily,
That off the ost ner thrid part was,
Till Ingland hame his way he tais.
But leve he hame has tane his gat :
Tharfor fell eftyr sic debat
605 Betuix him and the king, that ay
Lastyt quhill Androw Hardclay
That throw the king wes on him set,
Tuk him rycht in [till] Pomfret ;
And on ane hill besid the toun,
610 Strak off his hede but ransoun.
Thar for syne hyngyt and drawyn wes he ;
And with him a weill gret menye.
Men said syne eftyr. this Thomas,
That on this wiss maid martyr was,
615 Was saynct, and myrakillis did ;
Bot enwy syne gert thaim be hid.
Bot quhethir he haly wes or nane,
At Pomfret thus [gat] was he slane.
And syne the king of Ingland,
620 Quhen that he saw him tak on hand
To pass his way sa opynly,
Him thought it wes perell to ly
Thar with the lave of his menye.
Hys harnays tharfor tursit he,

- 625 And in till Ingland hame gan he far.
The Scottis men, that destroyand war
In Ingland, sone hard tell tithing
Of this gret sege departing;
Tharfor thai tuk westwart the way,
630 And till Carlele hame went ar thai,
With prayis, and with presoneris,
And othyr gudis on ser maneris.

- The lordis to the king ar gain;
And the lave has thair wayis tain,
635 Ilk man till his repair agayne.
The king, I wyss, was wondre fayne
That thai war cummyn hale and fer;
And that thai sped on sic maner,
That thai thair fayis discomfyt hade,
640 And, but tynsaill of men, has made
Rescours to thaim, that in Berwik
War assegyt rycht till thair dyk.
And quhen the king had speryt tithand
How thai had farne in Ingland;
645 And thai had tauld him all hale the far,
How Ingliss men discumfyt war,
Rycht blyth in till his hart wes he:
And maid thaim fest with gamyn and gle.
Berwik wes on this maner
650 Reskewyt, and thai that tharin wer,
Throw manheid, and throw sutelté.
He wes worthi a prynce to be,
That couth with wit sa hey a thing,
But gret tynsaill, bring till ending.
655 Till Berwik syne the way he tayss:
And quhen he hard thar how it wayss
Defendyt rycht swa apertly,

- He lowyt thaim that war thar gretly.
 Waltre Stewart his gret bounté
 660 Out our the laiff commendyt he,
 For the rycht gret defens he maid
 Fol. 60 b At the yat, quhar men brynt had
 The brig, as ye herd me dywiss.
 And certis he wes weill to priss,
 665 That sa stoutly, with plane fechting
 At opyn yate, maid defending.
 Mycht he haff levyt quhill he had bene
 Off perfyt eild, with owtyn wene,
 Hys renoun suld have strekyt fer.
 670 Bot dede, that walkis ay to mer
 With all hyr mycht, and forthi
 Had at his worschip sic inwi,
 That in the flour of his youtheid
 Sa endyt all his douchti deid;
 675 As I sall tell yow forthirmar.
 Quhen the king had a quhill bene thar
 He send for maysonys fer and ner,
 That sleast war off that myster,
 And gert weill ten fute hey the wall
 680 About Berwykis toune our all.
 And syne towart Lothyane,
 With his menye, his gat is gane.
 And syne he gert ordane in hy
 Bath armyt men, and yhumanry,
 685 In till Irland in hy to fayr,
 To help his brodyr that wes thar.

Bot he, that rest anoyit ay,
 And wald in trawail be alway,
 A day forouth thair arywing
 690 That war send till him fra the king,

- He tuk his way south wart to far;
 Magre thaim all that with him war.
 For he had nocht than in that land
 Off all men, I trow, twa thousand,
 695 Owtane the kingis off Irchery,
 That in gret rowtis raid him by.
 Towart Dundalk he tuk the way.
 And quhen Richard of Clar hard say
 That he come with sa few menye,
 700 All that he mycht assemblit he,
 Off all Irland, off armyt men:
 Swa that he had thar with him then
 Off trappit horss tuenty thowsand,
 But thai[m] that war on fute gangand;
 705 And held furth northward on his way.
 And quhen Schyr Eduuard has hard say
 That cummyn ner till him wes he,
 He send discourrouris him to se:
 The Sowllis, and the Stewart war thai,
 710 And Schir Philip the Mowbray.
 And quhen thai sene had thair cummyng,
 Thai went agayne to tell tithing:
 And said weill thai war mony men.
 In hie Schir Eduuard ansuerd then,
 715 And said that he suld fecht that day,
 Thocht tribill and quatribill war thai.
 Schyr Johne Stewart said; "Sekyrly,
 "I reid nocht ye fecht on sic hy.
 "Men sayis my brodyr is cummand
 720 "With fyftene thowsand men ner hand;
 "And war thai knyht with yow, ye mycht
 "The traystlyer abid to fycht."
 Schyr Eduuard lukyt all angrely;
 And till the Soullis said in hy;

- 725 ' Quhat sayis thou?' " Schyr," he said, " perfay
 " As my falow has said I say."
 And to Schyr Philip [than] said he,
 " Schyr." said he, " sa our Lord me se!
 " Me think na foly for to bid
 730 " Your men, that spedis thaim to rid.
 " For we ar few, our fayis ar fele.
 " God may rycht weill our werdis dele;
 " Bot it war wondre that our mycht
 " Suld our cum sa fele in fycht."
 735 Than, with gret ire, ' Allace,' said he,
 ' I wend neuir till her that of the!
 ' Now help quha will: for sekyrly
 ' This day, but mar baid, fecht will I.
 ' Sall na man say, quhill I may drey,
 740 ' That strenth of men sall gar me fley.
 ' God scheld that ony suld ws blam,
 ' Gif we defend our noble nam.'
 " Now be it swagat than," quoth thai,
 " We sall tak that God will purwai."

- 745 And quhen the kingis of Irchery
 Herd say, and wyst sekyrly,
 That thair king, with sa quhone, wald fycht
 Agane folk of sa mekill mycht:
 Thai come till him in full gret hy,
 750 And consaillyt him full tendrely
 For till abid his men; and thai
 Suld hald thair fayis all that day
 Doand; and on the morn alsua,
 With thair rounnyngis that thai suld ma.
 755 Bot thar mycht na consaill awaile.
 He wald algat hav bataile.
 And quhen thai saw he wes sa thra

- To fycht, thai said; "Ye ma well ga
 "To fycht with yone gret cumpany;
 760 "Bot we acquyt ws wtrelly,
 "That nane of ws will stand to fycht.
 "Assuris nocht tharfor in our mycht.
 "For our maner is of this land
 "To folow and fecht, and fecht fleand;
 765 "And nocht to stand in plane mellé,
 Fol. 61 a "Quhill the ta part discomfyt be."
 He said; 'Sen that your custum is,
 'Ik ask at yow no mar bot this;
 'That is, that ye and your menyne
 770 'Wald all to gidder arayit be;
 'And stand on fer, but departing,
 'And se our fycht, and the ending,'
 Thai said weill that thai suld do swa.
 And syne towart thair men gan thai ga,
 775 That war wele twenty thowsand ner.
 Eduuard, with thaim that with him wer,
 That war nocht fully twa thousand,
 Arayit thaim stalwartly to stand
 Agayne fourty thowsand, and ma.
 780 Schir Eduuard that day wald nocht ta
 His cot armour: bot Gib Harper,
 That men held als with owtyn per
 Off his estate, had on that day
 All hale Schyr Edwardis aray.
 785 The fycht abad thai on this wiss.
 And in gret hy thair ennymys
 Come. till assemble all redy.
 And thai met thaim rycht hardely.
 Bot thai sa few war, south to say,
 790 That ruschynt with thair fayis war thai.
 And thai that pressyt mast to stand

War slane doun; and the remanand
 Fled till the Irche to succour.
 Schyr Eduuard. that had sic valour,
 795 Wes dede; and Jhone Stewart alsua;
 And Jhone the Sowllis als with tha;
 And othyr als off thair cumpany.
 Thai war wencussyt sa suddanly,
 That few in till the place war slane;
 800 For the lave has thair wayis tayne
 Till the Irsche kingis that war thar,
 And in hale bataill howand war.

Johne Thomas sone, that wes leder
 Off thaim of Carrik that thar wer,
 805 Quhen he saw the discumfiting,
 Withdrew him till ane Irsch king
 That off his aqwentance had he;
 And he resawit him in leawté.
 And quhen Jhone cummyn wes to that king,
 810 He saw be led fra the fechtung
 Schir Philip the Mowbray, the wicht,
 That had bene dosnyt in to the fycht.
 And with armys led was he
 Wyth twa men, apon a causé,
 815 That wes betuix thaim and the toun,
 And strekyt lang in a randown.
 Towart the toun thai held thair way:
 And quhen in myd causé war thai,
 Schir Philip of his desynes
 820 Ourcome; and persawit he wes
 Tane, and led suagat with twa:
 The tane he swappyt sone him fra;
 And syne the tothyr in gret hy;
 And drew the suerd deliuerly.

- 825 And till the fycht his wayis tays
Endlang the causé, that than wais
Fillyt in till gret foyssoun
Off men, that than went till the toun.
And he, that met thaim, agayn gan ma
- 830 Sic payment, quhar he gan ga,
That weile a hundre men gert he
Leve, maugre tharis, the causé:
As Jhone Thomas sone said suthly,
That saw his deid all halily.
- 835 Towart the bataill ewyn he yeid.
Jhone Thomassone, that tuk gud heid
That thai wer wencussyt all planly,
Cryit on him in full gret hy,
And said; "Cum her; for thar is nane
- 840 "On lyve, for thai ar dede ilkane."
Than stud he still a quhill, and saw
That thai war all doune of daw;
Syne went towart him saraly.
This Jhone wroucht syne sa wittely
- 845 That all that thiddyr fled than wer,
Thought that thai lossyt of thair ger,
Come to Cragfergus hale and fer.
And thai that at the fechting wer
Soucht Schyr Eduuard, to get his heid,
- 850 Amang the folk that thar wes dede;
And fand Gib Harper in his ger:
And for sa gud hys armys wer,
Thai strak hys hed of; and syn it
Thai have gert salt in till a kyt;
- 855 And send it in till Ingland,
Till the king Eduuard in presand.
Thai wend Schyr Eduuardis it had bene.
Bot for the armyng, that wes schene,

Thai of the heid dissawyt wer;
 860 All thocht Schyr Eduuard deyt thar.

On this wiss war thai noble men
 For wilfulnes all lesyt then.
 And that wes syne. and gret pité.
 For had thair owtrageouss bounté
 Fol. 61 b 865 Bene led with wyt, and with mesur.
 Bot giff the mar mysawentur
 Bene fallyn thaim, it suld rycht hard thing
 Be to lede thaim till owtreyng.
 Bot gret owtrageouss surquedry
 870 Gert thaim all her thair worschip by.
 And thai, that fled fra the mellé,
 Sped thaim in hy towart the se;
 And to Cragfergus cummyn ar thai.
 And thai that war in to the way
 875 To Schyr Eduuard, send fra the king,
 Quhen thai hard the discumfiting,
 To Cragfergus thai went agayne:
 And that wes nocht for owtyn payn.
 For thai war mony tyme that day
 880 Assailyeit with Irschery: bot thai
 Ay held to gidder sarraly;
 And defendyt sa wittely,
 That thai eschapyt oft throu mycht;
 And mony time alsua throw slycht.
 885 For oft of tharis to thaim gaff thai.
 To lat thaim skaithles pass thair way.
 And till Cragfergus come thai swa,
 That batis and schippis gan thai ta,
 And saylyt till Scotland in hy;
 890 And thar arywyt all saufly.
 Quhen thai of Scotland had wittering

Off Schir Eduuardis wencussing,
Thai menyt him full tendrely
Our all the land commonnaly;
895 And thai that with him slayn war thar
Full tendrely als menyt war.

BUKE THRETTENE.

- EDUARD the BRUYSS, as I said her,
 Wes discumfyt on this maner.
 And quhen the feld was clengit clene,
 Swa that ne resistens wes sene,
 5 The wardane than, Schyr Richard of Clar,
 And all the folk that with him war,
 Towart Dundalk has tane the way:
 Swa that rycht na debat maid thai
 At that tym with the Irschery;
 10 Bot to the toun thai held in hy.
 And syne had sent furth to the king,
 That had Ingland in gouerning,
 Gib Harperis heid in a kyt.
 Jhone Mavpas till the king had it.
 15 And he ressawyt it in daynté:
 Rycht blyth off that present wes he.
 For he was glaid that he was sua
 Deliueryt off a felloun fa.
 In hart tharoff he tuk sic prid,
 20 That he tuk purpos for to rid
 With a gret ost in Scotland;
 For to weng him, with stalwart hand,
 Off tray, of trawaill, and of tenc,
 That done tharin till him had bene.
 25 And a rycht gret ost gaderit he;
 And gert his schippis be the se

- Cum with gret foyoun of wictaill.
 For at that tyme he wald him taile
 To dystroy wp sa clene the land,
 30 That nane suld leve tharin lewand.
 And with his folk, in gret aray,
 Towart Scotland he tuk the way.
 And quhen king Robert wist that he
 Come on him with sic a mengné,
 35 He gaderyt his men, bath fer and ner;
 Quhill sa fele till him cummyn wer,
 And war als for to cum him to,
 That him thought he rycht weill suld do.
 He gert withdraw all the catell
 40 Off Lowthiane, euirilkdeill,
 And till strenthis gert thaim be send;
 And ordanyt men thaim to defend.
 And with his ost als still he lay
 At Culross; for he wald assay
 45 To ger hys fayis throw fasting
 Be feblyst, and throw lang walking;
 And fra he feblast had thar mycht
 Assembill than with thaim to fycht.

- He thought to wyrk apon this wiss.
 50 And Inglis men, with gret maistryss,
 Come with thair ost in Lowthian;
 And sone till Edynburgh ar gan:
 And thar abaid thai dayis thre.
 Thair schippys, that war on the se,
 55 Had the wynd contrar to thaim ay;
 Swa that apon na maner thai
 Had power to the Fyrth to bring
 Thair wictaillis, to releve the king.
 And thai of the ost, that faillyt met,

- 60 Quhen thai saw that thai mycht nocht get
Thar wictaillis till thaim be the se,
Thai send furth rycht a gret menye
For to forray all Lowthiane.
Bot cataill haf thai fundyn nane,
65 Owtakyn a bule, that wes haltand,
Fol. 62 a That in Tranentis corne thai fand.
That broucht thai till thair ost agayne.
And quhen the erle of Warayne
Saw that bule anerly cum swa,
70 He askyt giff thai gat na ma?
And thai haff said all till him, Nay.
Than said he; "Certis, I dar say
"This is the derrest best that I
"Saw euir yeit; for sekyrly
75 "It cost a thousand pound and mar."
And quhen the king, and thai that war
Off his consaill, saw thai mycht get
Na cattell till thair ost till ete,
That than of fasting, had gret payn,
80 Till Ingland turnyt thai agayn.
At Melross schup thai for to ly;
And send befor a cumpany,
Thre hundre ner of armyt men.
Bot the lord Douglas, that wes then
85 Be syd in till the Forest ner,
Wyst of thair come; and quhat thai war.
And with thaim of his cumpany
In to Melross all priuely
He howyt in a buschement.
90 And a rycht sturdy frer he sent
With out the yate, thair come to se,
And bad him hald him all priue,
Quhill that he saw thaim cummand all

- Rycht to the coynye thar of the wall;
 95 And than cry hey, "Douglas! Douglas!"
 The frer than furth his wayis tais,
 That wes all stout, derff, and hardy.
 Hys mekill hud helyt haly
 The armur that he on him had.
 100 Apon a stalwart horss he rad;
 And in his hand he had a sper:
 And abaid apon that maner
 Quhill that he saw thaim cummand ner.
 And quhen the formest passyt wer
 105 The coynye, he criyt, "Douglas! Douglas!"
 Than till thaim all a courss he mass;
 And bar ane doun deliuerly.
 And Douglas, and his cumpany,
 Ischyt apon thaim with a schout.
 110 And quhen thai saw sa gret a rout
 Cum apon thaim sa suddanly,
 Thai war abaysyt gretunly;
 And [gaif] the bak but mar abaid.
 The Scottis men amang thaim raid;
 115 And slew all that thai mycht our ta:
 A gret martyrdome thar gan thai ma.
 And thai, that eschapyt wnslayne,
 Ar till thair gret ost went agayne;
 And tauld thaim quhatkyn welcummyng
 120 Dowglas thaim maid at thair meting,
 That conwoyit thaim agayn rudly,
 And warnyt planly herbery.

- The king of Ingland, and his men,
 That saw thair herbriouris then
 125 Cum rebutyt on that maner
 Anoyit in thair hart thai wer:

- And thought that it war gret foly
 In till the wod to tak herbery.
 Tharfor by Dryburgh, in the playn,
 130 Thai herbryit thaim; and syne again
 Ar went till Ingland thar way.
 And quhen the king Robert hard say,
 That thai war turnyt hame agayn;
 And how thair herbriouris war slayn;
 135 In hy his ost assemblit he,
 And went south our the Scottis Se;
 And till Ingland his ways taiss,
 Quhen his ost assemblyt wayss,
 Auchty thowsand he wes, and ma.
 140 And aucht batallis he maid of tha:
 In ilk bataill war ten thousand.
 Syne went he furth till Ingland;
 And in till hale rowt folowit sa fast
 The Inglis king, quhill at the last
 145 He come approchand to Biland,
 Quhar at that tyme thar wes lyand
 The king of Ingland, with his men.
 King Robert, that had witteryng then
 That he lay thar with mekill mycht,
 150 Tranountyt swa on him a nycht,
 That be the morn that it wes day,
 Cummyn in a plane feld war thai,
 Fra Biland bot a litill space.
 Bot betuix thaim and it thar wass
 155 A craggy bra, strekyt weill lang,
 And a gret peth wp for to gang.
 Othyr wayis mycht thai nocht away
 To pass to Bilandis abbay,
 Bot gif thai passyt fer about.

- Hard that king Robert wes sa ner,
 The mast part of thaim that thar wer
 Went to the peth, and tuk the bra.
 Thar thought [thai] thair defens to ma.
 165 The baneris thar thai gert display;
 And thair bataillis on braid aray:
 And thought weill to defend the pass.
 Quhen the king Robert persawit has
 That thai thought thar thaim to defend,
 170 Eftyr his consaill has he send,
 And askyt quhat wes best to do.
 The lord Douglas ansueryt tharto,
 And said; "Schyr, I will wndreta
 "That in schort tyme I sall do sa,
 175 "That I sall wyn yon pass planly;
 "Or than ger all yon cumpany
 "Cum down to yow her to this playne."
 The king said than till him agayn;
 'Do than, quhar mychty God the speid!'
 180 Than he furth on his wayis yeid:
 And of the ost the mast hardy
 Put thaim in till his cumpany;
 And held thair way toward the pass.

- The gud erle of Murreff, Thomas,
 185 Left his bataill, and in gret hy
 Bot with four men of his cumpany,
 Come till the lordis rout of Douglas;
 And, or he entryt in the pass,
 Befor thaim all the pass tuk he;
 190 For he wald that men suld him se.
 And quhen Schyr James off Douglas
 Saw that he swagat cummyn was,
 He prysyt him tharoff gretly,

- And welcummyt him hamlyly :
- 195 And syne the pass thai samyn ta.
Quhen Inglis men saw thaim do swa,
Thai lychtyt, and agayn thaim yeid.
Twa knychtis, rycht douchty of deid,
Thomas Ouchtre ane had to name,
- 200 The tothyr Schyr Rawf of Cobhame,
Come doun befor all thair menye.
Thai war bath full of gret bounté;
And met thair fayis manlyly.
Bot thai war pressyt rycht gretumly.
- 205 Thar mycht men se rycht weill assaile,
And men defend with stout bataill;
And harnys fley in gret foyssoun;
And thai, that owe war, tumbill doun
Stanys apon thaim fra the hycht.
- 210 Bot thai, that set bath will and mycht
To wyn the peth, thaim pressyt swa,
That Schyr Rauff of Cobhame gan ta
The way wp till hys horss in hy;
And left Schyr Thomas manlily
- 215 Defendand with gret mycht the pass,
Quhill that he swa supprisit was,
That he wes tane throw hard fechting.
And tharfore syne, in his ending,
He wes renownyt for best of hand
- 220 Off a knycht off all Ingland.
For this ilk Schyr Rawf of Cobhame,
In till all Ingland, he had name
For the best knycht of all that land.
And for Schyr Thomas duelt fechtand
- 225 Quhar Schyr Rauff, as befor said I,
Withdrew him; pryssyt our him was hely.

- Thus war thai fechtand in the pass.
 And quhen the king Robert, that was
 Wyss in his deid and auerty,
 230 Saw his men sa rycht douchtely
 The peth apon thair fayis ta;
 And saw his fayis defend thaim sa;
 Than gert he all the Irschery
 That war in till his cumpany,
 235 Off Arghile, and the Ilis alsua,
 Speid thaim in gret hy to the bra:
 And bad thaim leif the peth haly,
 And clym wp in the craggis hy;
 And speid thaim fast the hycht to ta.
 240 Than mycht men se thaim stoutly ga,
 And clymb allgait wp to the hycht;
 And leve noch for thair fayis mycht.
 Magre thair fayis, thai bar thaim swa,
 That thai ar gottyn aboun the bra.
 245 Than mycht men se thaim fecht felly;
 And rusch thair fayis sturdely.
 And thai that till the pass war gane,
 Magre thair fayis, the hycht has tane.
 Than laid thai on with all thair mycht:
 250 Thar mycht men se tham felly fycht.
 Thar wes a peralouss bargane:
 For a knycht, Schyr Jhone the Bretane,
 That lychtyt wes aboun the bra,
 And his men, gret defens gan ma.
 255 And Scottis men, sua gan assaill,
 Fol. 63 a And gave thaim sa felloun bataill,
 That thai war set in sic affray,
 That thai that mycht fley fled away.
 Schyr Jhone the Bretane thar wes tane;

- 260 And rycht fele off his folk war slane.
Off Fraunce thar tane wes knychtis twa;
The lord the Sule wes ane of tha;
The tothyr wes the merschell Bretayn,
That wes a wele gret lord at hame.
265 The lave, sum ded war, and sum tane;
And the remanand fled ilkane.

- And quhen the king of Ingland,
That yeyt at Biland wes liand,
Saw his men discumfyt planely,
270 He tuk his way in full gret hy;
And furthwart fled with all his mycht.
The Scottis men chassyt fast, Ic hycht;
And in the chass has mony tane.
The king quickly away is gane;
275 And the mast part of his menye.
Stewart Waltre, that gret bounté
Set ay on hey chewalry,
With fyve hundre in cumpany,
Till Yorkis yettis the chass gan ma;
280 And thar sum of thair men gan sla:
And abade thar quhill ner the nycht,
To se giff ony wald ische to fycht.
And quhen he saw nane wald cum out,
He turnyt agane with all his rout;
285 And till his ost he went in hy,
That tane had than thair herbery
In till the abbay off Biland
And Ryfuowis that was by ner hand.
Thai delt amang thaim, that war ther,
290 The king off Inglandis ger,
That he had levyt in Biland;
All gert thai lep out our thair hand,

- And maid thaim all glaid and mery.
 And quhen the king had tane herbery,
 295 Thai broucht till him the presoneris,
 All wnarmyt, as it afferis.
 And quhen he saw Jhone of Bretangne
 He had at him rycht gret engaigne;
 For he wes wont to spek hychtly
 300 At hame, and our dispitusly;
 And bad have him away in hy,
 And luk he kepyt war straitly:
 And said; "War it nocht that he war
 "Sic a catyve, he suld by sar
 305 "Hys wordys that war swa angry."
 And he humbly criyt him mercy.
 Thai led him furth for owtyr mar;
 And kepyt him wele quhill thai war
 Cummyr hame till their awne countré.
 310 Lang eftre syne ransonyt wes he
 For twenty thowsand pund to pay,
 As Ik haff hard syndry men say.

- Quhen that the king this spek had maid,
 The Frankys knychtis, men takyn had,
 315 War broucht rycht thar befor the king;
 And he maid thaim fayr welcummyng:
 And said; "I wate rycht weill that ye,
 "For your gret worschyp and bounté,
 "Come for to se the fechting her.
 320 "For sen ye in the countré wer,
 "Your strenth, your worschyp, and your mycht,
 "Wald nocht lat yow eschew the fycht.
 "And sen that causs yow led thar till;
 "And nothyr wreyth, na iwill will;
 325 "As frendis ye sall resawyt be,

- “Quhar all tyme welcum her be ye.”
Thai knelyt, and thankyt him gretly.
And he gart tret thaim curtasly.
And lang quhill with him thaim had he;
330 And did thaim honour and bounté.
And quhen thai yarnyt to thair land,
To the king of Fraunce in presand
He send thaim quit, but ransoun fre,
And gret gyftis to thaim gaff he.
335 His frendis thusgat curtasly
He couth ressaue, and hamely;
And hys fayis stoutly stonay.
At Biland all that nycht he lay.
For thair wictour all blyth thai war.
340 And on the morn, for owty n mar,
Thai haff forthwart tane thair way.
Sa fer at that tyme trawaillyt thai,
Brynnand, slayand, and destroyand,
Thair fayis with all thair mycht noyand,
345 Quhill till the Wald cummyn war thai.
Syne northwart tuk thai hame thair way;
And destroyit, in thair repayr,
The wale all planly of Beauewar.
And syne with presoneris, and catell,
350 Riches, and mony fayr jowell,
To Scotland tuk thai hame thair way;
Bath blyth and glaid, joyfull and gay.
And ilkman went to thair repayr;
And lowyt God, thaim fell sa fayr,
355 That thai the king off England,
Throw worschip, and throw strenth of hand,
And throw thair lordis gret bounté,
Discumfyt in his awne countré.

- Than wes the land a quhile in pess.
 360 Bot cowatyss, that can nocht cess
 To set men apon felony,
 To ger thaim cum to senyowry,
 Gert lordis off full gret renoune
 Mak a fell coniuracioun
 365 Agayn Robert, the douchty king.
 Thai thought till bring him till ending;
 And to bruk, eftre his dede,
 Fol. 63 b The kynrik, and to ryng in hys steid.
 The lord the Soullis, Schyr Wilyam,
 370 Off that purchess had mast defame;
 For principale thar off was he.
 Off assent of that cruelté
 He had gottyn with him sindry:
 Gilbert Maleherbe, Jhone of Logy,
 375 Thir war knychtis that I tell her;
 And Richard Broun als, a squyer.
 And gud Schyr Dawy off Breichyn
 Wes off this deid arettyt syne;
 As I sall tell yow forthirmar.
 380 Bot thai ilk ane discoweryt war
 Throw a lady, as I hard say,
 Or till thair purpos cum mycht thai.
 For scho tauld all to the king
 Thair purpos, and thair ordanyng;
 385 And how that he suld haf bene ded,
 And Soullis ryng in till his steid:
 And tauld him werray taknyng
 This purches wes suthfast thing.
 And quhen the king wist it wes sua,
 390 Sa sutell purches gan he ma,
 That he gert tak thaim cuirilkan.

And quhar the lord Sowllis was tane,
 Thre hundre and sixty had he
 Off squyeris, cled in his lyueré,
 395 At that tyme in his cumpany;
 Owtane knychtys that war joly.
 In to Berwik takyn wes he;
 That mycht all his mengné se
 Sary, and wa; bot suth to say,
 400 The king lete thaim all pass thair way;
 And held thaim at he takyn had.
 The lord Sowllis sone eftre maid
 Plane granting of all that purchas.
 A parlement set tharfor thar was;
 405 And broucht thiddir this mengné war.
 The lord the Sowllis has grantyt thar
 The deid in to plane parleament.
 Tharfor sone eftre he wes sent
 Till his pennance to Dunbertane;
 410 And deit thar in a tour off stane.

Schir Gilbert Maleherbe, and Logy,
 And Richard Broune, thir thre planly
 War with a syss than ourtane.
 Tharfor thai drawyn war ilkane,
 415 And hangyt, and hedyt thar to;
 As men had dempt thaim for to do.
 And gud Schyr Dawy off Breichyn
 Thai gert chalance rycht straitly syne.
 And he grauntyt that off that thing
 420 Wes wele maid till him discovering;
 Bot he thar till gaf na consent.
 And for he helyt thair entent,
 And discoveryt it nocht to the king,
 That he held of all his halding,

- 425 And maid till him his fewté,
Jugyt till hang and draw wes he.
And as thai drew him for to hing,
The pepill ferly fast gan thring,
Him and his myscheyff for to se,
430 That to behald wes gret pité.
Schir Ingrahame the Umfraweill, that than
Wes with the king as Scottis man,
Quhen he that gret myscheiff gan se,
He said; "Lordingis, quhar to press ye?
435 "To se at myscheiff sic a knycht,
"That wes sa worthi, and sa wicht,
"That Ik haff sene ma press to se
"Him for his rycht soucrane bounté,
"Than now doyss for to se him her."
440 And quhen thir wordis spokyn wer,
With sary cher he held him still,
Quhill men had done of him thair will.
And syne, with the leve of the king,
He broucht him menskly till erding.
445 And syne to the king said he;
"A thing I pray yow graunt me,
"That is, that ye off all my land,
"That is in till Scotland liand,
"Wald giff me leve to do my will."
450 The king than sone had said him till;
'I will wele graunt that it sua be.
'Bot tell me quhat amowis the?'
He said agayn; "Schyr, graunt mercy,
"And I sall tell yow it planely.
455 "Myne hart giffis me na mar to be
"With yow duelland in this countré.
"Tharfor, bot that it nocht yow grewe,
"I pray yow hartly of your leve.

- “ For quhar swa rycht worthi a knycht,
 460 “ And sua chewalrouss, and sa wicht,
 “ And sa renownyt off worschip syne,
 “ As gud Schyr Dauid off Brechyn,
 “ And sa fullfillyt of all manheid,
 “ Wes put to sa welanys a ded;
 465 “ Myn hart forsuth may nocht gif me
 “ To duell, for na thing that may be.”
 The king said; ‘ Sen that thow will sua,
 ‘ Quhen-euir the likys thow may ga.
 ‘ And thow sall haiff gud leve thar to
 470 ‘ Thi liking of thi land to do.’
 And he him thankyt gretumly.
 And off his land, in full gret hy,
 As hym thought best, disponyt he.
 Syne at the king of gret bounté,
 475 Befor all thaim that with him war,
 He tuk his leve for euirmar;
 And went in Ingland to the king,
 Fol. 64 a That maid him rycht fayr welcummyng;
 And askyt him of the north tithing.
 480 And he him tauld all but lesing;
 How thai knychtis destroyit war,
 And [all] as I tauld till yow ar;
 And off the kingis curtassy,
 That lewynt him debonerly
 485 To do off his land his liking.
 In that tyme wes send, fra the king
 Off Scotland, messyngeris to trete
 Off pess, giff that thai mycht it get;
 As thai befor oft syss war send;
 490 How that thai coutht nocht bring till end.
 For the gud king had in entent,
 Sen God se fayr grace had him lent,

That he had wonnyn all his land,
 Throw strenth of armys, till his hand,
 495 That he pess in his tyme wald ma;
 And all [his] landis stabill swa,
 That his ayr eftre him suld be
 In pess, gif men held lawté.

In till this tyme that Umfrawill,
 500 As I bar yow on hand er quhill,
 Come till the king of Ingland,
 The Scottis messingeris thar he fand,
 Off pess and rest to haiff tretis.
 The king wist Schir Ingrahame wes wiss;
 505 And askyt [his] consaile tharto,
 Quhat he wald rede him for to do.
 For he said, him thought hard to ma
 Pess with the king Robert his fa,
 Quhill that he off him wengit war.
 510 Schir Ingrahame maid till him ansuar,
 And said; "He delt sa curtasly
 "With me, that on nawiss suld I
 "Giff consaill till his nethring."
 "The behowis nedwayis," said the king,
 515 "To this thing her say thine awiss."
 "Schir," said he, "sen your willis is
 "That I say; wyt ye sekyrly,
 "For all your gret chewalry,
 "To dele with him yhe haf na mycht.
 520 "His men all worthyn ar sa wicht,
 "For lang wsage of fechting,
 "That has bene nuryst in swilk thing,
 "That ilk yowman is sa wicht
 "Off his, that he is worth a knycht.
 525 "Bot and ye think yowr wer to bring

- " To your purposs and your ikling,
 " Lang trewyss with him tak ye.
 " Than sall the mast off his menye,
 " That ar bot symple yumanry,
 530 " Be dystrenyeit commonaly
 " To wyn thair mete with thair trawail;
 " And sum of thaim nedis, but fail,
 " With pluch and harow for to get,
 " And othyr ser crafftis, thair mete;
 535 " Swa that thair armyng sall worth auld,
 " And sall be rottyn, stroyit, and sauld.
 " And fele, that now of wer ar slay,
 " In till the lang trew[is] sall dey:
 " And othir in thair sted sall ryss,
 540 " That sall conn litill of that mastryss.
 " And quhen thai diswyst er,
 " Than may ye move on thaim your wer:
 " And sall rycht well, as I supposs,
 " Bring your intent to gud purpos."
 545 Till this assentyt thai ilkane.
 And eftre sone war trewis tayne,
 But wer, betuix [the] twa kingis, that wer
 Tailyeit to lest for aucht yer:
 And on the marchis gert thaim cry.
 550 The Scottis men kepyt thaim lelely.

- Bot the Ingliss men apoun the se
 Destroyit, throw gret inyquyté,
 Marchand schippis, that sailand war
 Fra Scotland till Flaundris with war:
 555 And destroyit euirilkane.
 And to thair oyss the gud has tane.
 The king send oft till ask redress:
 Bot nocht off it redressyt wes.

- And he abaid all tyme askand.
560 The trew on his half gert he stand -
Apon the marchis stabilly,
And gert men kep thaim lelely.
In this tyme that [the] trewis war
Lestand on marchis, as I sade ar,
565 Schyr Waltre Stewart, that worthi was,
At Bathgat a gret seknes tas.
His iwill ay woux mar and mar,
Quhill men persawit be his far,
That him worthit nede pay the det
570 That na man to pay may let.
Schrywyn, and als repentit weill,
Quhen all wes doyn him ilkdeill
That crystynman nedyt till have,
As gud crystyn the gast he gave.
575 Than men mycht her men gret and cry;
And mony a knycht, and mony a lady,
Mak in apert rycht ewill cher,
Sai did thai all that euir thai war:
All men him menyt commonaly,
580 For of his eild he wes worthy.
Quhen thai lang quhill thair dule had maid,
The corss to Paslay haiff thai haid:
And thar with gret solempnyté,
And with gret dule, erdyt wes he.
585 God, for his mycht, hys saule bring
Quhar joy ay lestis but ending!

BUKE FOURTENE.

- EFTRE his dede, as I said ar,
 The trewys that swa takyn war,
 Fol. 64 b For till haff lestyt aucht yer,
 Quhen twa yer of thaim passyt wer,
 5 And ane halff, as I trow, allsua,
 The king Robert saw men wald nocht ma
 Redress of schippys that war tane,
 And off the men als that war slane;
 Bot contynowyt thair mawyté,
 10 Quhen euir thai met thaim on the se.
 He sent and acquyt him planly;
 And gave the trewis wp opynly.
 And in the wengeance of this trespas,
 The gud erle of Murreff, Thomas,
 15 And Donald erle of Mar, alsua;
 And James of Dowglas with thaim twa,
 And James Stewart, that ledar wes.
 Eftyr his gud brotheris disceiss,
 Off all his bruderys men in wer;
 20 He gert apon thair best maner,
 With mony men, bowne thaim to ga
 In Ingland, for to bryn and sla.
 And thai held furth till Ingland.
 Thai war of gud men ten thousand.
 25 Thai brynt and slew in till thair way;
 Thair fayis fast destroyit thai

- And swagat southwart gan thai far,
 To Wardaill quhill thai cummyn war.
 That tyme Eduuard, off Carnauerayne,
 30 The king wes ded, and laid in stayne;
 And Eduuard, his sone, that wes ying,
 In Ingland crownyt wes to king,
 And surnome off Wyndyssor.
 He had in France bene thar befor,
 35 With his modyr dame Ysabell;
 And wes weddyt, as Ik herd tell,
 With a young lady fayr of face
 That the erlis douchtre was
 Off Hennaud; and off that cuntré
 40 Broucht with him men of gret bounté.
 Schir Jhone the Hennaud wes thair leder,
 That was wyss and wycht in wer.

- And that tyme that Scottis men wer
 At Wardaile, as I said yow er,
 45 In till York wes the new maid king:
 And herd tell of the destroying
 That Scottis men maid in his countré.
 A gret ost till him gaderyt he:
 He wes wele ner fyfty thousand.
 50 Than held he northwart in the land,
 In hale battaill with that mengné.
 Auchtene yer auld that tyme wes he.
 The Scottis men a day Cokdaile
 Fra end till end had heryd hale;
 55 And till Wardaile agayn thai raid.
 Thair discourriouris, that sycht has haid
 Off cummyn of the Inglis men,
 To thair lordis thai tauld it then.
 Than the lord Douglas, in a ling,

- 60 Raid furth to se thair cummyng;
 And saw that sewyn bataillis war thai,
 That come ridand in gud aray.
 Quhen he that folk behaldyn had,
 Towart his ost agayn he rad.
- 65 The erle speryt gif he had sene
 That ost; "Ya, Schyr," he said, "but wene."
 'Quhat folk ar thai?' "Schyr, mony men."
 The erle his ayth hes suorn then;
 'We sall fecht with thaim, thought thai war
- 70 'Yeyt ma eftsonys than thai ar.'
 'Schir, lowyt be God,' he said agayn,
 'That we haiff sic a capitayn,
 'That swa gret thing dar wndre ta.
 'Bot, be Saynct Bryd, it beis nocht swa,
- 75 'Giff my consaill may trowyt be.
 'For fecht on na maner sall we,
 'Bot be it at our awantage.
 'For me think it war na owtrage
 'To fewar folk, aganys ma
- 80 'Awantage, quhen thai ma, to ta.'
 As thai war on this wiss spekand,
 Our ane hey rig thai saw ridand,
 Towart thaim ewyn, a battaill braid;
 Baneris displayit inew thai haid.
- 85 And a nothyr come eftre ner:
 And rycht apon the samyn maner
 Thai come, quhill sewyn bataillis braid
 Out our that hey rig passyt haid.
 The Scottismen war thar liand
- 90 On northhalff Wer. towart Scotland.
 The dale wes strekyt weill, Ik hycht;
 On athyr sid thar wes ane hycht;
 And till the watre doune sum deill stay.

- The Scottismen in gud aray,
 95 On thair best wiss buskyt ilkane,
 Stud in a strenth that thai had tane;
 And that wes fra the watre of Wer
 A quartar of a myle weill ner:
 Thar stud thai bataill till abid.
 100 And Ingliss men on athy sid
 Come ridand downwart, quhill thai wer
 To Weris watre cummyn als ner,
 As on othyr halff thair fayis wer.
 Than haf thai maid a rest rycht thar:
 105 And send owt archerys a thowsand
 With hudis off, and bowys in hand;
 And gert thaim drink weill of the wyn,
 And bad thaim gang to bykker syne
 The Scottis ost; in abandoun
 110 Thai ger thaim cum apon thaim doun:
 Fol. 65 a For mycht thai ger thaim brek aray,
 To haiff thaim at thair will thought thai.
 Armyt men doune with thaim thai send,
 Thaim at the watre to defend.

 115 The lord Dowglas hes sene thair fer;
 And men, that rycht weill horsyt wer
 And armyt, a gret cumpany,
 Behind the bataillis priuely
 He gert howe, to bid thair cummyng:
 120 And, quhen he maid to thaim taknyng,
 Thai suld cum prikand fast, and sla
 With sperys [all] that thai mycht ourta.
 Donald off Mar thair chiftane was;
 And Archebald of Douglas.
 125 The lord Dowglas towart thaim raid;
 A gowne on his armur he haid:

- And trawersyt allwayis wp agayn,
Thaim ner his bataillis for to trayn.
And thai, that drunkyn had off the wyne,
130 Come ay wp lingand in a lyne,
Quhill thai the battaill come sa ner,
That arowis fell amang thaim ser.
Robert off Ogill, a gud squyer,
Come prikand than on a courser;
135 And on the archeris criyt agane;
“Ye wate noucht quha mays yow that trayn.
“That is the lord Dowglas; that will
“Off his playis ken sum yow till.”
And quhen thai herd spek of Douglas,
140 The hardyest effrayit was,
And agayn turnyt halely.
His takyn maid he than in hy.
And the folk that enbuschit war
Sa stoutly prykkyt on thaim thar,
145 That weile thre hundre haiff thai slaine.
And till the watre hame agane
All the remanand gan thai chas.
Schir Wilyam off Erskyn thar was
Chasyt with other that thar war
150 Sa fer furth, that hys horss him bar
Amang the lump of Inglis men;
And with strang hand wes takyn then.
Bot off him wele sone chang wes maid
For othyr that men takyn haid.
155 Fra thir Inglis archeris wes slane,
Thir folk raid till thair ost agane;
And rycht swa did the lord off Dowglas.
And quhen that he reparyt was,
Thai mycht amang thair fayis se
160 The pailyownys sone stentyt be.

- And thai persawyt sone in hy
 That thai that nycht wald tak herbery;
 And schup to do no mar that day.
 Tharfor thaim alsua herbryit thay;
 165 And stent pailyownys in hy;
 Tentis and lugis als tharby
 Thai gert mak, and set all on raw.
 Twa noweltis that day thai saw,
 That forouth in Scotland had bene nane.
 170 Tymmeris for helmys war the tane,
 That thaim thought thane off gret bewté,
 And alsua wondyr for to se.
 The tothyr, crakys war off wer,
 That thai befor herd neur er.
 175 Off thir twa thingis thai had ferly.
 That nycht thai walkyt stalwartly.
 The mast part off thaim armyt lay,
 Quhill on the morn that it wes day.

- The Inglis men thaim wmbethoucht,
 180 Apon quhat maner that they moucht
 Ger Scottis leve thair awantage.
 For thaim thought foly and owtrage
 To gang wp till thaim, till assaill
 Thaim at thair strenth in plane battaill.
 185 Tharfor of gud men a thousand,
 Armyt on hors, bath fute and hand,
 Thai send be hind thair fayis, to be
 Enbuschit in till a walé:
 And schup thair bataillis, as thai wald
 190 Apon thaim till the fechtyn hald.
 For thai thought Scottis men sic will
 Had, that thai mycht nocht hald thaim still:
 For thai knew thaim off sic curage,

- That thai thocht strenth and awantage
 195 Thai suld leve, and mete thaim planly;
 Than suld thair buschement halily
 Behind brek on thaim at the bak.
 Sa thocht thai wele, thai suld thaim mak
 For to repent thaim off thair play.
 200 Thair enbuschement furth send haiff thai,
 That thaim enbuschit priuely.
 And on the morn, sumdele arly,
 In till the ost hey trumpyt thai;
 And gert thair braid bataillis aray.
 205 And, all arayit for to fycht,
 Thai held towart the watre rycht.
 Scottis men, that saw thaim do swa,
 Boune on thair best wiss gan thaim ma.
 And in bataill planly arayit,
 210 With baneris till the wynd displayit,
 Thai left thair strenth, and all planly
 Come doun to mete thaim hardely,
 In als gud maner as thai moucht;
 Rycht as thair fayis befor had thocht.
 215 Bot the lord Douglas, that ay was war,
 And set owt wachis her and thar,
 Gat wyt off thair enbuschement.
 Than in till gret hy is he went
 Befor the battaillis, and stoutly
 220 He bad ilk man turn him in hy,
 Rycht as he stud: and turnyt swa.
 Wp till thair strenth he bad thaim ga:
 Fol. 65 b Swa that na let thar thai maid.
 And thai did as he biddyn haid,
 225 Quhill till thair strenth thai come agayne.
 Than turnyt thai thaim with mekill mayn;
 And stud redy to giff bataill.

- Giff thair fayis wald thaim assaill.
 Quhen Inglis men had sene thaim swa
 230 Towart thair strenth agayne wp ga,
 Thai criyt hey, "Thai fley thair way!"
 Schyr Jhone Hennauid said; "Perfay,
 "Yone flëyng is rycht [tragedy.]
 "Thair armyt men behind I se,
 235 "And thar baneris: swa that thai thar
 "Bot turne thaim as thai standand war;
 "And be arayit for to fycht,
 "Giff ony pressyt thaim with mycht.
 "Thai haff sene our enbuschement,
 240 "And agane till thair strenth ar went.
 "Yone folk ar gouernyt wittily:
 "And he that ledis is worthi
 "For awise, worschip, and wysdome,
 "To gouerne the empyr off Rome."
 245 Thus spak that worthi knycht that day.
 And the enbuschement, fra that thai
 Saw that thai swa discoweryt war,
 Towart thair ost agane thai fair.
 And the bataillis off Inglis men,
 250 Quhen thai saw thai had faillyt then
 Off thair purpos, to thair herbery
 Thai went; and logit thaim in hy
 On othyr halff rycht swa did thai,
 Thai maid na mar debat that day.

 255 Quhen thai that day our drewyn had,
 Fyris in gret foysonn thai maid,
 Alsone as the nycht fallyn was.
 And than the gud lord off Douglas,
 That had spyit a place tharby,
 260 Twa myle thine that, quhar mar traistly

- The Scottis ost mycht herbry ta;
 And defend thaim bettre alsua,
 Than ellys in ony place thar by.
 It wes a park, all halily
 265 Wes enwyround about with wall:
 It wes ner full of treys all.
 Bot a gret plane in till it was.
 Thiddyr thocht the lord of Dowglas.
 Be nychtyrtale. thair ost to bring.
 270 Tharfor, for owtyn mar duelling.
 Thai bet thair fyris, and maid thaim m
 And syne all samyn furtht thai far,
 And till the park, for owtyn tynseill,
 Thai come, and herbryit thaim weill
 275 Wp on the watre, and als ner
 Till it as thai beforouth wer.
 And on the morn, quhen it wes day,
 The Ingliss ost myssyt away
 The Scottis men; and had ferly:
 280 And gert discourriouris hastily
 Pryk, to se quhar thai war away.
 And, be thair fyris, persawyt thai
 That thai in the park of Werdale
 Had gert herbry thair ost all hale.

 285 Tharfor thair ost but mar abaid
 Buskyt, and ewyn anent thaim raid,
 And on athyr halff the watre of Wer
 Gert stent thair pailyownys, als ner
 As thar befor stentyt war thai.
 290 Aucht dayis on bath halff swa lay thai:
 That Inglis men durst nocht assaill
 The Scottismen with plane battaill,
 For strenth of erd that thai had ther.

- Thar wes ilk clay justyn of wer;
295 And scrymyn maid full apertly;
And men tane on athyr party.
And thai that war tane on a day,
On ane othyr changyt war thai.
Bot othyr dedis nane war done,
300 That gretly is apon to mone:
Till it fell, on the sewynd day,
The lord Douglas had spyit a way
How that he mycht about thaim rid,
And cum on the ferrer sid.
305 And at ewyn purwayit him he,
And tuk with him a gud mengné,
Fyve hundre on hors, wicht and hardy:
And in the nycht all priuely,
For owt noyis, sa fer he raid,
310 Quhill that he ner enweronyt had
Thar ost; and on the ferrar sid
Towart thaim slely gan he rid.
And the men that with him war
He gert in hand have suerdis bar;
315 And bad thaim hew rapys in twa,
That thai the pailyownys mycht ma
To fall on thaim, that in thaim war.
Than suld the lave, that folowit thar,
Stab doune with speris sturdely:
320 And, quhen thai hard his horne, in hy
To the watre hald doune thair way.
Quhen this wes said that Ik her say,
Towart thair fayis fast thai raid,
That on that sid na wachis haid.
325 And as thai ner war approachand,
Ane Inglis man, that lay bekand
Him be a fyr, said till his fer;

- “ I wat nocht quhat may tyd ws her.
 “ Bot rycht a gret growyng me tais :
 330 “ I dred sar for the blak Douglas.”
 And he, that hard him, said ; ‘ Perfay,
 ‘ Thow sall haiff causs, giff that I may.’

- Fol. 66 a With that, with all his cumpany,
 He ruschyt in on thaim hardely :
 335 And pailyownys doune he bar.
 With speris. that scharply schar,
 Thai stekyt men dispitously.
 The noyss weill sone raiss, and [the] cry :
 And thai stabbyt, stekyt, and slew ;
 340 And pailyownys doun yarne thai drew.
 A felloun slauchtre maid thai thar ;
 For thai. that liand nakit war.
 Had na power defens to ma :
 And thai but pité gan thaim sla.
 345 Thai gert thaim weill wyt, that foly
 Wes ner thair fayis for to ly ;
 Bot giff thai traistly wachit war.
 The Scottis men war slayand thar
 Thair fayis on this [wiss], quhill the cry
 350 Rass throw the ost commonaly.
 That lord and othyr war on ster.
 And quhen the Douglas wyst thai wer
 Armand thaim all commonaly.
 He blew his horne for to rely
 355 His men ; and bad thaim hald thair way
 Towart the watre : and swa did thai.
 And he abaid henmast, to se
 That nane off hys suld lewynt be.
 And, as he baid swa howand,
 360 Come thane ane with a club in hand,

- And swa gret a rowt till hym raucht,
That had nocht bene his mekill maucht,
And his rycht souerane manheid,
In till that place he had bene dede.
- 365 Bot he, that na tyme wes effrayit,
Thought he weill oft wes hard assayit,
Throw mekill strenth, and gret manheid,
Has broucht the tothyr to the ded.
His men, that till the watre doun
- 370 War ridyne, in till a raundoun,
Myssyt thair lord, quhen thai come thar.
Than war thai dredand for him sar:
Ilkan at othyr speryt tithing;
Bot yeit off him thai hard na thing.
- 375 Than gan thai consaill samyn ta,
That thai to sek him wp wald ga.
And, as thai war in sic effray,
A tutilling of his horne hard thai:
And thai, that hes it knawyn swith,
- 380 War of his cummyn wondre blyth:
And speryt at him of his abaid.
And he tauld how a carle him maid
With a club sic fellounn pay.
That met him stoutly in the way,
- 385 That had nocht fortoun helpit the mar
He had bene in gret perell thar.
Thusgat spekand thai held thair way,
Quhill till the ost cummyn ar thai;
That on fute armyt thaim abaid,
- 390 For till help giff thai myster haid.
And alsone as the lord Dowglas
Met with the erle off Murreff was,
The erle speryt at thaim tithing
How thai had farne in thair owting.

- 395 "Schyrr," said he, "we haf drawyn blud."
 The erle, that wes of mekill mude,
 Said; 'And we all had thiddir gayne,
 'We haid discumfyt thaim ilkan.'
 "That mycht haff fallyn weill." said he:
- 400 "Bot sekyrly ynew war we
 "To put ws in yone awentur.
 "For had thai maid discumfytur
 "On ws, that yondre passyt wer,
 "It suld all stonay that ar her."
- 405 The erle said; 'Sen that it swa is,
 'That we may noucht with jupertys
 'Our feloune fayis for to assaill;
 'We sall do it in plane battaill.'
 The lord Dowglas said; "Be Saynct Brid,
- 410 "It war gret foly, at this tid,
 "Till ws with swilk ane ost to fycht,
 "That growys ilk day off [mar] mycht:
 "And has wictaill tharwith plenté.
 "And in thair countré her ar we,
- 415 "Quhar thair may cum ws na succourys:
 "Hard is to mak ws her rescours.
 "Na we ne may ferrar mete to get:
 "Swilk as we haiff her we mon et.
 "Do we with our fayis tharfor,
- 420 "That ar her liand ws befor,
 "As Ik herd tell this othyr yer
 "That a fox did with a fyscher."
 'How did the fox?' the erle gan say.
 He said; "A fyscher quhilum lay
- 425 "Besid a ryver, for to get
 "Hys nettis that he had thar set.
 "A litill loge tharby he maid:

- " And thar within a bed he haid ;
 " And a litill fyr alsua.
 430 " A dure thar wes for owtyn ma.
 " A nycht, his nettis for to se,
 " He rase ; and thar wele lang duelt he
 " And, quhen he had doyne his deid.
 " Towart his loge agayn he yeid ;
 435 " And, with licht of the litill fyr,
 " That in the luge was brynnand schyr,
 " In till his luge a fox he saw,
 " That fast on ane salmound gan gnaw.
 " Than till the dur he went in hy,
 440 " And drew his suerd deliuerly :
 " And said, ' Reiffar, thow mon her out.'
 " The fox, that wes in full gret dout,
 Fol. 66 b " Lukyt about sum hole to se ;
 " Bot nane eschew persave couth he,
 445 " Bot quhar the man stud sturdely.
 " A lauchtane mantell than him by,
 " Liand apon the bed, he saw ;
 " And with his teth he gan it draw
 " Out our the fyr : and quhen the man
 450 " Saw his mantill ly brinnand than,
 " To red it ran he hastily.
 " The fox gat owt than in gret hy :
 " And held his way his warand till.
 " The man leyt him begilyt ill,
 455 " That he his gud salmound had tynt ;
 " And alsua had his mantill brynt :
 " And the fox scaithles gat away.
 " This ensample weill I may say,
 " Be yone ost and ws that ar her.
 460 " We ar the fox ; and thai the fyscher,
 " That stekis forouth ws the way.

- "Thai wene we may na gat away,
 " Bot rycht quhar thai ly. Bot perdé,
 " All as thai think it sall nocht be.
 465 " For I have gert se ws a gait;
 " Suppos that it be sumdele wate,
 " A page off owris we sall nocht tyne.
 " Our fayis, for this small tranowntyn,
 " Wenys weill we sall prid us swa,
 470 " That we planely on hand sall ta
 " To giff thaim opynly battaill:
 " Bot at this tyme thair thought sall fail.
 " For we to morne her, all the day.
 " Sall make als mery as we may:
 475 " And mak ws boune agayn the nycht;
 " And than ger mak our fyris lycht;
 " And blaw our hornys, and mak far,
 " As all the warld our awne war,
 " Quhill that the nycht weill fallin be.
 480 " And than, with all our harnays, we
 " Sall tak our way hamwart in hy.
 " And we sall gyit be graithly,
 " Quhill we be out off thair daunger,
 " That lyis now enclossyt her.
 485 " Than sall we all be at our will.
 " And thai sall lete thaim trumptyt ill,
 " Fra thai wyt weill we be away."
 To this haly assentyt thai;
 And maid thaim gud cher all that nycht,
 490 Quhill on the morn that day wes lycht.

Apon the morne, all priuely,
 Thai tursyt harnays, and maid redy;
 Swa that, or ewyn, all boun war thai.
 And thair fayis, that agane thaim lay.

- 495 Gert haiff thair men, that thar war ded,
In cartis, till ane haly sted.
All that day cariland thai war,
With cartis, men that slayn war thar.
That thai war fele mycht men well se,
500 That in caryng sa lang suld be.
The ostis baith that day wer
In pess: and quhen the nycht wes ner,
The Scottis folk, that liand war
In till the park, maid fest and far;
505 And blew hornys; and fyris maid,
And gert mak thaim [bathe] brycht and braid;
Swa at that nycht thair fyris war mar,
Than ony tyme befor thai war.
And quhen the nycht wes fallyn weill,
510 With all the harnayis ilka dele,
All priuely thai raid thair way.
Sone in a moss entryt ar thai,
That had wele twa myle lang of breid.
Out our that moss on fute thai yeid:
515 And in thair hand thair horss leid thai.
And it wes rycht a noyus way:
And nocht for thi all that thai wer
Come weill out our it, hale and fer;
And tynt bot litill off thair ger,
520 Bot giff it war ony summer,
That in the moss wes left liand.
Quhen all, as Ik haff born on hand,
Out our that moss, that wes sa braid,
War cummyn, a gret glaidship thai haid:
525 And raid furth hamwart on thair way.
And on the morn, quhen it wes day,
The Inglis men saw the herbery,
Quhar Scottis men war wont to ly.

- All woid: thai wondryt gretly then;
 530 And send furth syndry off thair men,
 To spy quhar thai war gayn away,
 Quhill at the last thair traiss fand thai,
 That till the mekill moss thaim haid,
 That wes swa hidwouss for to waid,
 535 That awntyr thaim thar to durst nayne;
 Bot till thair ost agayne ar gayn;
 And tauld how that thai passyt war
 Quhar neuir man passit ar.
 Quhen Inglis men hard it wes sua,
 540 In hy to consaill gan thai ta,
 That thai wald folow thaim no mar.
 Thair ost rycht than thai scalit thar:
 And ilk man till his awn raid.
 And king Robert, that wittering haid
 545 At his men in the park swa lay,
 And at quhat myscheiff thar war thai,
 Ane ost assemblyt he in hy.
 And ten thousand men, wicht and hardy,
 He has send furth with erllis twa,
 550 Off the Merss and Anguss war tha,
 The ost in Werdale to releve.
 Fol. 67 a And giff thai mycht sa weill escheve
 That samyn nycht, be thai and thai,
 Thai thought thair fayis till assay.
 555 Swa fell that, on the samyn day,
 That the mos, as ye herd me say,
 Wes passyt, the discourrowris that thar
 Ridand befor the ost war,
 Off athyr ost has gottyn sycht.
 560 And thai, that worthy war and wicht,
 At thair meting justyt of wer.

- Ensenyeys hey thai criyt ther.
And be thair cry persawyt thai,
That thai war frendys, and at a fay.
565 Than mycht men se thaim glaid and blyth;
And tauld it to thair lordis swith.
The ost [is] baith met samyn syne.
Thar wes rycht hamly welcummyn
Maid amang thai gret lordis thar:
570 Off thair metyng joyfull thai war.
The erle Patrik, and his menye,
Had wictaillis with thaim gret plenté;
And tharwith weill relevyt thai
Thair frendis: for, the suth to say,
575 Quhill thai in Wardale liand war,
Thai had defawt off mete; bot thar
Thai war relevyt with gret plenté.
Towart Scotland, with gamyn and gle,
Thai went; and hame wele cummyn ar thai;
580 And scalyt syne ilk man thair way.
The lordis ar went to the king,
That has maid thaim fair welcummyng.
For off thair come rycht glaid wes he;
And that thai sic perplexité,
585 For owt tynsaill, eschapyt haid.
All war thai blyth, and mery maid.

- Sone eftre that the erle Thomas
Fra Wardaill thus reparyt was,
[The king] assemblyt all his mycht;
590 And left nane that wes worth to fycht.
A gret ost than assemblit he;
And delt his ost in partis thre.
A part to Norame went but let;
And a stark assege has set,

- 595 And held thaim in rycht at thair dyk.
The tothyr part till Anwyk
Is went, and thar a sege set thai.
And quhill that thir assegis lay
At thir castellis, I spak off ar,
600 Apert eschewys oft maid thar war:
And mony fayr chewalry
Eschewyt war full doughtely.
The king at thai castellis liand
Left hys folk, as I bar on hand;
605 And with the thrid ost held hys way
Fra park to park, hym for to play;
Huntand as all hys awn war.
And till thaim, that war with him thar,
The landis off Northummyrland,
610 That neyst to Scotland war liand,
In fe and heretage gave he:
And thai payit for the selys fe.
On this wyss raid he destroyand,
Quhill that the king of Ingland,
615 Throw consaill of the Mortymar,
And hys modyr, that that tym war
Ledaris of him, that then young wess,
To king Robert, to tret off pess
Send messyngeris. And swa sped thai,
620 That thai assentyt on this way
Suld thar a perpetuale pess tak:
And thai a mariage suld mak
Off the king Robertis sone, Dawy,
That than bot fyve yer had scarsly,
625 And off dame Jhone als off the Tour,
That syne wes of full gret walour.
Systre scho wes to the ying king,
That had Ingland in gouernyng,

- That than of eild had sewyn yer.
 630 And monymentis, and lettrys ser,
 That thai off Ingland that tyme had,
 That oucht agayn Scotland maid,
 In till that trettyss wp thai gaff;
 And all the clame that thai mycht haff
 635 In till Scotland on ony maner.
 And king Robert, for scaithis ser,
 That he to thaim off Ingland
 Had done, off wer, with stalwart hand,
 Full twenty thowsand pond suld pay
 640 Off siluer in to gud monay.
 Quhen men thir thingis for spokyn had;
 And, with selis and athis, maid
 Festnyng off frendschip, and of pess,
 That neuir for na chaunc suld cess;
 645 The mariage syne ordanyt thai
 To be at Berwik: and the day
 Thai haff set quhen that this suld be.
 Syne went ilkman till his countré.

- Thus maid wes pess, quhar wer wais ar:
 650 And thus the segis raissyt war.
 The king Robert ordanyt to pay
 The siluer: and, agane the day,
 He gert wele for the mangery
 Fol. 67 b Ordane, quhen that his sone Dawy
 655 Suld weddlyt be: and erle Thomas,
 And the gud lord of Douglas,
 In till his steid ordanyt he,
 Dewisowris of that fest to be.
 For a malice him tuk sa sar,
 660 That he on na wiss mycht be thar.
 This malice off enfundëyng

- Begouth; for, throuch his cald lying,
 Quhen in his gret myscheiff wes he,
 Him fell that hard perplexité.
- 665 At Cardross all that tyme he lay.
 And quhen ner cummyn wes the day,
 That ordanyt for the weddyn was,
 The erle, and the lord of Douglas,
 Come to Berwik, with mekill far,
- 670 And broucht young Dawy with thaim thar.
 And the queyn, and the Mortymer,
 On othyr part cummyn wer,
 With gret affer and reawté,
 The young lady, of gret bewté,
- 675 Thiddyr thai broucht with rich affer.
 The weddyn haf thai makyt thar,
 With gret fest and solemnyté.
 Thar mycht men myrth and glaidship se:
 For rycht gret fest thai maid thar.
- 680 And Inglis men and Scottis war
 To giddy in joy and solace:
 Na fellouné betuix thaim was.

- The fest a wele lang tym held thai.
 And quhen thai buskyt to far away,
- 685 The queyn hes left hyr douchtre thar,
 With gret riches and reale far.
 I trow, that lang quhile na lady
 Wes gevyn till houss sa richely.
 And the erle, and the lord Douglas,
- 690 Hyr in daynté ressawyt has,
 As it war worthi sekyrly.
 For scho wes syne the best lady,
 And the fayrest, that men thurst se,
 Eftre this gret solemnyté,

- 695 Quhen of bath half lewys war tane,
The queyn till Ingland hame is gane,
And had with hyr Mortymar
The erle; and thai that levyt war,
Quhen thai a quhill hyr conwoyit had,
700 Towart Berwik agayn thai rad.
And syne, with all thair cumpany,
Towart the king thai went in hy;
And had with thaim the young Dawy,
And dame Jhone als, that young lady.
705 The king maid thaim fair welcummyng.
And eftre, but langer delaying,
He has gert set a parleament;
And thiddyr with mony men is went.
For he thocht he wald, in his lyff,
710 Croun hys young sone, and hys wyff.
And, at that parleament, swa did he
With gret fayr and solemnyté.
The king Dawy wes crownyt thar.
And all the lordis that thar war,
715 And als off the comunyte,
Maid him manredyn and fewté.
And forouth that thai crownyt war,
The king Robert gert ordane thar,
Giff it fell that his sone Dawy
720 Deyit, but ayr male off his body
Gottyn, Robert Stewart suld be
Kyng, and bruk all the realté,
That his douchtre bar, Marjory.
And at this tailye suld lelyly
725 Be haldyn, all the lordis swar;
And it with selys affermyt thar.
And gyff it hapnyt Robert the king
To pass to God, quhill thai war ying,

- The gud erle off Murreff, Thomas,
 730 And the lord alsua off Dowglas,
 Suld haff thaim in to gouernyng,
 Quhill thai had wyt to ster thair thing;
 And than the lordschip suld thai ta.
 Her till thar athys gan thai ma.
 735 And all the lordis that thar war
 To thir twa wardanys athis suar,
 Till obey thaim in lawté,
 Giff thaim hapnyt wardanys to be.

- Quhen all this thing thus tretit wes,
 740 And affermyt with sekynes,
 The king to Cardross went in hy.
 And thar him tuk sa fellely
 The seknes, and him trawailit swa,
 That he wyst him behowyt to ma
 745 Off all his liff the commoun end,
 That is to dede, quhen God will send.
 Tharfor his lettrys sone send he
 For the lordis off his countré.
 And thai come as thai bidding had.
 750 His testament than has he maid,
 Befor bath lordis and prelatis;
 And to religioun, of ser statis,
 For hele of his saule, gaf he
 Siluer into gret quantité.
 755 He ordanyt for his saule weill.
 And quhen this done wes ilkadele,
 He said; "Lordingis, swa is it gayn
 "With me, that thar is noucht bot ane
 "That is the dede, withowtyn drede,
 760 "That ilk man mon thole off nede.
 Fol. 68 a "And I thank God that has me sent

- "Space in this lyve me to repent.
 "For throwch me, and my werraying,
 "Off blud has bene rycht gret spilling;
 765 "Quhar mony sakles men war slayn.
 "Tharfor this seknes, and this payn,
 "I tak in thank for my trespas.
 "And myn hart fichyt sekyrly was,
 "Quhen I wes in prosperité,
 770 "Off my synnys to sauffyt be,
 "To trawaill apon Goddis fayis.
 "And sen he now me till him tayis,
 "Swa that the body may na wyss
 "Fullfill that the hart gan dewiss;
 775 "I wald the hart war thiddyr sent,
 "Quhar in consawyt wes that entent.
 "Tharfor I pray yow euirilkan,
 "That ye amang yow chess me ane,
 "That be honest, wiss, and wicht,
 780 "And off his hand a noble knycht,
 "On Goddis fayis my hart to ber,
 "Quhen saule and corss disseueryt er.
 "For I wald it war worthily
 "Broucht thar; sen God will nocht that I
 785 "Haiff pouer thiddyrwart to ga."
 Than war thair hartis all sar wa,
 That nayne mycht hald him fra greting.
 He bad thaim leve thair sorowing;
 For it, he said, mycht nocht releve,
 790 And mycht thaim rycht gretly engreve.
 And prayit thaim in hy to do
 The thing that thai war chargit to.
 Than went thai furth with drery mode.
 Amang thaim thai thought it gode,
 795 That the worthi lord of Douglas

- Best schapyn for that trawaill was.
 And quhen the king hard that thai swa
 Had ordanyt him his hart to ta,
 That he mast yarnyt suld it haff;
 800 He said; "Sa God him self me saiff!
 " I hald me rycht weill payit that yhe
 " Haff chosyn him: for his bounté,
 " And his worschip, set my yarning,
 " Ay sen I thought to do this thing,
 805 " That he it with him thar suld ber.
 " And sen ye all assentit er,
 " It is the mar likand to me.
 " Lat se now quhat thar till sayis he."
 And quhen the gud lord of Douglas
 810 Wist that thing thus spokyn was,
 He come and knelit to the king,
 And on this wiss maid him thanking.
 ' I thank yow gretly, lord,' said he,
 ' Off mony largess, and gret bounté,
 815 ' That yhe haff done me felsyss;
 ' Sen fyrst I come to your seruice.
 ' Bot our all thing I mak thanking,
 ' That ye sa dyng and worthi thing,
 ' As your hart, that enlumynyt wes
 820 ' Off all bounté, and all prowes,
 ' Will that I in my yemsall tak.
 ' For yow, Schyr, I will blythly mak
 ' This trawaill, gif God will me gif
 ' Layser and space swa lang to lyff.'
 825 The king him thankyt tendrely.
 Than wes nane in that cumpany,
 That thai na wepyt for pité.
 Thar cher anoyus wes to se.

- Quhen the Lord Dowglas, on this wiss,
 830 Had wndretane sa hey empriss,
 As the gud kyngis hart to ber
 On Goddis fayis apon wer,
 Prissyt for his empriss wes he.
 And the kingis infirmyté
 835 Woux mar and mar, quhill at the last
 The dulfull dede approchit fast.
 And quhen he had gert till him do
 All, that gud crystyn man fell to,
 With werray repentance he gaf
 840 The gast, that God till hewyn haiff,
 Amang his chossyn folk to be
 In joy, solace, and angell gle!
 And fra his folk wyst he wes ded,
 The sorow raiss fra steid to steid.
 845 Thar mycht men se men ryve thair har:
 And comounly knychtis gret full sar,
 And thar newffys oft samyn dryve,
 And as woud men thair clathis ryve:
 Regratand his worthi bounté,
 850 His wyt, his strenth, his honesté;
 And our all, the gret cumpany
 That he thaim maid oft curtasly.
 "All our defens," thai said, "allace!
 "And he that all our comford was,
 855 "Our wit, and all our gouernyng,
 "Allace is brought her till ending!
 "His worschip, and his mekill mycht,
 "Maid all that war with him sa wycht,
 "That thai mycht neuir abaysit be,
 860 "Quhill forouth thaim thai mycht him se.
 "Allace! quhat sall we do or say?

“ For on lyff quhill he lestylt, ay
 “ With all our nychtbowris dred war we :

“ And in till mony ser countré

865 “ Off our worschip sprang the renoun :

“ And that wes all for his persoune.”

With swilk wordis thai maid thair mayn.

Fol. 68 b And sekyrly woundre wes nane ;

For better gouernour than he

870 Mycht in na countré fundyn be.

I hop that nane that is on lyve

The lamentacioun suld discryve

That that folk for thair lard maid.

And quhen thai lang thus sorowit had,

875 Thai haiff had him to Dunferlyne :

And him solemply erdyt syne

In a fayr tumb, in till the quer.

Byschappys and prelatis, that thar wer,

Assoilyeit him, quhen the service

880 Was done as thai couth best dewiss :

And syne, on the tothyr day

Sary and wa ar went thair way.

And he debowaillyt wes clenly,

And bawmyt syne richly :

885 And the worthi lord of Douglas

His hart, as it for spokyn was,

Has ressawyt in gret daynté,

With gret fayr and solemnyté.

Quhen that the gud king beryit was,

890 The erle of Murreff, Schir Thomas,

Tuk all the land in gouernyng :

All obeyit till his bidding.

And the gud lord of Douglas syne

Gert mak a cass of siluer fyne.

- 895 Ennamylyt throw sutelté.
 Tharin the kingis hart did he :
 And ay about his halss it bar ;
 And fast him bownyt for to far.
 His testament diuisyt he ;
 900 And ordanyt how his land suld be
 Gouernyt, quhill his gayn cummyng.
 Off frendis, and all othyr thing,
 That till him pertenynt ony wiss,
 With sik forsycht and sa wyss,
 905 Or his furth passing, ordanyt he,
 That na thing mycht amendyt be.
 And quhen that he his leve had tane,
 To schip to Berwik is he gane.
 And with a noble cumpany,
 910 Off knychtis and off squyery,
 He put him thar to the se.
 A lang way furthwart saylit he :
 For betuix Cornwaill and Bretaynné
 He sayllyt; and left the grunye of Spainye
 915 On northalff him; and held thair way
 Quhill to Savill the Graunt cum thai.
 Bot gretly war his men and he
 Trawaillyt with tempestis of the se.
 Bot, thought thai gretly trawaillit war,
 920 Hale and fer ar thai cummyn thar.
 Thai arywyt at gret Savill ;
 And efre, in a litill quhill,
 Thar hors to land thai drew ilkayne,
 And in the toun has herbry tayne.
 925 He him contenyt rychly ;
 For he had a fayr cumpany,
 And gold ynewch for to dispend.

- The king alsone him eftre send;
 And hym rycht weill resawyt he;
 930 And profferyt hym, in gret plenté,
 Gold and tresour, horss and armyng.
 Bot he wald tak tharoff na thing;
 For he tuk that waiage
 To pass in till pilgramage
 935 On Goddis fayis, that his trawail
 Mycht till his saule hele awaill.
 And sen he wyst that he had wer
 With Saryzynys, he wald duell ther,
 And serve him at hys mycht lely.
 940 The king him thankyt curtasly;
 And betaucht him gud men, that wer
 Weill knawyn of that landis wer.
 And the maner tharoff alsua.
 Syne till his innys gan he ga.

 945 Quhen that the king him levit had,
 A weill gret sojourne thar he mad.
 Knychtis that come of ser countré
 Come in gret hy him for to se,
 And honowryt him full gretumly.
 950 And out our all men fer, soueranly,
 The Inglis knychtis that war thar
 Honour and company him bar.

- Amang thai strangeris was a knycht,
 That wes haldyn sa worthi and wicht,
 955 That for ane of the gud wes he
 Prissynt off the Cristianté.
 Sa fast till hewyn was his face,
 That it our all ner wemmyt was.
 Or he the lord Douglas had sene,

- 960 He wend his face had wemmyt bene
 Bot neur a hurt tharin had he.
 Quhen he wnwemmyt gan it se,
 He said, that he had gret ferly
 That swilk a knycht, and sa worthi,
 965 And pryssyt of sa gret bounté,
 Mycht in the face unwemmyt be.
 And he answerd thar to mekly,
 And said; "Lowe God, all tym had I
 "Handis my hed for to wer."
 970 Quha wald tak kep to this ansuer,
 Suld se in it wnderstanding;
 Fol. 69 a That and he, that maid that asking,
 Had handis to wer hys face,
 That, for faute off defence, sa was
 975 To fruschyntill placis ser,
 Suld have, may fall, left hale and fer.
 The gud knychtis, that than war by,
 Pryssyt hys ansuer gretumly;
 For it wes maid with mek speking,
 980 And had rycht hey wndrestanding.

Apon this maner still thai lay,
 Quhill throw the countré thai hard say,
 That the hey king of Balmeryne,
 With mony a mody Saryzine,
 985 Was entryt in till the land off Spayne,
 All hale the countré to [demainye.]

The king off Spayne, on othyr party,
 Gaderyt his ost deliuerly;
 And delt hym in till bataillis thre.
 990 And to the lord Douglas gaff he
 The awaward to led and ster;

- All hale the strangeris with him wer.
 And the gret maister off Saynet Jak
 The tothyr bataill gert he tak.
 995 The rerward maid him selwyn thar.
 Thusgat diuisyt, furth thai far
 To mete thair fayis, that in bataill
 Arayit, redy till assaill,
 Come agayn thaim full sturdely.
 1000 The Dowglas, that wes sa worthi,
 Quhen he to thaim of his leding
 Had maid a fayr monesting,
 To do weill and na ded to dred,
 For hevynnys blyss suld be thar mede,
 1005 Gyff that thai deyt in Goddis seruice;
 Than, as gud werrayouris and wiss,
 With thaim stoutly assemblit he.
 Thar mycht men felloun fechtyn se.
 For thai war all wicht and worthi,
 1010 That war on the Cristyn party;
 And faucht sa fast, with all thair mayne,
 That Saryzynys war mony slayne;
 The quethir, with mony fele fachoun,
 Mony a Cristyn dang thai doun.
 1015 Bot at the last the lord Dowglas,
 And the gret rout that with him was,
 Pressyt the Saryzynys swa,
 That thai haly the bak gan ta.
 And thai chassyt, with all thair mayn,
 1020 And mony in the chas has slayn.
 Sa fer chassyt the lord of Douglas,
 With few that he passyt was
 All the folk, that war chassand then.
 He had nocht with him our ten

- 1025 Off all men that war with him thar.
Quhen he saw all reparyt war,
Towart hys ost than turnyt he.
And quhen the Saryzynys gan se
That the chasseris turnyt agayn,
1030 Thai relyit with mekill mayn.
And as the gud lord of Dowglas,
As I said er, reparand was,
Sa saw he, rycht besid thaim ner,
Quhar that Schyr Wilyam the Sanctecler
1035 With a gret rout enweround was.
He wes anoyit, and said; "Allace!
"Yone worthy knycht will sone be ded,
"Bot he haff help: and our manheid
"Biddys ws help him in gret hy,
1040 "Sen that we ar sa ner him by.
"And God wate weill our entent is
"To lyve, or de, in his seruice.
"Hys will in all thing do sall we.
"Sall na perell eschewyt be,
1045 "Quhill he be put owt of yone payn;
"Or than we all be with him slayn."
With that with spuris spedely
Thai strak the horss; and in gret hy
Amang the Saryzynys thai raid,
1050 And rowme about thaim haf thai maid.
Thai dang on fast with all thair mycht,
And fele off thaim to ded has dycht.
Grettar defens maid neuir sa quhone
Agayne sa fele, as thai haf done.
1055 Quhill thai mycht last, thai gaf battaill.
Bot mycht na worschip thar awaill,
That thai ilkan war slayne doun thar:
For Saryzynys sa mony war,

That thai war twenty ner for ane.
 1060 The gud lord Dowglas thar was slane;
 And Schyr Wilyam the Sancte Cler alsua;
 And othyr worthy knychtis twa,
 Schyr Robert Logane hat the tane,
 And the tothyr Schir Waltre Logane.
 1065 Quhar our Lord, for his mekill mycht,
 Thar saullis haff till his hewynnys hycht!

The gud lord Dowglas thus wes ded.
 And Sarazynys in that sted
 Abaid no mar, bot held thair way:
 1070 Thai knychtis dede thar lewynt thai.
 Sum off the lord Dowglas men,
 That thair lord ded has fundyn then,
 Yeid weill ner woud for dule and wa.
 Lang quhill our him thai sorowit sua;
 Fo'. 69 b 1075 And syne with gret dule hame him bar.
 The kingis hart haiff thai fundyn thar,
 And ar towart thair innys gane,
 And that hame with thaim haf thai tane,
 With gretynge and with iwill cher;
 1080 Thair sorow wes angry for till her.
 And quhen of Keth gud Schyr Wilyam,
 That all that day had bene at hame;
 For at swa gret malice wes he,
 That he come nocht to the journé,
 1085 For hys arme brokyn wes in twa;
 Quhen he that folk sic dule saw ma,
 He askyt quhat it wes in hy.
 And thai him tauld all opynly,
 How that thair douchty lord wes slayn
 1090 With Sarazynys that releyt agayn.
 And quhen he wyst that it was sua,

- Out owr all othyr him was wa;
 And maid sa wondre ywill cher,
 That all wondryt that by him wer.
 1095 Bot to tell off thair sorowyng
 It noyis. and helpis litill thing.
 Men may weill wyt, thought nane thaim tell,
 How angry for sorow, and how fell,
 Is to tyne sic a lord as he,
 1100 To thaim that war off his mengné.
 For he was swete, and debonar;
 And weill couth trete hys frendis far;
 And his fayis rycht feilounly
 Stonay, throw hys chewalry;
 1105 The quhethir off litill affer wes he.
 Our all thing luffit he lawté:
 At tresoun growyt he sa gretly,
 That na traytour mycht be him by,
 That he mycht wyt, that he ne suld be
 1110 Weill punyst off his cruelté.

- I trow, the lele Fabricius,
 That fra Rome to werray Pyrrus
 Wes send, with a gret mengné,
 Luffyt tresoun na les than he.
 1115 The quhethir quhen [that] Pirrus had
 On him, and on his mengné, maid
 Ane owtrageouss discumfitour,
 Quhar he eschapyt throw ane tour;
 And mony off his men war slayne;
 1120 And he had gaderyt ost agayne;
 A gret maistre off medicyne,
 That had Pyrrus in gouernyne,
 Profferyt to Fabricius
 In tresoun to sla Pyrrus;

- 1125 For, in till his neyst potioun,
 He suld giff him dedly pusoun.
 Fabricius, that wondre had
 Off that proffire that he him maid,
 Said; " Certis, Rome is wellle off mycht,
 1130 " Throw strenth off armys in to fycht,
 " To wencuss thair fayis, thought thai
 " Consent to treusoun be na way.
 " And for thow wald do sic trewsoun,
 " I sall the gat a warysoun.
 1135 " Ga to Pyrrus, and lat him do
 " Quhat euir him lyis on hart thar to."
 Than till Pyrrus he send in hy
 This maistre, and gert opynly
 Fra end till end tell him this tale.
 1140 Quhen Pyrrus had it hard all hale,
 He said; ' Wes euir man that swa
 ' For leawté bar him till his fa,
 ' As her Fabricius dois to me?
 ' It is als ill to ger him be
 1145 ' Turnyt fra way of rychtwisnes,
 ' Or ellis consent to wikkitnes,
 ' As at myd day to turne agayn
 ' The sone that rynnys his cours playn.'
 Thus said he off Fabricius,
 1150 That syne wencussyt this ilk Pyrrus
 In plane bataill, throw hard fechtig.
 His honest leawté gert me bring
 In this ensample her; for he
 Had souerane price off leawté.
 1155 And swa had the lord of Douglas,
 That honest, lele, and worthy was,
 That wes ded, as befor said we:
 All menyt him, strang and priué.

- Quhen his men lang had mad murnyn,
 1160 Thai debowalyt him, and syne
 Gert scher him swa, that mycht be tane
 The flesch all haly fra the bane.
 And the carioun thar in haly place
 Erdyt, with rycht gret worschip, was.
 1165 The banys haue thai with thaim tane;
 And syne ar to thair schippis gane;
 Quhen thai war lewynt off the king,
 That had dule for thair sorrowing.
 To se thai went: gud wind thai had.
 1170 Thair courss till Ingland haiff thai maid;
 And thar sauffly arywynt thai.
 Syne towart Scotland held thair way.
 And thar ar cummyn in full gret hy.
 And the banys honorabillly
 1175 In till the kyrk off Douglas war
 Erdyt, with dule and mekill car.
 Schyr Archebald his sone gert syn
 Fol. 70 a Off alabastre, bath fair and fyne,
 Ordane a tumbe sa richly
 1180 As it behowynt to swa worthy.
 Quhen that on this wiss Schyr Wilyam
 Off Keth had broucht his banys hame,
 And the gud kingis hart alsua,
 And men had richly gert ma
 1185 With fayr effer his sepultur;
 The erle off Murreff, that had the cur
 That tyme off Scotland halely,
 With gret worschyp has gert bery
 The kingis hart at the abbay
 1190 Off Melross, quhar men prays ay
 That he and his have paradyss.
 Quhen this [wes] done that I dewyys,

- The gud erle gouernyt the land,
 And held the power weill to warand.
 1195 The lave sa weill mantemyt he,
 And held in pess swa the countré,
 That it wes neuir or his day
 Sa weill, as Ik hard auld men say.
 Bot syne, allace! pusonyt wes he:
 1200 To see his dede wes gret pité.

- Thir lordis deyt apon this wiss.
 He, that hey Lord off all thing is.
 Wp till his mekill bliss thaim bring,
 And graunt his grace, that thair ofspring
 1205 Leid weill [the land;] and ententyve
 Be to folow, in all thair lyve,
 Thar nobill eldrys gret bounté!
 The afauld God in Trinyté
 Bring ws hey till his mekill blis:
 1210 Quhar alwayis lestand liking is!

FINITUR CODICELLUS DE VIRTUTIBUS ET ACTIBUS
BELLICOSIS, VIZ. DOMINI ROBERTI BROYSSE, QUONDAM
SCOTTORUM REGIS ILLUSTRISSIMI, RAPTEM SCRIPTUS
PER ME JOHANNEM RAMSAY, EX IUSSU VENERABILIS
ET CIRCUMSPECTI VIRI, VIZ. MAGISTRI SYMONIS LOCH-
MALONY DE OUCHTREMUNSYE, VICARII BENE DIGNI,
ANNO DOMINI MILLESIMO QUADRINGENTESIMO OCTUA-
GESIMO NONO.

ANIMA DOMINI ROBERTI BRUYSS, ET ANIME OMNIUM
FIDELIUM DEFUNCTORUM PER DEI MANUM, REQUIES-
CANT IN PACE. AMEN. AMEN. AMEN.

DESINE GRANDE LOQUI, FRANGIT DEUS OMNE SUPERBUM;
MAGNA CADUNT, INFLATA CREPANT, TUMEFACATA PREMUNTUR;
SCANDUNT CELSA HUMILES, TRAHUNTUR AD VMA FEROCES;
VINCIT OPUS VERBUM, MINUIT JACTANCIA FAMAM.

PER EA VISCERA MARIE VIRGINIS QUE PORTAUERUNT
ETERNI PATRIS FILIUM. AMEN.

NOTES ON THE BRUCE.

NOTES ON THE BRUCE.

NOTES ON THE FIRST BOOK.

*That be othir will him chasty,
And wyss men sayis he is happy.*—V. 121.

These two lines seem to have been inadvertently transposed by the copier. The sense requires that v. 122 should precede 121, as in editions.

Off allryn tyme the mowence.—V. 134.

The word in MS. may be read either as given here, or *allkyn*.

The Broite beris thairoff wytnes.—V. 560.

The Bruce is the reading of Edit. 1620, and of the subsequent ones, preceding that of Mr. Pinkerton, A. 1790. There it is *the Broice*. From the similarity of the form of the letters *c* and *t* in MSS., it is often uncertain which is meant. Here, I am convinced, we ought to read *t*. Barbour alludes, either to that old romance called *the Brute*, from the fabled Brutus; or, more probably, to the poem written by himself under this name, concerning which Wyntown says,—

Bot be *the Brute* yhit Barbare say
Of Yrychry all othir wayis,
That Gurgwnt-Badruc quhille wes kyng.
And Bretayne had in governynge.

CRON. II. 9. 1.

Wyntown quotes the same work in several other passages.

NOTES ON THE SECOND BOOK.

And callit till him Schir Amer
The Wallang.—V. 6.

Sir Aymer de Vallange, Earl of Pembroke.

With him wes Philip the Mowbray,
And Ingram the Umfrawill perfay.—V. 17.

The Mowbrays were descended of Roger Mowbray, who came to England with William the Conqueror. Ingleram de Umfraville is first mentioned among the Scots, in Rymer's *Fœdera*, II. 558; and, in the language of the usurper Edward, as expressly "belonging to our kingdom of Scotland." *Ibid.* 594. This was properly a Northumbrian family, that possessed Prudhow Castle. In the reign of Henry I., Sir Gilbert distinguished himself in the field; and obtained the title of Earl of Angus, in right of Matilda his wife. *Camd. Brit.* III. 494 Robertus, Odonellus, and Gilbertus, de Umfravilla appear as witnesses in the charters of David I., and in the registers of Durham and Kelso. By adhering to the Baliols, and to the English interest, they, as well as the Mowbrays, forfeited their lands in Scotland, and were obliged to retire into England. *Nisbet's Herald.* II. 391. l. 281.

Twa erlis alsua with him tear;
Off Leuynax and Atholl tear thai.—V. 40.

This is erroneously *Leuynax*, Edit. 1790. Although variously written in MS., it never occurs in this form. The name denotes what is now in writings called Dunbartonshire. It has been obviously formed from that of the river Leven, on which the lower part of the county lies; perhaps qu. *Levin uisge* or *ease*, Gael. water, as it is common in Scotland to denominate a tract of country from the stream which flows through it. The name *Leven* itself has been supposed to be compounded of Gael. *le*, smooth, or soft, and *avon*, a river. *Stat. Acc.* III. 443. Baxter derives *Lennox* from *leu ox*, or *osc*, levis amnis vel aqua. *Glossar.* p. 151.

Atholl. This was John of Strathbogie, the tenth Earl of Atholl. Dalr. Annals, II. 2.

Thomas Randell, and Hew *de le Hay*.—V. 43.

Randell, the nephew of Robert Bruce, is he whose name is usually written Randolph. He was afterwards Earl of Murray. He, on being made prisoner, for a time adhered to the English interest, and died in 1331. Annals, II. 3. His son John fell at the battle of Durham, A. 1346, without leaving issue.

Hew de le Hay was the brother of Gilbert Earl of Errol. Mr. Pinkerton has said, in a note on the passage, that this family was “palpably of Norman extract, *de la Haye*, ‘of the hedge,’ in spite of Boyce’s fables concerning it and Douglas.” The story of the name having originated from the old man crying out from fatigue, after the battle of Luncarty, *Hay, hay!* is evidently absurd. But from the lands, armorial bearings, &c., it seems most probable that some person of this name distinguished himself in that memorable action. As to the origin or meaning of the name, however, I can offer no reasonable conjecture. Its receiving from Barbour a Norman form affords no proof of the origin of the family; for as we have no ground to suppose that *de le Hay* was the vulgar designation, in the oldest legal documents it appears in the form of *de Haia*, according to the established mode of designating men of rank or landed property.

And Schyr David the Berclay.—V. 44.

“David Barclay of Cairns, in Fife.” Edit. Pink. I. 44. N. —On what authority this is asserted, we are not informed. It seems probable, that this is the same David who received from Robert I. the lands of Knochy in Glenesk, Forfarshire, also Rothmay, Brechine, Kinloch, &c. on the forfeiture of David de Brechin. V. Robertson’s Index, 18, 79—26, 79. A charter of the lands of Colcamny, Kinross-shire, to John, son of David Barclay, in the reign of David I. is referred to, *ibid.* 53, 28. Nisbet refers to Howes, [qu. Howel?] in his History of England, p. 153, as saying that among the younger sons of the noblemen of England that came to Scotland, in the reign of William the Lion, was one Barclay. They were the same family with that

of Berkeley in Gloucestershire, whose progenitors came to England with the Conqueror. V. Heraldry, I. 113.

Fresale, Somerueile, and Inchmertyn.—V. 45.

Alexander Fraser, according to modern orthography, was the brother of Simon Fraser of Oliver Castle, in Tweeddale, the ancestor of the families of Lovat and Salton. This family, it is generally admitted, came from France in an early period of our history. Adam Fraser was donor of some lands to the abbey of Newbattle, in the reign of Malcolm IV. The name of his son was Simon. It seems uncertain, whether it was this Simon, or his son, who obtained the lands of Lovat by marrying the heiress. V. Craufurd's Officers, p. 268. Nisbet I. 380. Remarks on Ragman Roll, p. 29. In this Roll he is named *Frisale*. This is still the vulgar pronunciation of the name in Lothian, and perhaps in some other counties. *Fresall* is used for Fraser, in our old acts. V. Act. Dom. Concil. 214, col. 2. Also by old English writers. V. Note on ver. 109 of this Book.

Somerueile. This was the ancestor of the noble family of Somerville, descended from Sir Gualter de Somerville, who came to England with the Conqueror. William, of this family, took up his residence in Scotland, it is said, during the reign of Edgar; and appears as witness to charters to the religious houses of Melrose, Kelso, and Coldingham, in the time of David I. V. Dalr. Coll. p. 394. "Walter de Somerville, of Linton and Carnwath." Pinkerton. But, according to Craufurd, it was Sir *John* of this name, who "was very signal in his fidelity to, and service of, the crown in the time of Robert I." Peerage, p. 445. This corresponds with the history of this baronial house; from which we learn that "Sir Gualter, and Sir David his eldest sone, being dead some tyme before King Robert Bruce was crowned at Scoon, the barronie of Lintoun and lands of Newbigging" fell "to John, second sone to Sir Walter; and that "noe sooner did King Robert appear, but immediately he joyned himself with the king." *Memorie of the Somervills*, I. 83—86.

Inchmertyn. According to Lord Hailes, ancestor of the Earls of Findlater and Airlie, and of Lord Banff. Ann. II. 2.

Befor Sanct Jhonystoun com thai.—V. 53.

A name frequently given to Perth. It is said that "the Picts,

after they were converted to the Christian religion, or the Scots, after their king had succeeded to the Pictish throne, consecrated the church and bridge of Perth to St John the Baptist;" and that hence "in process of time many persons gave to the town the name of St Johnston." Stat. Acc. XVIII. 496. Fordun speaks of the designation, Villa S. Johannis, as well known in his time. Scotichron. II. 99. It may have been from the importance of this town as a place of justice, and the danger that marauders were in of being there decorated with an order of which they were by no means ambitious, that a halter received the designation of a *St Johnston's Ribbon*: although Adamson, in his *Muse's Threnodie*, assigns it a more honourable origin. V. RIBBAND, Etym. Dict.

Towart Meffayn then gan thai far.—V. 109.

This is the castle of Methven, about six miles from Perth. *Meffen* is still the vulgar pronunciation. Concerning the battle here described, Leland gives the following extract from an old MS. entitled *Flores Historiarum*:—

Anno D. 1306.—Pugna inter Robertum *Pseudoregem* Scotiæ, et Almaricum de Valentia comitem Pembrochiæ, prope Methfen in Scotia.

Simon Frisel, antesignanus Scottorum, captus, et Londini postea tractus ac suspensus. Collectanea, III. 395.

Crystall of Seytoun.—V. 224.

"Christopher Seton, of Seton, ancestor of the Duke of Gordon, Earl of Winton, Earl of Dunfermline, and Viscount Kingston. Annals, II. 2." Pinkerton. N. He was married to Lady Christian Bruce, sister to Rob. I., by whom he had issue. He fell in battle near Dumfries. V. Craufurd's Peer. p. 499.

V. 274. In MS. it is,—

*In this manner Robert was
The Bruyss, that mekill murnyn maiss, &c.*

I have here adopted *rebutyt*, which is the reading of all the copies, and seems necessary to make the passage intelligible.

*And with him wes a bauld baroun,
Schyr Wilyam the Boroundoun.*—V. 284.

This in editions is *Italyburtoun*. Pinkerton remarks: "This name of Borundon does not, I believe, occur in any other monuments of our history. Perhaps he was a foreigner, a Fleming." No trace remains of the name of Boroundoun; unless we should suppose it the same with Brunton, formerly Burntoun. One of this name was proprietor of the lands of Lufnes, Haddington, in the reign of Rob. III. V. Robertson's *Indl.* 147—152.

Walterus Burdun is numbered among the Scottish noblemen as doing homage to Edward, A. 1292. *Fœdera*, II. 558., but the name bears too distant a resemblance. "In several parts of the *Scotichronicon*," it has been said, "the inhabitants of Botha, perhaps the Isle of Bute, are named *Brandani*; perhaps this may be the origin of the style or title here employed." Kerr's *Hist. of Rob. I.* Vol. I. 224. N. Reginald de *Brandon* occurs as an English name. *Fœdera*, II. 959.

Schir Nele Cambell, and othyr ma.—V. 297.

This was the predecessor of the family of Argyll. He was an early and faithful adherent of King Robert, who gave him his sister, the Lady Mary Bruce, in marriage. He died A. 1315. His brother, Sir Donald Campbell of Redhouse, was ancestor of the noble family of Loudon. V. Craufurd's *Peer.* p. 13—15.

Men redys, quhen Thebes wes tane, &c.—V. 334.

"See this story in the last book of Thebais of Statius." Pinkerton.

*The lord off Lorne wonnyt thar by,
That wes capitule ennymy,
To the king, &c.*—V. 396.

This is he who is called, by the continuator of Fordun, Alexander of Argyll. If I am rightly informed, he was the ancestor of the MacDougals of Lorn, now represented by MacDougall of

that ilk, who resides at Dunolly, near Oban. They possessed the castle of Dunstaffnage.

He said: "Me think, Marthoky's son," &c.—V. 462.

The passage stands thus in Edit. 1620, p. 40:—

Hee said, Mee thinke Martheokes sonne,
Right as Golmakmorne was wonne,
To have from *Fyngall* his menyie,
Right so from vs all his, hes hee.

Mr. Pinkerton's remarks seem incontrovertible. "It appears to me that the transcriber of this MS., not knowing *Fyngal*, has by mistake put *hym all*; for the passage is not sense as it stands in the text. Martheok's son seems the person to whom Lorn speaks. Gol Mak Morn is Gaul, son of Morni, so famous in Irish tradition."

Martheok is probably *Muratach*, the modern *Murdoch*. The name *Macmurdoch* is still used.

The conflict here described is called by Bower "the battle of Dalry;" Scotchchron. XII. 11., more properly *Dalrae*, i.e. "the King's Dale." It is close to the celebrated pool of St Fillan, about a mile, or little more, below the village of Tyndrum. There are a great number of cairns on the plain, where, it is said, the slain were buried. They still shew the places where the different hosts were posted. Near the spot is a farm, the name of which is supposed to allude to this action; *Aghariogh*, or "the *haugh*, or "field of the King."

The local tradition accords with the account given in the Scotchchronicon, that Bruce was under the necessity of flying. "Iterum victus," says Bower, "et in fugam conversus." They point out the course which the unfortunate monarch took in his flight. It is admitted, however, that he did not quit the field till after performing some acts of singular valour, nor till his sword was broken. The cave in which he took refuge on the night succeeding the action, and in which he left the fragments of his sword, bears the name of *Craigree*, or "the King's Craig." It is at the head of the Glen of Balquhiddy, since so well known as the resort of the Macgregors. It is pretended, that in this cave Bruce had a vision of an old man, with grey locks, who foretold his future destiny.

Another tradition gives the honour of affording shelter to the

distinguished fugitive to a cave at Craigrostan on the north-east side of Lochlomond. This was in a later age the property of Rob Roy Macgregor. Here, it is said, he passed the night, surrounded with a flock of goats; and was so much pleased with his nocturnal associates, that he afterwards made a law that all goats should be exempted from grass-mail or rent. Next day, tradition adds, he came to the Laird of Buchanan, who conducted him to the Earl of Lennox, by whom he was sheltered for some time till he got to a place of safety. V. Stat. Acc. IX. 14.

In V. 548, "a baroun Maknaughtan" is mentioned. This clan was once powerful in Cowal. According to the uniform tradition of the country, the Macdougals, Macnaughtans, and Macnabs, were all engaged in this action against King Robert. In making his escape, he was under the necessity of parting with his plaid and the *brotch* that fastened it. But it is not a settled point, whether the honour of making this seizure belongs to the Macdougals or to the Macnabs. The tradition in the vicinity is, that both were left in the hands of Finlay Macnab, the chief of the name. After the King's sword failed him, Macnab, it is said, threw down his sword, and grappled with him. As Macnab was a man of uncommon strength, Robert being quite overpowered with his great exertions, deemed it necessary to retire. The brotch, it is asserted, was afterwards in the possession of Campbell of Glenlyon. This is denied by the family of Macdougal, who affirm that it was consumed when their mansion-house was burnt in the seventeenth century. Mr. Pennant gives an account and a drawing of a very ancient brotch which he saw at Glenlyon, but without any hint as to its being King Robert's. The circumstance of its being known that there was such a brotch in that family, especially as it was probably consecrated and used as an amulet, might give rise to the story that it was the one seized from the king. V. Tour in Scotland, A. 1769, p. 103.

——— *He nicht, mar manerlik,
Lyknyt hym to Gaudifer de Laryss, &c.*—V. 468.

Here Barbour evidently refers to the Romance of Alexander; but, from comparison, it does not appear that he was acquainted with the English romance, entitled "King Alisaunder," as given by Weber in his Metrical Romances, vol. I. The story

and the names are nearly the same with those of the Scottish work, designed the "Buik of the most noble and valiant conqueror, Alexander the Grit, callit *the Forray of Gadderis*." As, from the conclusion, it appears to have been translated from the French in the year 1438, Barbour could not have been acquainted with it, as he wrote *The Bruce* A. 1375. The life of Alexander was printed in Edinburgh, by Alexander Arbuthnot, towards the close of the sixteenth century. The only copy known to exist is in the possession of the Hon. W. Ramsay Maule of Panmure.

Gadyrris, *Tholimar*, *Concus*, and *Danklyne*, are in the romance *Gadderis* and *Gaderis*, *Tholomeir*, *Canens*, and *Daulene*; *Gaudifer*, and *Betyss* or *Betys*, appear unchanged. *Gadyrris* seems to be *Gaderes*, a city of Syria, not far from Ascalon. V. Hoffman. For, at this time, Alexander is supposed to have been engaged in the siege of Tyre, and is said to have sent out part of his army to forray. *Gaudifer* distinguished himself in the army of the *Gaderans* led by Duke *Betys*, and unhorsed Alexander. *Betis*, although introduced among the heroes of romance, was a real character. He was one of the eunuchs of Darius, who, having bravely held out Gaza a long time against the Macedonian, was after its capture cruelly put to death by him. V. Anc. Univ. Hist. V. 309. *Tholimar* and *Tholomeir* are probably corruptions of the name of Ptolemy, one of the generals of Alexander. *Ptolomé* is indeed the name in Edit. 1620. *Laryss* seems to be *Larissa* in Thessaly.

Thar surname *wes* *Makyne Drosser*.—V. 494.

Makindorser, Edit. 1620; which agrees better with the sense in Gaelic, as explained by Barbour, "the Durwarth," or doorward "sonnys;" *mac* signifying "son," and *dorsair* "door-keeper." *In* is used in ancient MSS. for *na*, "of the."

Thar wes a baronne Maknaughtan, &c.—V. 548.

"Duncan M'Naughtan," says Nisbet, "was a brave and warlike man under King Robert Bruce, and was very assistant to him in reducing the rebellious Lords of Lorn, who sided with the Baliol and the English, as says Mr Barbour in his history of that king." Heraldry, I. 410.

This is a singular blunder; as all that appears from Barbour is,

that Maknaughtan, though an enemy, as being one of the adherents of Lorn, magnanimously acknowledged the gallantry of Bruce in the battle of Dalree. All that I can discover in our records is, that the lands which formerly belonged to John, the son of Duncan, the son of Alexander of Yle, were given by David Bruce to Alexander M'Naughtan. V. Ind. Chart. 99, 100. and Note to ver. 462.

*The king, the quhilis, meryly
Red to thaim, that war him by,
Romanys off worthi Ferambrace.*—V. 832.

Mr Pinkerton says,—“I know no English romance of this name.” N. The late Dr Farmer, however, had one in MS. in his library, from which Mr Ellis has given some extracts, in his *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, Vol. II. 356, &c. He says that Bruce “*related* the adventures” contained in this work “to his followers;” which is more probable than that he *read* it to them. The English work “is professedly translated from the French.” “The original,” Mr Ellis adds, “may possibly be the *Fierabras*, of which there is a copy in Bibl. Reg. 15, E. VI.”

Fierabras is certainly a more proper designation than Ferambrace, or Pherumbrace, as he is denominated by Skelton. *Fer-a-bras*, say the authors of the Dict. de Trevoux, ou bras-de-fer, est un surnom pris par quelques grands seigneurs qui avoient signalé leur courage, et fait sentir la force de leur bras dans les batailles. Badouin, Bras-de-fer, est regardé comme le premier Comte de Flandres. Quelques auteurs l'appellent *Fer-à-bras*. Hues Chapel n'étoit pas seulement fort-à-tête, mais grand *Fer-à-bras*. Hist. de France, MS. Guillaume, frere de Robert, Guiscard porta le surnom de *Fer-a-bras*, a cause de sa valeur, &c. Voc. FER.

*And how the Duk Peris wer
Assegyt in till Egrymor.*—V. 836.

And how the doughtie Dutch peeres were, &c.—Edit. 1620.

“For *Duk Peris*, we should read *Duks of Paris*.” Pinkerton, N. But these personages are unquestionably the same with Wyntown's *Dowchisperis*, Fr. *les douz pers*, or the twelve peers of France. V. DOWCHISPERIS, Etym. Dict.

NOTES ON THE THIRD BOOK.

*And Anguss off Ile that tyme wes syr,
 And lord and ledar of Kyntyre—
 —And, for mar sekyrness, gaiff him syne
 Hys castell off Donavardyne,
 To duell tharin, at his liking.—V. 132.*

This is *Dunaverty*, in the parish of Southend, Argyleshire. V. Stat. Acc III. 365. It was probably the same friendly host of his father that David Bruce designs, in his charter, “Angus of the Isles;” to whom he gives “the Isle of Ila, (that mentioned by Barbour under the name of Ile), the Isle of Gythy, the Isle of Dewre (Jura), Coluynsay,” &c. Ind. Chart. 41, 7.

*Syne gert he his mengye mak thaim yar,
 Towart Rauchryne, be se to far.—V. 146.*

“Rachlin, on the north-east of Ireland; by Ptolemy called Ricina, by Pliny, Ricinia. In the year 635, Segenius, Abbot of Jona, or Icolmkill, founded a church here, which in 795 was burnt by the Danes. *Annal. Tighearn. et Ulton.*” Pinkerton. N.

“This island was called anciently by the several names of Ricnea, Rechrea, Raclinda, Rachra, *Rachryne*, *Rachraind*, Raclina, *Rechran*, Rochreyn; by the Irish antiquaries, *Rochrinne*, from the multitude of trees with which it abounded in ancient times. Usher Prim. Trias Th.” Archdall’s Monastic Hibern. p. 11. Thus it appears that *Rauchryne* is no corruption of the name.

*For off Glaskow byschop Robert,
 And Makus off Man thai stythly sparyt.—V. 242.*

In Edit. 1620, “Marcus of Maine.” The Isle of Man at this time belonged to the crown of Scotland; and Marcus, a native of Galloway, was, according to Torffæus, appointed to this see by Alexander III. A. 1275. We learn from Keith, that “he suffered a great deal for his fidelity to his country and loyalty to his prince; being taken and sent prisoner to London by King Edward I. of England.” He died A. 1303.

A. 973, *Malc* is given as the name of the king of the Cum-

brians; and *Maccus*, as that of “a king of many islands.” Chron. de Mailros. Herbert is mentioned as filius *Machi*; *Fœdera*, I. 95; and *Mack* occurs, *ibid.* VI. 235, &c. It seems most probable, however, that the name was Mark; as Marcus, a Gallovidian, is said to have been bishop of Sodor from 1273 to 1298. V. Chron. Manniæ, p. 45. Antiq. Celto-Norm.

*And put the ladyis in presoun,
Sum in till castell, sum in dongeoun.*—V. 283.

Grose has given a candid account of the cruelty of Edward I. in his treatment of our fair countrywomen.

For the confinement of “the Countess of Baghun, or Buchan, a Scotch prisoner—the chamberlain of Scotland, or his lieutenant, were by writ of privy-seal, 34, Edward I. A. D. 1306, directed to fit up one of the turrets of the castle of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and therein to build a strong cage of lattice work, constructed with stout posts and barres, and well strengthened with iron; this cage to be so contrived, that the countess might have the convenience of a privy, proper care being taken that it did not lessen the security of her person. In this cage the countess was to be kept, without being suffered to go out on any account whatsoever, and also to be prevented from speaking with any person, Scotch or English, except the keeper of the castle and a woman or two of the town of Berwick, appointed by him to deliver her food: the keeper to be answerable for the safe keeping of her body. The sister of Robert Bruce was prisoner at the same time, and treated in the same manner.

“In the directions given by Edward I. A. D. 1306, respecting the confinement of the wife of Robert Bruce, among the servants allowed is the following:—‘Also let her have a foot-boy to remain in her chamber; one that shall be sober, and not a riotous one, to make her bed, and to do other things required for her chamber.’ Hist. of the English Army, p. 116, 117.

The Countess of Buchan was thus savagely treated because she had crowned Bruce.

— *All a quartir off Snawdoun,
Rycht till the erd, thai tummyllyt down.*—V. 410.

“The royal palace at Stirling was called Snawdoun.” Pinkerton. N. William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle

of the fifteenth century, gives the name of Snowdown to Stirling castle in general. Sir David Lyndsay distinguishes it by the same designation.

A lieū, fair *Snowdown*, with thy towris hie,
Thy chapell royal, park, and ~~table~~ round;
May, June, and July, wald I dwell in the,
War I ane man, to heir the lridis sound,
Quhillk douth agane thy royall roche redound.

Complaynt of the Papingo.

The name, Mr Scott observes, "was probably derived from the romantic legend which connected Stirling with King Arthur, to which the mention of the *Round Table* gives countenance. The ring within which jousts were formerly practised, in the castle-park, is still called the Round Table. Snowdown is the official title of one of the Scottish heralds, whose epithets seem, in all countries, to have been fantastically adopted from ancient history or romance." *Lady of the Lake*, N. cxxviii.

In a MS. formerly belonging to Sir James Balfour of Denmilne, Lyon King at Arms, now in the library of the Advocates, the title of the Snowdoun Herald is derived "from Snowdoun castle of the county of Rosse, the residence of our ancient Scottish kings." I have met with no other vestige of this castle. The same account, however, is given by Nisbet. *Heraldry*, II. 166.

*Bot quhen the king Edmuard hard say
How Neill the Bruce held Kildromy,
He gadryt gret cheualry, &c.—V. 413.*

In MS. it is,—

How weill the Bruce, &c.

But I have adopted the reading of editions; as this designation, *the Bruce*, by itself always denotes King Robert, and it was his brother *Neill* who defended that castle against Edward of Carnarvon.

*Schir John the Hastingis, at that tid,
With knychtis off full mckill prid,—
Wes in the castell of Brathwik.—V. 616.*

"Brodie [leg. *Brodic*] castle, seated on an eminence amidst

flourishing plantations, above a small bay,—is a place of much antiquity, and seems to have been the fort held by the English under Sir John Hastings in 1306, when it was surprised by the partizans of Robert Bruce, and the garrison put to the sword." Pennant's *Voyage to the Hebrides*, p. 195, 196.

There is no doubt that this is the same fort. The modern orthography is invariably *Brodie*; but may we not suppose, from that of Barbour, that the name is Norwegian, and that this might be one of the *duns* or castles, erected by the northern invaders along the western coast and in the islands? It has been supposed that Magnus the Barefooted, the Norwegian victor, probably included Arran when he conquered Cantyre. V. Torfæi Hist. Norw. p. 71. "If he did not conquer that island," Pennant adds, "it was certainly included among those that Donald Bane was to cede; for it appears that Acho, one of the successors of Magnus, in 1263, laid claim to Arran, Bute, and the Cumrays, in consequence of that promise. The two first he subdued." *Ibid*.

Bleau calls it *Brodwick*. The termination seems to fix the origin to be northern, being the same with that of many local names in the Orkney islands. Islandic *bratt-r*, and Norwegian *brat*, signify steep, arduous, and *vik*, a bay; q. "the bay surrounded by steep ground." Or it may be equivalent to "the bay where food is procured," from Isl. *braad* esca, rapina ferarum. But although Pennant calls it "a small bay," it might be viewed as comparatively large, and be denominated from *bred*, synonymous with Moeso-Gothic *braid*, and Anglo-Saxon *brad*, *latus*.

The king aryweyt in Aranc.—V. 692.

The circumstance of the king's temporary residence in Arran is not yet lost in the recollection of its inhabitants.

"There are several natural coves; the principal, and which highly excites the curiosity of strangers of all ranks, is one in the west of the island, opposite to Campbelltown, called the *King's Cove*, because, as tradition asserts, King Robert de Bruce and his retinue lodged in it for some time when taking shelter in retired places." Stat. Acc. IX. 167.

*On Turnberys snuke he may
 Mak a fyr, on a certane day.—V. 785.
 Carrik wes giffyn then halyly
 To Schyr Henry lord the Persy:
 That in Turnberys castell then
 Was, with weill ner thre hundyr men.—V. 829.*

“Upon a small promontory on the barony of Turnberry, now the property of the Earl of Cassillis, are the ruins of the famous castle of Turnberry, the seat of the Earls of Carrick. When or by whom built is altogether uncertain. Authentic history, however, informs us, that in 1274, Martha, Countess of Carrick, lived in this her castle, and was that year married to Robert Bruce, Earl of Annandale.

“The situation of this castle is most delightful, having a full prospect of the whole Firth of Clyde. Little now is known as to the extent of this ancient building. There still remain the vestige of a ditch, and part of the buttresses of the draw-bridge. There is a passage which opens towards the sea, arched above, leading to a large apartment in the castle, which by tradition is said to have been the kitchen. This castle has been built of whinstone, and is remarkable for the very strong cement that has been used in building it. The ruins, as they now lie, cover an acre of ground.”—Stat. Acc. X. 493.

The small promontory referred to above is by Barbour denominated *Turnbery snuke*. V. SNUKE, Etym. Dict.

NOTES ON THE FOURTH BOOK.

———*Thai slew thaim cuirilkan,
 Owatane Makdowell him allan.—V. 104.*

Although Langtoft, II. 337, designs him “Makdowal, a sergeant of Galweie,” it is not improbable that he had been the chief of the name in this district; as Barbour speaks of him in the mode commonly used in Scotland to distinguish the first of a family. In the Ragman Roll, however, Dougal and Fergus Macdougall are both mentioned as of the county of Wigton. There is reason to believe that the name Macdowall was origin-

ally the same with that of *Macdougall*, as the armorial bearings of both correspond.

This name claims high antiquity. The families of Garthland, Logan, and Freugh, as well as that of Makerston in Teviotdale, all trace their descent from the ancient lords of Galloway.

*Bot thai war skownrand wondir sar,
So fer in to Scotland for to far.*—V. 201.

I formerly read this *skownrand*. V. Etym. Dict. But from the indefinite form of this letter in old MSS. it may with equal propriety be read as in the text: and this seems preferable, because Barbour uses *scouryt* precisely in the same sense, whereas *skownrand* occurs no where else. In Edit. 1620, it is changed to *stonisht*.

*Tharfor the men off that countré,
For swa fele thar mellyt wer,
Callit it the "Dowglas Lardner."*—V. 410.

In Edit. 1620, *ladnair*: the same with *laidner*, the term still used in this sense in Scotland. "This designation is characteristic of the savage pleasantry of that age," as Lord Hailes justly expresses it. *Annals*, II. 20. N.

According to Godscroft, it was not the mixture, but the place where it was made, that was thus denominated. "This cellar," he says, "is called yet the Douglas Lairder." *Hist. Douglas*, p. 28.

NOTES ON THE FIFTH BOOK.

——— *Thai durst fycht
With Thyrwall, and all the mycht
Off thaim that in the castell war.*—V. 20.

Rymer mentions Richard de Thurle Wall as the name of an Englishman. *Fœdera*, III. 927. The time, however, does not correspond, being the year 1322; but it seems to be the same name. In Edit. 1620, it is *Thryswaile*,—a palpable corruption. Godscroft calls him *Thruswall*. *Hist. Douglas*, p. 28. The

proper orthography is most probably *Thirlwall*; but I have retained that of the MS., in which there is no variation.

Thirlwall is a local name in Northumberland, denoting a place in the vicinity of the wall of Hadrian. Camden, speaking of the rivulet Poltross, says; "Near this is Thirlewall castle, not very large, but giving name and residence to the antient and famous family before called *Wade*, where the Scots opened to themselves a way into the province between Irthing and Tine." Brit. III. 490.

"Thirlewall castle," says Nicolson, "is situated on the edge of a rock, above the little river Tippal; a dark and melancholy fortress, much in ruin. It may be called with propriety, the stronghold, rather than the seat, of the family of Thirlwalls." View of Northumberland, I. 42. He mentions John de Thirlwall, in the 7th of Edward III. Ibid.

Fordun gives the following account of the origin of the name:—"The Scots being masters of the country on both sides the wall, began to inhabit it as conquerors; and, calling together the peasantry, with their hoes, guilets, or spades, rakes, forks, and mattocks, began to dig a number of cuts and pits all over it, by which they could easily pass and re-pass. From these holes the wall here takes its present name, the place being called in English *Thirlwall*, in Latin *Murus Perforatus*." Scotichron. III. 10. Camd. ubi supr. In the folio edition of Fordun, the name is *Thirlit-wall*.

Wyntown extends this local designation to the whole wall,—

A wall thare-eftyr ordanyt thai
For to be made betwene Scotland
And thame, swa that it mycht wythstand
Thare fays, that thame swa skaythit had;
And it of common cost thai maid;
And yhit men callys it *Thirlwall*.

CRON. v. 10, 574.

A sleuth hund had he thar alsua.—V. 112.

A similar account is given of the means employed for tracing the footsteps of the illustrious guardian of the liberty of Scotland. V. Notes on Wallace, V. 25. Such was the barbarity of these times, that this mode of warfare was reckoned warrantable.

In Glentruewall a quhill he lay.—V. 794.

"The wood of Glentruel is in the eastern part of Ayrshire."

Pinkerton. N. "Glentruel," according to Macpherson, "is the glen of Loch Truel." Geograph. Illustr. This seems to be the same with Loch Truyll, given by Bleau as in Galloway.

*Clyffurd and Wauss maid a melle,
Quhar Clyffurd roucht nocht him to lee.*—V. 922.

Clyffurd. This was undoubtedly one of the illustrious family of the Cliffords in Cumberland, said to be descended from Richard Puntz the Norman, who was surnamed Clifford from the castle of this name on the Wye, Herefordshire, which it is supposed was his property. Camd. Brit. III. 66. He may have been the Robert de Clifford whose name occurs in an instrument of Edward I., dated A. 1305.

Wauss must have been one of the family of *Vaux* or *Vaulx*, or in Latin *de Vallibus*, in Cumberland. Henry II. bestowed Gilsland on Hubert, a Norman, who took the name of *de Vaulx*, as descriptive of his property, "from the dales or vallies, whereof that country is full." It has been said, for the same reason, that it was called Gilsland; from *gill*, which "in the dialect of this country signifies a dale or valley." V. Hutchinson's Cumberland, I. 47. Camden III. 455.

In ver. 923, Mr Pinkerton has adopted the reading of Edit. 1620,—

Quhar Clyffurd roucht hym routs thre.

Perhaps the language of the MS. had appeared unintelligible. But it seems pretty evident that *lee* is used transitively; and that *roucht nocht him to lee*, signifies "cared not, made no account of it, though he gave de Vaux the lie."

Quhar thai ne war hardy till assaile.—V. 935.

It seems more consistent with sense according to Edit. 1620,—

Where they right hardy were to assaile.

The reading of Edit. 1714 is perhaps still better,—

Where they were hardy to assail.

NOTES ON THE SIXTH BOOK.

*Syne till a strait place gan he ga,
That is in Makyrnokis way,
The Nethirford it hat perfay.*—V. 33.

Godscroft denominates both places differently. "Sir James Douglas," he says, "knowing the way by which they must go, (called *Machanacks way*), he lay in a strait foord betwene two marishes, called *Ederfoord*," &c. Hist. Douglas, p. 28. But it would appear from the testimony of that accurate investigator, the late David Macpherson, that the MS. gives the true name. "*Makyrnokis way*," he says, is "a narrow pass on the bank of Makyrnok watty." Geogr. Illustr. He places it very near Kilmarnock.

*Throw the thickest off thaim he raid;
And but challance eschapyt had,
Ne war aue hynt him by the brand,* &c.—V. 83.

In MS. it reads,—

Ne war a knyht him by the brand—

In Pinkerton's edition this is rendered *a knyght*. I have given what I am convinced must have been the original expression, from Edit. 1620, followed, in the use of the term *hynt*, in that of 1714. This term, in the task of copying, which frequently leaves the judgment behind, might readily be mistaken for the contraction used in MSS. for *knyght*, or knight.

*For gyff he mycht nocht weill ourta
To mete thaim at the fyrst,* &c.—V. 191.

I have given the reading of Edit. 1620. In MS. the sense is lost,—

To mete that the fyrst, &c.

*Thar bassynettis burnyst all [brycht,]
Agayne the son glemand off lycht.*—V. 225.

These lines are given as in the editions; for the reading in MS. is,—

*Thar bassynettis burnyst all
A gayne the son glemand off lycht all.*

*Eftre this spek, the king in hy
Held straucht hys way till Enrowry.*—V. 553.

“Inverury, about fifteen miles north-west of Aberdeen.” Pinkerton, N. It lies in that district called the Garioch, and has its name from its being situated on the confluence of the Ury with the Don. It is a royal borough; and, according to the *Norodamus* granted by Queen Mary, the charter of erection having been lost in the civil wars, it is said to have enjoyed this privilege “time immemorial.” Tradition says, that it received this from King Robert Bruce, on occasion of a signal victory gained by him here over Comyn Earl of Buchan, the King of England’s general in this quarter, which proved the beginning of that good fortune that attended him ever after during his reign. V. Stat. Acc. VII. 331. The account of the action commences ver. 760 of this book.

*Bot Philip the Foraster off Platane
Has off his freyndis with him tane.*—V. 833.

Leg. freyndis as in MS.

This is rendered *Frasar* of Platane, Edit. 1620, p. 168; the name being mistaken for that of a person. From Barbour’s account, this place was in Angus, and apparently in the vicinity of Forfar. If my memory does not deceive me, I have heard this name, or one very like it, mentioned as the ancient denomination of a very extensive forest near this borough. There is still the *Forest-muir*, the name of a great track of waste ground a few miles to the north of Forfar. A village, vulgarly named *Froster-seat*, about two miles east from it, is said to be properly designed *Forester-seat*, as having been the place where the forester anciently resided.

This is unquestionably the same which is called the Forest of *Platter*, or *Plater*, in a charter of Robert Bruce “to the Abbey of Restennet,” granting “a liberty to cut wood in” it. Ind. Chart. 4, 43. This priory is about a mile from Forfar, and not more distant from *Forester-seat*. The grant was renewed by his son David. Ibid. 38, 40. This forest was obviously not far from Finevin; for there is a charter of Robert II. to Alexander de Lindsay, of the lands of Fothnevyne, with the office of forester of the forest of Plater, which David de Annandia resigned, “in

vic. de Forfar." Ibid. 120, 63. It is evident that this was an office of no mean rank, being successively held by persons of distinction; for Alexander de Lindsay belonged to a noble family, and, from other grants, it is clear that David de Annand had extensive property.

*And that tyme war tharin duelland
Moffat, and als Olyfard.*—V. 859.

This "surname," says Sir James Dalrymple, "is the same with that of *Oliphant*, having thereon the same bearing that the *Oliphants* now use in their ensigns armorial. Willelmus de Olifant is one of the barons in the letter from the Estates of Scotland to the Pope, A. 1320. His successor was created a Lord of Parliament about the end of the reign of King James the Second." Collections, p. 396. The ancestor of this family, David de Oliphard, was one of the barons who accompanied David I. to England in his expedition in defence of Maud the Empress, his niece, against Stephen. It was by the valour of this baron that the king was preserved from being made prisoner, after the raising of the siege of Winchester, A. 1143. V. Craufurd's Peer. p. 376.

The use of the elephants, as supporters of the family arms, like many other heraldic emblems, evidently alludes to the meaning of the name *Oliphant*, as denoting this animal. As the most ancient orthography, however, is *Olifard*, it may be questioned if it be not rather allied to Fr. *oliviere*, as having been originally a local name, regarding a place in which *olives* abounded.

NOTES ON THE SEVENTH BOOK.

*Tharfor he gert ay ber about
Apon a sper a red bonet,
In to takyn that he wes set
In to the hycht off cheuwalry
Off Saynet Johne; als Schyr Aymry.*—V. 50.

"His name was John de St John, not Aymer de St John." Annals II. 25.

Unwilling to believe that Barbour had in this instance departed

from his usual accuracy as to names; finding the person, here designed "Schyr Aymry," introduced in the language which had been commonly used, in the preceding part of the poem, to distinguish Sir Amery de Vallange, Earl of Pembroke; and observing no direct proof that John de St. John was properly one of the guardians; I supposed that Vallange must be here meant, and in consequence erred, not only in the punctuation, but in leaving out *and*, the initial word of the line in the MS. By comparing this passage with that in Book XI. 510,—

—————Ye forouth herd me tell,
Schir Eduuard the Bruyss, with fyfty,
Wencussyt of Sanct Jhon Schyr Amery, &c.

it evidently appears that Barbour was mistaken as to the christian name of this chief, whom he denominates "of Sanct Jhon." The line ought therefore to be read,—

And off Saynct Fohne als Schyr Aymry.

That there was one named "John de St John," who at this time had some command in the west, appears from a letter of Edward II. to John de Bretagne, Earl of Richmond, "his guardian of Scotland," informing him that he "had received intelligence from John de St John, Donegal," apparently Macdougall, &c. "that Robert de Brus, and his rebellious accomplices, were carrying on robberies, slaughters, &c. in Galloway," and giving him orders to proceed against them. Federa, III. 14.

Schyr Alane off Catkert by name.—V. 116.

This was the ancestor of the ancient and noble family of Cathcart. Raynaldus de Kethcert is mentioned in a charter, A. 1178. V. Nisbet, I. 241. William de *Kethcerk* appears in the Ragman Roll, of which this is the orthography. The name had its origin from the parish of Cathcart near Glasgow. This, it is said, is in old writs also called *Kerkert*. Stat. Acc. V. 336. This form would suggest the idea of its being originally Welsh, as it is indeed situated within the limits of the ancient kingdom of Strathclyde. The first syllable may be properly *Caer*, a fort or castle; and this term appears in the formation of some names in the neighbourhood, as Carmunnock, Cardonnel, &c.

*In all this tyme James of Dowglas
In the Forest trawaland was.*—V. 214.

This properly denotes Selkirk-shire, more commonly designed *Etterick-Forest*. But perhaps the term is used with greater latitude by Barbour, as he seems, ver. 224, to speak of “the watyr off Lyne” as within the bounds of the Forest. Now, this falls into Tweed, on its north side, a few miles above Peebles.

*For off Bonkle the lord thar was,
Alysander Stewart hat he;—
And Adame alsua off Gordoune, &c.*—V. 233.

Bonkle. This must be the same person who, in the Ragman Roll, is designed *Alexander de Bunkill*. He appears to have been the son of Sir John Stewart, born about the year 1246, who married Margaret, daughter of Sir Alexander Bonkill of that ilk. This Sir John was second son to Alexander, High Steward of Scotland. In consequence of this marriage, he took the title of Stewart of Bonkill. Several great families of the name of Stewart sprung from them. Their grandson was John Stewart, Earl of Angus, whose grand-daughter was married to William, Earl of Douglas. From her descended the Douglasses, Earls of Angus. The lands of Bonkle lie in the Merse.

Adame off Gordoune. This was the ancestor of the ducal family of this name. In Ragman Roll he is designed *Dominus Adam de Gordon, miles*. “He lived,” says Nisbet, “in the year 1308, and was a zealous assertor of the independence and freedom of his native country, and stood firm for King Robert the Bruce. In consideration of his good service he got from that king the lordship of Strathbogie in Aberdeenshire, which was then in the crown by the forfeiture of David de Strathbogie.” *Heraldry*, I. 308. See also Gordon’s *Hist. of the House of Sutherland*, p. 38. This charter certainly exists. *V. Ind. Chart.* 2, 40. But, from Barbour’s account, it is evident that this Adam continued in arms against the Bruce so late as the year 1308; for at this time he was engaged, with Stewart of Bonkle and Thomas Randell, in endeavouring to wrest the Forest out of the hands of Douglas, the great supporter of the interests of King Robert. This is confirmed by Rymer. For Edward II. addresses Adam de Gordun as one of his *dilecti et fideles*.

Fœdera, III. 82. We find him still adhering to the English interest, A. 1312, when he appears as Adam de *Gurdon*. Ibid. p. 300. Even his sons John and Thomas are represented as faithful to Edward, A. 1313, in a letter of recommendation which he gives them to the Pope. Ibid. 396.

We cannot suppose that this family had at the same time two chiefs of the same christian name; for although there had been two branches, they were united by marriage before the age of Bruce. We cannot, therefore, reckon this Adam among the early adherents of our prince. I need scarcely add, that their property in Scotland originally lay in the parish of Gordon in Berwickshire and its vicinity. Hence, it has been supposed, the family name was borrowed, as well as that of the dukedom in a later age; as the name of the marquise is from the lands of Huntly in this parish, the memory of which is still retained in the designation of a place called Huntly-wood. Although the family of Gordon have no landed property in this quarter, they still retain some superiorities.

The lady of this Sir Alexander, "after the death of her husband," says Gordon, "built the chappell of Huntlie in the Merse, in the same place where the borr [boar] was slain by the Gordon in King Malcolm-Kean-Moir his dayes." Hist. Sutherl. ut sup. p. 38.

Crechinben *hecht that montayne*.—V. 325.

The name of this mountain has been strangely disfigured. In Hart's and subsequent editions, it is *Clochmabanie*; in Edit. 1714, and that of Pinkerton, *Crethinben*. The term in MS. may fairly be read as I have given it in this edition. There can be no doubt that *Cruachan-Ben* is meant, one of the highest mountains in Scotland, twenty or twenty-one miles in circumference. It lies between Loch Awe and Loch Etie, rising with a gentle slope from both. It is 3390 feet above the level of the sea. V. Stat. Acc. VIII. 342.

*The king, that stoute wes, stark, and bauld,
Till Dunstaffynch ryght sturdely
A sege set*.—V. 410.

This orthography approaches more nearly than any other to what is given as the origin of the name in Gaelic; and is nearly

the same with that of Fordun's Chronicle, *Dunstafinch*, XII. 18.

Dounstafage, as the name is given by Hector Boece, is rendered by him Munitio Stephani, or "the fortification of Stephen;" but by Gaelic scholars it is resolved into *Tun agus* (pronounced *is*) *ta inish*, i. e. "the fortified hill with two islands," which corresponds with its situation.

At the time referred to by Barbour, this castle was possessed by Macdougall, Lord of Argyle. It was latterly a residence of the Lords of the Isles; and has indeed been considered as one of the royal seats of the ancient Scottish kings. V. Pennant's *Hebrides*, p. 410.

*Schyr Alexander off Arghile, that saw
The king dystroy wþ, cleue and law,
His land, send treyteris to the king,
And come his man but mar duelling.*—V. 421.

According to Fordun, XII. 18, Alexander of Argyle retired into England, where he soon after died. V. *Annals*, II. 27.

The phrase, *cleue and law*, seems to signify both high and low, q. in every quarter. V. *Etym. Dict.*

*Bot Jhone off Lorne his sone, that wes
Rebelland, as he wes wont to be;
He fled with schippis on the se.*—V. 426.

In MS. it is, *And fled*, &c. I have preferred the reading of Edit. 1620, as more agreeable to the common rules of construction.

The Earl of Ulster is ordained to co-operate with the fleet of *Johannes de Ergadia*, or John of Lorn, in opposing the rebellious subjects of Edward II., as he denominates the Scots, A. 1310 *Fœdera*, III. 223.

Wilyame Bunnock to name he had.—V. 451.

In MS. it is also written *Bonnok*. The memory of this gallant husband, or farmer, is well worthy of preservation. According to Nisbet, this is the same name with *Binning*. For when

describing the arms of Binning of Easter-Binning, descended from Binning of that ilk, he says, that "he carries the same arms, but placed on the bend of a waggon argent; because one of the heads of that family, with his seven sons, went in a waggon covered with hay, surprised, and took the castle of Linlithgow, then in possession of the English, in the reign of David II." *Heraldry*, I. 100. He is mistaken as to the date, but evidently refers to the same valorous deed. He adds, that Binning of Walliford also carries a waggon; "crest, a demi-horse furnished for a waggon." Also, that Binning of Carlowriehall has the same, with "a horse's head furnished for a waggon" as his crest.

Were we assured of the antiquity of this coat, the presumption that both name and family were the same would be very strong. The arms, with the waggon, were at least as ancient as the time of Sir George Mackenzie. See his *Heraldry*, p. 35. It forms a difficulty, however, that, so soon after the taking of the Peel of Linlithgow as the reign of David II., the name *Binning* occurs in its modern form. V. Ind. Chart. 55, 8, where John Binning is infeoffed in some lands in Edinburgh which had been forfeited by John Slingisbie.

*That tyme Edunard off Ingland king,
Had gewyn that castell in keping
Till Schyr Perys Lombert of Gascone.*—V. 625.

In Edit. 1620, the name is *Libald*. Sir David Dalrymple calls him Piers Leland, on the authority of Leland. *Collectanea*, II. 546. *Annals*, II. 37. Leland says that this Pers, "a Gascoyne, was Vicount of Edenburge;" that having lost the castle of Edinburgh, he "becam suoren to Bruse;" and that Randolph "after surmisid treason apon hym, because he thought that he had an Englisch hart, and made hym to be hangid and drawen." Kerr has remarked; "If this be the same person with the Governor of Edinburgh castle, his name appears to have been Peter *Luband*, as there still exist grants of the lands of Gamelton and Elwynston, which are described as having belonged to Sir Peter Luband, lately convicted of treason against the royal dignity; and of the lands of Cockburn, which" he "had forfeited, to James Lord Douglas." *Hist. Rob. I.* vol. I. 412. V. Ind.

Chart. 7, 63, 64.—10, 22. Of the property of Colden, within the barony of Dalkeith, it is also said; *Que fuit Petri Luband, Militis, nuper de proditione erga Regem et regnum convicti.* Ibid. 7, 62.

Peter de *Lubaud*, or as in the Index *Luband*, is mentioned with Ingram de Umframvill, John de St John, &c., as having a guardianship in Scotland, A. 1308. *Fœdera*, II. 94. Among Edward's *Gascon* subjects, however, Peter *Lumbart* is twice mentioned as one of the burgesses of Bourdeaux, A. 1294. Ibid. III. 648, 694. He might afterwards have been knighted by the English king; but it ought to be observed, that the same person who is here called *Lombert* is afterwards by Barbour designed *Lubant*, ver. 1062,—

Schyrr Peris Lubant that wes tane,
As I said er befor, thai fand
In boyis, and hard festnynȝ sittand.

*The wardane saw how that it yeid,
That callyt wes Gilmyn de Fynys.*—V. 756.

“Gillemin de *Fiennes*, a knight of Burgundy.” *Annals*, II. 37. In Hart's edition, this name is given corruptly as *Fyrmes*. “*Rokesborow*,” says Leland, “was yn garde of one Gilleminge de *Fenigges*, Chevaler, and Burgonion: of whom James Douglas wan it, and ther was Gilleminge slayne in defending the great tour.” *Collect*. II. 546.

Willielmus de *Fiennes* appears as a subject of the Count of Boulogne, and an hostage to John of England, A. 1212. *Fœdera*, I. 156. Johan Seignur de *Fiens* is mentioned as one of the procurators of the Earl of Flanders for settling as to some injuries done by the English to the Flemings, A. 1312. Ibid. III. 360. He is denominated *de Fienles*, p. 361. These may have all belonged to the same family.

And thai war ayndles and wery.—V. 910.

In MS. it is *handles*. But I have adopted the reading of Edit. 1620. *Ayndless*, as signifying “out of breath,” must have been the original word; for it immediately follows,—

And thair abaid thair aynd to ta.

i. e. “to draw breath.”

NOTES ON THE EIGHTH BOOK.

And swa gret rowme held thair char.—V. 125.

— — — — —

In MS. a blank space is here left for a line, which had either been wanting in the more ancient MS. from which this was copied, or, as was often done by Ramsay the copier, when he met with a word or passage about which he hesitated, reserved for subsequent examination. In Pinkerton's edition, the line,

Nerby quha sa wald be,

is entirely omitted; perhaps with the intention of making the rhythm more complete, as *far* is added, without any authority, to ver. 137.

Than men that mekill ost mycht se.

Schyr Gilis de Argenté he set
Apon a half, hys reyngye to get.—V. 178.

His proper name was *Argentine*. Lord Hailes has given a curious note in relation to this gallant knight. *Annals*, II. 48, 49. N.

Thar dynit nane of thaim that day.—V. 385.

Dynit is substituted for *delyt* in MS., i. e. died. The sense obviously points out this as the proper term, as the reason of their not dining is immediately added; it being the eve of St John's day, they abstained from every thing but bread and water. It is *dyned* in Edit. 1620.

On the samyn wiss it did here.—V. 496.

The reading of all the editions is preferred; although it is *er*, i. e. "formerly," in MS. Perhaps it was originally *her*, the orthography most commonly used by Barbour for *here*.

*Off best of ywill the ost war, thai
Off contenance, and off aray.*—V. 530.

Thwill seems to be the reading of the MS.

Ywill is the term as given by Mr. Pinkerton. In Edit. 1620, it is,—

The best of *all* the hoste were they.

In Edit. 1714,—

Of best *their will* in host were they.

Schyr Gilyame de Amecout wes his name.—V. 577.

D'Amecourt is the orthography in ver. 1010. In Edit. 1620, *Hawcourt*, afterwards *Haward*. The only name I have found in Rymer, which has any resemblance, is Robert de Amcotes, sometimes written *Amtotes*, who seems to have been a Templar. The last year in which his name appears is 1314, that in which the battle of Bannockburn was fought. *Fœdera*, III. 303. 404. 456.

Lord Hailes, however, gives the name, Sir William Dayncourt, designing him “an English commander of distinguished valour.” *Annals*, II. 44, 45. This, I suppose, is on the authority of the *Scala Chronica*, where it is said: “Thomas Randolph, Counte of Murray, nephew to Bruse, hering that his uncle had vanquishid the vantgard of the Englisch men, cam with his batel owt of the wodde apon Clifford and Beaumont, wher William *Dayncourt* was slayn and Thomas Gray was taken.” *Leland*, Collect. I. 546. This may have been the same person who, in a deed of Edward, is designed *Gulielmus Deyncourt*. *Fœdera*, III. 310. A. 1312.

Schyr Henry the Boune, the worthi, &c.—V. 688.

Henry de *Bohun*. The christian name of the Earl of Hereford was Humphrey. Besides Bohun, his cousin, whose death is here related, it is said in the *Scala*, that “Bruse with his owne handes killed Pers Monfort, an Englisch knight, in the wooddes by Strivelin.” *Ubi supra*.

*And thai, for thair rycht anerly,
And for thai lat of ws heychtly,—
Maiss thaim to fycht, &c.—V. 908.*

Lichtly is the reading of editions; but *heychtly* seems to be that of the MS., and must signify proudly. Gawin Douglas uses *hichty* in the sense of lofty.

Na ws char dreid thaim, bot befor.—V. 959.

It has been formerly given, *thar dreid*; but the phrase seems equivalent to *char doute*, VI. 257. The meaning is, "We need not entertain any fear that they will attack us, except in front."

NOTES ON THE NINTH BOOK.

*And be newth the castell went thai sone,
Rycht by the Round Table away:
And syne the Park encircound thai.—V. 559.*

Sec Note on Book III. ver. 410.

*The erle of Herfurd thidderward
Held, and wes tane in our the wall,
And fyfty of his men with all;
And set in howssis sindryly;
Swa that thai had thar na mercy.—V. 589.*

In Edit. 1620, *mastric*; Edit. Pink. *mistry*, as if it signified need, want. I have not, however, observed that *mistry* is ever used in this sense, but *mister* and *mystir*. Perhaps the meaning is, that the Governor of Bothwell Castle, viewing them as fugitives from the field of battle, shewed them no compassion, but confined them to *separate houses* as prisoners.

*The erle of Glosystre ded wes thar.—
And Payn Typont.—V. 646.*

By English writers he is called Payen *Tybetot*. Annals, II. 51. He is frequently designed Paganus Tybotot in the *Fœdera*.

His name occurs for the last time A. 1313, the year preceding the battle of Bannockburn, which proved fatal to him. Feod. III. 434.

*Thar wes slayne worthi knyghtis twa,
Wilyame the Wepoynt wes one of tha.*—V. 652.

It is probable that Sir Alan Wypont, who defended the castle of Lochlevin for David II. against the English, A. 1335, was his son. V. Hailes, Ann. II. 178. He is designed Alanus Veteri Ponte, of Haknadel teldun, Kinross-shire. Ind. Chart. 27, 7. Johannes de Veteri Ponte is mentioned in the same reign. Ibid. 76, 93.

Schyre Marmeduk the Twengue he hycht.—V. 704.

In MS. it seems to be *Twemgue*; in Edit. 1620, *Twemanc*, which is followed in subsequent editions. Lord Hailes writes *Twenge*, Ann. II. 52; Knyghton, *Twange*, Dec. Script. 2518; Rymer, *Twenge*, III. 148; *Twying*, 271; *Tweng*, 444.

*—That nane rescourss wald till him ma,
All thought he luwynt him neuir sua.*—V. 764.

In Edit. 1620,—

*They no recourse would to him ma,
Although hee followed neuer sa.*

This is evidently one of the liberties which Andro Hart had taken with the original; but it makes nonsense of the passage. In MS. the word is *lywynt*. This, however, is equally unintelligible, and must have been an error of the copier. The editor of Edit. 1714 has certainly given the sense, by substituting *lov'd*. Barbour means to say; Douglas followed them so close, that if one left the main body as far as a quoit might be thrown, he was irrecoverably gone; because “no man durst attempt a rescue, however much he loved him.”

—Raiss, quhen the tothyr down gan lycht.—V. 831.

The six following lines are inserted from Edit. 1620, which the sense evidently requires. They seem to have been over-

looked by the copier of the MS., from the circumstance of the last couplet of the lines inserted terminating with the same words, *hycht* and *lycht*, which form the rhyme of the verses immediately preceding the hiatus.

Quhen the king Eduuardis mycht

Wes lateyt, king Robert wes on hycht.—V. 844.

We need not wonder that Edward was held up as an object of scorn by a nation whom he and his father had treated so cruelly. This spirit seems to have pervaded the country. The young women of Scotland, perhaps from their love of song, have in many instances showed an inclination for rhythmical composition, especially of the satirical kind. We have a proof of this so early as the age of Robert Bruce, which is recorded by an old English writer.

“For he was dyscomfyted at Banokysborne, therefore the maydens made a song therof in that countree, of Kynge Edward. And in this manere they songe :

“Maydens of Englund, sore may ye morne,
For ye haue lost your lemmans at Banokysborne,
With heuelogh.

What wenyth the kyng of Englund
To haue got Scotlonde

With rombelogh?”

St Alban's Chronicle, Pars VII. Sign. r. ii.

These lines are given with some variation by Rastell :

Ye maydens of Englande, *nowe* may ye morne,
For he haue lost your lemans at Bannokes borne,
With *heue a lowe*,

What weanes the kyng of Englande,
So soone to wonne Scotlande,

With *rumbelowe*!

Pastime of People, p. 204.

NOTES ON THE TENTH BOOK.

He had than in his company—

Schyr Jhone the Soullis, ane gud knycht.—V. 23.

He is supposed by some to have been the grandson of *Nicolas de Soulis*, who was one of the competitors for the Scottish

crown, in right of his grandmother the daughter of Alexander II. Kerr's Hist. Bruce. His name occurs in Ragman Roll. V. Nisbet, Rem. p. 26. Rymer, II. 529. We learn from Sir James Dalrymple, that Ranulphus de Soulis, alias *Sulas*, is witness to a charter granted by David I. In other charters he and his successors are called *Pincernæ Regis*. This Ranulph was murdered by his domestics in his own house, A. 1207. Chron. Mailros, p. 182. Nicolas was succeeded by William, called his "son and heir," who was knighted by Alexander III. A. 1270. Scotichron, X. 29. John, who was appointed governor of Scotland, *custos nostri regni*, by John Baliol, in the ninth year of his reign, seems to have been the son of this William. Ibid. XI. 34. The two last of the names mentioned by our historians are John and William. I am at a loss whether we should view this John as the same person who is said to have been appointed governor; for, if I rightly understand the language of Bower in the place last quoted, this Soulis, having been frequently repulsed and falling into contempt, departed to France, where he died. This cannot be true, however, of him who is celebrated by Barbour; with whom Knyghton agrees, in conjoining *John de Sowles* with Philip de Mowbray, and John Styward, i. e. Stewart, as among the Scottish nobles who accompanied "Edward Bruce in the Irish invasion." Dec. Script. 2534.

John and William were men of distinction of this name, living during the reign of Bruce. Two persons thus denominated are designed barons, in the letter addressed by the Scottish nobles to Edward I. A. 1290, regarding the proposed marriage between his eldest son and the daughter of the king of Norway, the heiress of Scotland. *Fœdera*, II. 471. They are afterwards mentioned in different deeds, A. 1292; Ibid. 555, 558. From the distance of time, it is not improbable that the barons mentioned under the same names in the reign of Bruce, were cousins. Sir William, being governor of Berwick, conspired with some other lords against his sovereign, A. 1320, was forfeited, and died in confinement in Dunbarton castle. He is designed the King's Butler, and distinguished from the other, called Sir John Soules Knight, by the title of Lord Soullis. Ind. Chart. 3, 5, 21—5, 28, 29. It would seem, that he was no wise implicated in this traitorous combination; for in the reign of Robert I. about the year 1321, the lands of Kirkanders and Brettalach,

and those also of Torthorald, all in the county of Dumfries, are given to "John Soullis, Knight." Robertson's Ind. 5, 28, 29. Besides the lordship of Liddisdale, afterwards given to the Douglasses, William was possessed of the lands of Candida Casa, of Wester Ker in Dumfries-shire, of Caverton in Roxburghshire, and of Gilmerton in the county of Edinburgh. Ibid.

"The barony of Saltoun, in the shire of Haddington," says Sir James Dalrymple, "is called from their sirname; for I have seen an old charter to the predecessor of Nevoy of that ilk, designing it *Soulistoun*. Soulis being forefaulted, the lands afterward came to the sirname of Abernethy." Coll. p. 395.

*The Ramsay als of Ouchtrehouss,
That wes wyght and chewalrouss.*—V. 29.

This is a very ancient and honourable family. Sir George Mackenzie says that they "bear the eagle, to show their descent from Germany." Heraldry, p. 2. Simundus de Ramesie is witness to a charter in the reign of David I.; and William de Ramesie frequently appears in the charters of William the Lion. Sir J. Dalr. Coll. p. 421. John de Ramsaye, and Adam de Ramsaye, in the Ragman Roll, are supposed to be the Ramsays of Auchterhouse, and of Carnock, "of whom," says Nisbet, "came the great barons of Dalhousie." Rem. on Ragm. Roll, p. 38. Sir William de Ramesie of Dalhousie was one of the barons who "wrote and sealed that memorable letter to the Pope, declaring the independency of the kingdom of Scotland, A. 1320." Crawford's Peerage, p. 89. The heiress of Ramsay of Auchterhouse, in the reign of Robert II., married Ogilvie of that ilk, who was afterwards made Lord Ogilvie of Auchterhouse. Nisbet, Part III. 53. This was most probably the daughter of *Malcolm* de Ramesay, designed *Viccomes de Agnegus*, i. e. Angus or Forfarshire, in a charter of David II. 6th April, A. 1360. Robertson's Ind. 78, 116; and also mentioned in one of Robert II. Ibid. 118, 17. It is singular, however, that *Robertus* de Ramesay is called *Viccomes de Forfar* in another charter of David, dated 8th April the same year. Ind. 78, 118.

And Schyr Fergus off Ardrossane.—V. 31.

From a charter of Robert I., it appears that this Fergus was Ardrossane of that ilk. V. Ind. Chart. 6, 51. He is denomi-

nated in the same manner as here, in another charter of the same reign, "Fergus de Ardrossane." Ibid. 13, 97. "Godfrey, Lord Ardrossane," is mentioned in a roll of David II. Ibid. 49, l. 3; and in a charter by the same prince, 75, 86. In the reign of Robert II. this barony was the property of Eglinton of that ilk; for Sir John Montgomery of Eglesham, A. 1388, married the daughter and heir of Sir Hugh Eglinton of Eglinton and of his lady Giles, daughter of Walter, High Steward of Scotland, and half-sister to Robert II., receiving with her the baronies of Eglinton and Ardrossan. Nisbet's Her. I. 375. See also his Rem. on Ragm. Roll, p. 24.

In Wokingis fyrrh arywyf thai.—V. 33.

This in Edit. 1620, apparently without any reason, has been changed to *Wolyngs Firth*. It seems to have been the name of some bay at no great distance from Carrickfergus; but I find no vestige of it any where else. It is most probably of Norse origin, and may have been corrupted from *Wikings-firth*. In the language still spoken in Iceland, *Viking-fjord* would signify, the sound, or firth, of the pirates or sea-kings, the place where they were wont to land. It may appear improbable that this name, as conveying to our minds the idea of reproach, should be adopted by the northern invaders themselves; but they were by no means ashamed of acting as naval freebooters. They even gloried in it, and accounted the name an honourable memorial on their monuments. Hence we are informed by Wormius concerning Isvard, that his bore this inscription: "Isvard was a pirate against the heathen, and purchased for himself an heavenly for an earthly inheritance." V. Ihre, vo. *Wiking*. Worm. Mon. Dan. p. 293. Gunnlaug. Sag. p. 298. The name may, at any rate, have been given to this place by the Saxons or early English. Camden has observed that the Latin writers of the English history called the Danes in general *Wiccingi*, because they exercised piracy; as Anglo-Saxon *wiccing* signifies a pirate.

Fyrrh seems analogous to *ford*, which occurs in various names of places in Ireland that are situated on the coast; as Strangford, Carlingford, Wexford, Waterford. The place last mentioned was built by Norwegians. It is called *Wethra-fjord*, or, as Wormius writes it, *Wedra-fjord*, in Lodbrok's Death-song, st. 16. Wormius says that it is a bay in Ireland; and there can be no

doubt that Johnstone, in his Notes on the *Lodbrokar-Quida*, rightly makes it the modern Waterford. There is every reason to believe that Carlingford is also a Norwegian name, q. "the bay of the old woman," from Islandic, *kaerling*, Suio-Gothic *kaerlinna*, anus, and *fiord*, sinus.

It may be suspected that the Irish term *viginge*, given by Obrien, as signifying "a fleet or navy," has been corrupted from the *viking* of the northern nations; as the Irish were so early acquainted with their invasions, and had never seen any considerable number of ships before they were subjected to these unwelcome visitors from *Lochlin*, or Scandinavia.

In the Annals of Ireland, it is said that the Scots under Edward Bruce landed, "to the number of 6000 fighting men and expert soldiers, in the north part of Ireland, at Clondoune, near Cragfergus in Ulster." Camden's Brit. IV. 483.

*Bot the lordis of that countré,
Mandweill, Besat, and Logane,
Thair men assemblyt enirilkane.*—V. 46.

A letter is directed by Edward I. to Mandevill as in Ireland, 12th Aug. 1314, Thomae de Mandevill. Perhaps *Logane* is an error for *Wogan*, whose name occurs in the same list. V. Fœdera, III. 492.

*For twa off thaim, ane Makgullane,
And ane othyr hat Makartane,
With set a pase in till his way.*—V. 105.

Makartane seems to be the same regulus who is afterwards, in ver. 141, called "the erle of Desmond;" for when the English arrived in the year 1169, Desmond was one of the seven principalities into which Ireland was divided, and was subject to the Macarthies. Ledwich, p. 309. Desmond, in Irish *Deasmúman*, signifies South Munster, or Munster towards the right hand; as Thomond, in the language of the natives *Tuadmúman*, is North Munster, or that lying to the left. V. Obrien, vo. *Deas*.

Macartane was most probably descended of Dermott MacCarthy, King of Cork and of the south part of Munster. V. Fynes Morysone, Ireland, p. 2.

Makgullane may be the same with *MaghCullen*, who is mentioned by O'Halloran as in the county of Galway, O'Flaherty's country. Hist. Irel. II. 398. Or shall we view it as the same name with Maclean, which Monroe, Dean of the Isles, uniformly writes *MacGilliane*; as the tradition of the Highlands assigns an Irish origin to this clan?

At Kilsagart Schir Edunard lay.—V. 133.

As Edward Bruce had left Ulster, proceeding farther into Ireland, this is probably Saggard, also denominated Tassagard, in the barony of Newcastle, six miles south from Dublin. V. Archdale, p. 254. *Kilsagart* may signify the church or cell of the priest, from Irish *ceall*, *cill*, *cella*, and *sagart*, sacerdos.

*Thar wes fyrst Schyr Richard of Clar,
That in all Irland lufftenande
Was off the king off Ingland.*—V. 138.

Kerr observes, that Barbour still by mistake substitutes Richard de *Clare* for Richard de *Burgh*, as deputy of Ireland. Hist. Bruce, II. 8.

*The erle of Desmond wes thar;—
The Breman, and Wodoune,
That war lordis of gret renoune.*—V. 141.

In Edit. 1620 it is,—

The Bryane eke, and the Wardane.

It is possible that *Bryane* might have been written by Barbour, as *O'Brien* of Thomond was at first engaged on the English side in this war. V. Leland's Hist. Irel. B. II. c. 3.

We may, however, view *Breman* as more probably the corruption of another name. Sir John de *Bermingham*, "a valiant and distinguished commander," arrived about this time, A. 1315, with a select body of English forces, sent by Edward II. Ibid. Rymer gives his name in different forms, *De Bernyngham*, and *De Bourmyncham*. Fœdera, III. 492. 511.

In the other name, as the letter *w* is not Irish, *Wo* seems here used to express the sound of *Ua* or *O*, the term used as denoting

a descendant, and corresponding with Scottish *Mac*; with this difference, however, that *Ua* strictly signifies a grandson. Thus, *Wodoune* may be meant for *O'Duin* or *Ua Duin*. Obrien says, that the *O'Duns* are a branch of the house of *O'Conor Failge*, and that *O'Duinin* is mentioned as a descendant of *O'Duin*. Dict. p. 512. V. also O'Conor, *Rerum Hibern. Script.* Tom I. Proleg. 92, 93. Failge is a territory in the county of Kildare. The Irish speak by way of distinction of *the Oneale*, &c.

These names are given differently in another place,—

Brynname, Wedoune, and Fyze Waryne.—V. 515.

*The Butler alsua thar was,
And Schyr Moryss le Fyss Thomas.*—V. 145.

Butler is called Lord Edmund *le Botiller*, Justiciary of Ireland. Annals Irel. Camden, IV. 483. We find both these persons mentioned as at this time in Ireland, in an instrument, A. 1314, Edmundo le Botiller, and Mauritio le Fiz Thomas. *Fœdera*, III. 492; also Richard de Clare, mentioned by Barbour, ver. 138.

John Gerald, who was of English descent, had Kildare given him by Edward II. He was succeeded by his son, who is designed Lord Thomas Fitz-John, Earl of Kildare. Ann. Irel. ut sup. p. 485. It seems most probable that he is the Earl of Kildare mentioned a little above in ver. 142, and that *Schir Moryss*, who in the reign of Edward III. was made Earl of Desmond, was his son, as he is designed *Fitz-Thomas*. V. Annals Irel. ut sup. p. 486. Fynes Morysone, Irel. p. 3, 4.

—*Till a gret forest come thai,
Kylrose it hat, as Ik hard say.*—V. 251.

Archdale refers to *Kilrois*, as “an ancient abbey in Mugdorna,” county of Down. *Monasticon*, p. 123.

*Towart Ydymsy syne thai raid,
Ane Irsche king, that aith had maid
To Schyr Edunard of fewt.*—V. 329.

In editions this word is *Endrossy*. It would appear that this has hitherto been viewed as a local designation; but, from the connection, there can be no ground to doubt that it is the name

of the petty prince who is here charged with breach of faith. Nor is there any reason for hesitating as to his identity with *Fyn O'Dymsey*, one of the *Duces Hibernicorum* summoned by Edward to assist in crushing the rebellion of the Scots. *Fœdera*, III. 496. 511. *O'Dempsey*, which seems to differ only in orthography, is given as the name of one of the families descended from Cathoir-Mor, Prince of Leinster. O'Halloran's *Hist. Irel.* II. 410.

De Foe has remarked, that the Irish wrote to the Pope in support of the election of Edward Bruce as King of Ireland, A. 1315; and that their address is subscribed by Donald O'Neale, King of Ulster. *Journey through Scotland*, Pref. XVII.

—*Salyt wþ the Ban.*

—*He set [thaim] our the Ban ilkane.*—V. 378. 382.

Mr Pinkerton enquires if this be “the *Boyne*?” But the *Bann* is a river in Ulster, near Toome. V. Musgrave's *Hist. Rebellion*, II. 555. The author of the *Annals of Ireland* says; “The first encounter between them and the English was near the Banne, wherein the Earl of Ulster was put to flight.” Camden, *ubi sup.*

The syvewarine wes takyn thar.—V. 629.

In editions *Swaryn*. “I cannot interpret either;” says Mr Pinkerton. But this is merely a corruption of *Sovereign*, a name given to the first magistrate of towns in Ireland, like *Mayor* in England, and *Provost* in Scotland.

Fra Dewillyne schippis come fyftene.—V. 661.

“Dublin, on ancient coins *Dyflin*.” Pinkerton, N. “Duflin or Dyflin,” says the same writer elsewhere, is “the real Danish original name of this fine city, as of towns in Scandinavia.” *Essay on Medals*, II. 122. Ledwich prefers this derivation to that from Irish *dubh* black, and *lin* water. *Antiq. Irel.* p. 26.

The Anglo-Saxon name, *Difelin*, corresponds with that of the Danes and Norwegians. *Chron. Sax. passim*. Ware says, that it was “built by the Ostmen or Danes.” *Antiq.* c. 25. This is confirmed by the testimony of Brompton. *Dec. Script.* 1074, 1075. Its Irish name is *Baileacleath*, or *Balacleugh*, “the town

of hurdles;" because, it is said, the city, on account of the marshiness of the ground, was originally built on hurdles. V. Ledwich, ut sup. Keder, Nummorum Hibern. Indag. p. 16. It has been said, that in the time of Eagan, King of Munster, it was called *Altha Cleath Dubh Line*, or "the passage of the ford of hurdles over the black pool." Gough, however, supposes that it received its name from being at first built of hurdles. Addit. to Camden, IV. 335, 336.

Thar eschapyt neuir anc,

That thaim war othir tane or slayn.—V. 771.

The MS. has been corrupted here. Edit. 1620 reads,—

But they were either slaine or tane.

His brodyr Eduuard, and his menye, &c.—V. 824.

After this line I have inserted four from the printed copies, which seem necessary to complete the sense. The transcriber of the MS. having cast his eye on the word *menye*, which terminates ver. 828 as well as 824, has most probably in this way overlooked the four intermediate lines.

And wend thai had bene quhone, for he, &c.—V. 894.

I have inserted from editions the two passages in this page which are in brackets, for the same reason with that given in last note.

And yeit haf Ik herd oft syss tell,

That he sa gretly dred wes than

That quhen wiwoys walde childe ban,

Thai wald, rycht with an angry face

Betech thaim to "the blak Douglas."—V. 1108.

"A trite illustration," says Pinkerton, "of a terrible name. It is told of Talbot, Marlborough, &c. &c." N. The meaning obviously is; "He was so much dreaded, that when women would pronounce a malediction on their children, they would commit" or "consign them to the Black Douglas."

Godscroft says, that he was "commonly called *good* Sir James." This appears to have been his distinctive designation

among his own countrymen. It appears from Blind Harry that in his time he was known by this name;—

And trew till him was Jamys *the gud* Douglace.

Wallace, XI. 1203.

By the English, to whom he was terrible, he seems to have been generally known as “the *black* Douglas.” This name was given him from his complexion; for, as Godscroft subjoins, “he is said to have been of a black and swart complexion.” Hist. Dougl. p. 20. 52. This corresponds with what Barbour has mentioned in the commencement of his history of this faithful adherent of Bruce.

Bot he wes nocht so fayr, that we

Suld speik gretly off his beaute :

In wysage wes he sumdeill gray,

And had blak har, as 1c hard say. I. 381.

“Of this James,” says Bellenden, “discendit the illuster sur-name of Dowglas, quhilkis war euir the sicker targe and weirwal of Scotland aganis Inglismen, and wan mony landis be thair singular manheid and vassalage.” Croniklis, Fol. 210, b.

NOTES ON THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

Bot Schyr Colyne Cambell—

Prykyt on thaim in full gret hy.—V. 119.

This brave partisan of Bruce, who on this occasion was treated so roughly by the king for his disobedience to orders, seems to have been the head of the family of Lochow, from whom the noble family of Breadalbane derive their origin. A. 1316, during the Irish war, he got for his service the whole lands of Lochow and Ardsceodinis. He was the son of Nigellus or Neil Campbell, designed *miles* in Ragman Roll. V. Nisbet's Remarks, p. 28. *Schyr Nele* had been previously mentioned by Barbour, II. 787, &c.

*Syne went thai southwart in the land;
And rycht till Kynrike held thair way,
That is the southmaist toun perfay,
That in Irland may fundyn be.*—V. 264.

In Edit. 1620, *Lynerike*. Hence it has been supposed that Limerick is meant: but this lies on the west coast. The only name that seems to have any resemblance is *Killinick*, which, in the map of Ireland in Camden's *Britannia*, is marked as on the southernmost point of that island, county of Wexford.

*Agayne northwart thai tuk thair way,—
Throw all Connach, rycht to Dewillyue;
And throw all Methy, and Jereby syne.*—V. 293.

Methy is evidently Meath. But I can form no conjecture as to what is meant by *Jereby*; unless we should suppose it to be a corruption of the Irish name of West Meath, *Eireamhoin*, or *Eireavoin*, i. e. the west country. Editions have substituted *Tyrel*. It is strangely given in Hart's,—

Through all *Mich* and *Irrelle* syne.

—*In the halche of Lyntailé
He gert thaim mak a fayr maner.*—V. 336.

Leland writes this *Lincelly*. “The erle of Arundel,” he says, “sofered reproche by James Duglas at Lincelly, yn the forest of Jedworth, and ther was Thomas of Richemont slayne.” *Scala Cron.* ap. Lel. Collect. I. 547. Macpherson places this on the water of Reul, near its confluence with the Jed, at no great distance from Hawick, Roxburghshire.

*Quhen this wes done, [he] gan abid
Apon the tothyr half the way.*—V. 398.

In Edit. 1620, *side*. In MS. it is *hald*, which appeared to me an error in copying for *half*, frequently used in this sense by our old writers. But finding that the same word occurs in the MS. of Wallace, it seems doubtful whether *hald* may not have been the word used by Barbour. V. Note on Wallace, X. 89.

Fra the Red Swyr to Orknay
Wes nocht off Scotland fra his fuy.—V. 711.

The whole of Scotland was subject to his faith. "Apparently some place in Galloway." Pinkerton, N. But Macpherson says; "Ryd-swyre, Reid-swyre, Reid-squair, Redshire, the most elevated part of the Roman road at the head of the *Ryd*, and a boundary to the kingdoms; whence it was the scene of frequent border meetings, and sometimes of petty skirmishes." Geogr. Illustrations. The Reid mixes with the waters of the Tyne, and falls into the sea below Newcastle. V. Stat. Acc. XV. 362. Redpath gives an account of a pretty severe skirmish which took place here, A. 1575, p. 650. This is celebrated in what is called "the Ballat of the *Red-Squair*," published in the second volume of the Evergreen, p. 224. There it is said to have been fought July 7th, 1576.

Reedsdale is the orthography of *Bleau*. *Swyr*, or *swyre*, of which *squair* is a corruption, signifies the hollow or declination of a mountain or hill near the summit. This is merely a figurative sense of the term, as primarily signifying the neck in the human body. Anglo-Saxon, *swir*, *swyr*, collum. V. Etym. Dict. VO. SWAKE, SWIRE.

NOTES ON THE TWELFTH BOOK.

Than mycht men, in a litill stound,
Se thaim be fer of wer cowyn,
Than thai war er, that war hyr in.—V. 162.

This passage, especially from the orthography, seems very obscure. But it undoubtedly signifies, that, in consequence of the ship taking ground, "it appeared that those who were in it were in a far worse condition than they had formerly been."

—*Thai ar cummyn to Repoun.*—
At Borowbrig syne thair herbry
Thai tuk, and at Mytoun tharby.—V. 273.

"*Repoun* is Rippon; *Borowbrig*, Burrowbridge; *Mytoun*, Mitton, near Burrowbridge, all in Yorkshire." Pinkerton, N.

The name of Rippon, or, as more anciently written, Ripon, has been absurdly traced to Latin *ripa*, as situated on the brink of the Ure and Skell. Leland seems to have gone into this idea, as he speaks of “the hither *ripe*,” and “the farther *ripe* of Skelle.” Collect. I. 97, 98. Camden says that in Saxon its name was *Rippun*. Brit. III. 241. But it is invariably *Ripum* or *Hripum* in the Saxon Chronicle. The inhabitants of this town are sometimes called *Hreop-sæta*. Perhaps the origin is Anglo-Saxon *ripa*, *ripe*, a handful of corn, from the fertility of the country.

The men ran owt in full gret hy.—V. 439.

In MS. it is *than*: but undoubtedly by mistake for *rau*, as in Edit. 1620, here followed.

NOTES ON THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

Johne Mavpas till the king had it.—V. 14.

I have met with this name only once, and in a period considerably later. Rymer mentions Dominus Johan. de *Manpasse*. Fœd. XI. 199. &c.

Thomas Ouchtre anc had to name.—V. 199.

This is strangely altered to Thomas of *Struthers*, Edit. 1620, and to *Enchtre* in Pinkerton's. It is probably a corruption of Oughtred, an old English name, the same with that of Uhtred or Uethred, who was Earl of Northumberland in the reign of Canute. Sim. Dunelm. Dec. Script. 28, 29, &c. We indeed find *Thomas de Ughtred* mentioned as keeper of the castle of Pikering, A. 1322, and described as of the county of York, A. 1323. Fœd. III. 963. 1022.

In till the abbay of Biland

And Ryfuowis that was by ner hand.—V. 287.

Fabyan says that this abbey is “called *Bella Launde* or *Beyghlande*.” Cronycle, F. LXXX, a. It is singular that the

name of the latter place has never been recognised. All the earlier editions follow the mistake of the editor of that of 1620, who has viewed the term as denoting streets:

And *retues* that were neere by lyand.

In Edit. 1714, it is indeed given as a local name, but erroneously, *Ryfnottes*; in Pinkerton's, *Refnottes*. This is obviously Rieval or Rievaulx, the first Cistercian abbey in Yorkshire, founded by Walter Espec, A. 1131, and valued at £278 *per annum*. Both it and Biland are in Rydale; hence it is here said to be near Biland. V. Camden's Brit. III. 326, 327. The Scots returned to their own country by Norham; for Fabyan says, that "retournyng homewarde" they "wan the castell of Norham." Ubi sup. This agrees with the testimony of Barbour.

*Than sall the mast off his menyne—
Be dystrenyeit commonaly
To wyn thair mete with thair trawaill.*—V. 528.

Bee *strenyed* all commonlie, &c.—Edit. 1620.

Dystroyit occurs in MS.; but it is evidently an *erratum*, as it mars the sense.

*And sall rycht well, as I supposs,
Bring your intent to gud purpos.*—V. 544.

It is singular that these two lines have, as far as I can observe, been omitted in all the preceding editions.

NOTES ON THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

*The Scottis men a day Cokdaile
Fra end till end had heryd hale.*—V. 53.

This seems to be the vale watered by the river *Coc*, *Cok* or *Cock*, also *Cockar*, in Yorkshire. V. Camden, III. 239.

*And send owt archerys a thousand
With hudis off, and bowys in hand.*—V. 105.

This is illustrated by what Godscroft says: "The English soldiers of this army were cloathed in coats and *hoods*, embroydered with flowers and branches, and did use to nourish their beards; wherefore the Scots, in derision thereof, made this rime, and fastened it upon the church doore of Saint Peter in the Canongate:

Beards hartlesse,
Painted *hoods* witlesse,
Gay coat gracelesse,
Make England thriflesse.—*Hist. Dougl.* p. 42.

It is uncertain whether Godscroft has given this rhyme from oral recitation, or had copied it from some early writer. His account agrees very closely with what we have in the Book of St Albans.

"At that tyme the Englyshmen were clothed all in cotes and *hodes* paynted with letters, and with floures full semely, with longe berdes: and tharfor the Scottes made a byll, that was fastnyd vpon the chirche dores of Saynt Petir towarde Stangate. And thus sayd the scripture in dyspyte of Englysshemen:

Longe berdes hertles,
Payntyd hodes wytles,
Gaye cotes graceles,
Makyth Englund thrifteles.—*Sign.* t. ii.

Fabyan gives the same verses, only assigning them to a later period, when David Bruce was married to the Princess Jane of England; adding, that "to theyr more derysyon, they made dyuerse truffles, roundes, and songes." Cronycle, F. LXXXVII, b.

*Schir Wilyam off Erskyn thar was
Chasyt with other that thar war.*—V. 148.

This was the ancestor of the ancient and noble families of Mar and Buchan.

Crawfurd says that he could trace them by writs no farther back than to the reign of Alexander II. V. Peerage, p. 297. They took their name from the lands of Erskine in Renfrewshire,

the name of which, it is said, was anciently written *Iriskyn*. V. Stat. Acc. IX. 58. It seems to be the same name that appears as *Herskyn*; *Fœdera*, V. 618.

*Twa noweltyis that day thai saw,
That forouth in Scotland had bene nane.
—The tothyr, crakys war off wer,
That thai befor herd neuir er.*—V. 168.

This is the simple account that the good archdeacon gives of artillery; and certainly, at their introduction, it was extremely natural thus to design them from the noise that they made. V. *CRAKYS*, Etym. Dict.

*It wes a park, all halily
Wes enyground about with wall.*—V. 264.

Hollinshed says that this was Stanhop Park. V. Godscroft, p. 43. This corresponds with the account given by almost all the old English writers. Hutchinson, indeed, charges Redpath with an error, in his Border History, because he places the encampment of the Scots *in* Stanhope Park, whereas he thinks that it was opposite to it; and that the camp, within the park, was held by the English. Hist. Durham, III. 287, 288.

In the Chronicle of St Albans, it is said, “The Scottes dystroyed all the north countre, thrughe oute, tyll that they came vnto the parke of Stanhope in Weridale; and there the Scottes helde theym in a busshment. But whan the kynge had herde thrugh spyes where the Scottes were, anone ryght with his hoste besegyed them *within* the forsayd parke, so that the Scottes wist not where to go oute but oonly vnto their harmes.” Sign. l. ii. b.

The same thing is asserted by Jhon Hardyng:

—In Stanhope Parke he besieged then
That compted were of Scottes, ten. M. men.
Chronicle, p. 316.

It is generally asserted by old English writers, that Sir James Douglas and the Scots at this time escaped by means of the treachery of Sir Roger Mortimer, who is said to have received a bribe from Douglas. “He hadd pryuely taken mede of the

Scottes them to helpe, that they myght go awaye into their owne countre." St Albans Chron. ubi sup. V. also Froissart. This may have been asserted by the English, merely to cover their national shame on occasion of this unexpected escape.

Froissart has given a curious account of the memorials which the Scots left of their encampment in this place.

"Dyuerse of the Inglisshe oste passed over the ryuer, and came to the mountaigne, where as the Scottis had ben, and ther they founde mo than v. C. great bestis redy slayne, bicause the Scottis coulede nat dryue them before theyr ooste, and bicause that the Englisshe men shulde haue but small profit of them; also ther they founde CCC. caudrons made of bestis skynnes, with the heare styll on them, strayned on stakes ouer the fyre, full of water and full of flesshe, to be sodden, and more than a M. spyttis full of fleshe to be rosted; and more than X. M. olde shoos made of rawe lether, with the heare styll on them, the whiche the Scottis had left behynd them." Cronycle, translated by Lord Berners, I. 25.

Hardyng, who was an inveterate enemy of the Scots, seems in bad humour with his own countrymen, when he thinks of their carelessness in allowing their enemies to escape.

When they were ouer the quaking moss and mire,
They drewe the flekes ay after as they went,
That Englyshe should not them sue ne conquere;
This was a poynt of warre, full sapyent.
But on our syde there was, by consequent,
But lytell wytte that lefte the myre vnwatched,
And by good watch the Scottes myght haue be cached.

Chronicle, p. 316.

*Bot a gret plane in till it was.
Thidlyr thought the lord of Dowglas,
Be nyghtyrtale, thair ost to bring.*—V. 267.

By *nyght* all their host, &c. Edit. 1620.
By *nyght theretil*, &c. Edit. 1714.

In MS. it appears in the form of a contraction thus, *ny^ttyrtale*. It could not have been originally *nycht-fall*, as there is no evidence that this word was so early in use. It is possible that it might be meant for the name of some place on the river Were, near which the Scottish army was, although I find nothing resembling it. Camden mentions *Nidherdale*, also written

Netherdale, on the river *Nid*; but this, being in the North Riding of Yorkshire, is at a considerable distance from *Weredale*, which is in the county of Durham.

*And be thair cry persawyt thai,
That thai war frendys, and at a fay.*—V. 563.

And *not* a fay. Edit. Pinkerton.

In Edit. 1620 and others,—and *no* fay; in that of 1714,—and *not* at fay. But the sense has been totally overlooked, and thus the passage has been unwarrantably altered. The phrase *at a fay*, which is that of the MS., signifies “at one faith,” or servants of one sovereign; *a* being here used, as very often in this work, in the sense of *one*.

*And thay a mariage suld mak
Off the king Robertis sone, Dawy,—
And off dame Jhone als off the Tour, &c.*—V. 622.

Although the peace, cemented by this marriage, gave rest to both nations, which had been so long wasted by war, it was not relished much by either. Hollinshed calls it dishonourable, and says that it was effected by evil and naughty counsel. The reason of his dissatisfaction is, that it included, on the part of the English king, a renunciation of all claim to the crown of Scotland. V. Godscroft, p. 48. The feeling of our countrymen is evident from the nickname which they gave to the young queen. “It was nat longe after,” says Fabyan, “or the Scottes, in despyte of the Englysshemen, called hyr *Jane mak peace*.” Cron. P. VII. F. LXXXVII, b.

The king to Cardross went in hy.—V. 741.

“In the parish of Cardross to the west of the river Leven, [in Dunbartonshire] a small eminence still retains the name of the *Castle-hill*: on which, according to the tradition of the country, a castle once stood, which was the occasional residence of the king, and in which he breathed his last; but no vestige even of the ruins are now to be seen.” Kerr’s Hist. R. Bruce, II. 481.

In the Index to Buchanan’s History, the account given of this place is in the following terms: Cardrossia, Cardross, *Cænobium* in Levinia. And there is a local tradition that there was a religious house in the vicinity.

*For thai war all wicht and worthi,
That war on the Cristyn party.*—V. 1009.

All the editions here insert the following lines, which I have given from that of 1620:—

But ere they joyned in battell,
What the Dowglas did, I shall you tell.
The Bruces heart, that on his brest
Was hinging, in the field hee kest
Upon a stone-cast, and well more before,
And said; "Now passe thou foorth before,
"As thou was wont in field to bee,
"And I shall follow, or else die."
And so hee did withoutten ho.
Hee faught euen while hee came it to,
And tooke it vp in greit daintie;
And euer in field this vsed hee.
So fast they faught, &c.—P. 407.

Mr Pinkerton justly remarks that these lines are very interesting; and that the transcriber of the MS., who has evidently become more careless towards the end of his long labour, must have omitted them; as, from their connexion and manner, there is no reason to view them as an interpolation.

It may perhaps be admitted as at least a strong presumption of the authenticity of these verses, that they so closely agree with the account given of the same transaction by Holland, whose *Houlate* was written about eighty years after *The Bruce*. While it appears from the former, that our countrymen were so deeply interested in the circumstances regarding the fate of their beloved monarch's heart, even so long after his decease, it is highly improbable that a circumstance so singularly interesting as that here narrated would be totally overlooked by Barbour. The language of Holland might almost be viewed as a modification of that of Barbour, immediately following these two lines,—

*For thai war all wicht and worthi,
That war on the Cristyn party.*

Let us compare these, in their connexion with the preceding passage from Edit. 1620, with that in the *Houlate*.

Than in defens of the faith he fure to the ficht,
With knychtis of Christindome to keip his command.
And quhen the battellis so brym, brathly and blichit,
Were jonit thrally in thrang, mony thowsand;
Among the hethin men the hairt hardely he flang,
Sayd, "Wend on as thou wout,

" Throw the battel in bront ;
 " Ay formest in the front
 " Thy fayis amang.
 " And I sall fallow the in faith, or with fayis be fellit ;
 " As thy lege man lele, my lyking thow art."
 —Thus frayis he the fals folk, trewly to tell it,
 Ay quhill he coverit and come to the kingis hart.

HOULATE, II. 14, 15.

Coverit signifies recovered.

ADDITIONAL NOTES TO BOOK SECOND.

And Schyr David the Brecklay.—V. 214. MS.

This is the same person who has been previously called *the Berclay*. V. Note on V. 44.

*He durst nocht to the planys ga,
 For all the commonways went him fra.—
 Thus in the hyllis leryt he, &c.*—V. 302, 314.

This refers to the wandering state to which the king was reduced after the unfortunate battle of Methven. It is a strange fancy that some of the English writers have entertained, that after this battle he retired to *Norway*. This fable forms the subject of one of the sections of the Chronicle of St Albans.

"How Robert the Brus fled from Scotlonde to Northway.

"And at that same tyme was Robert the Brus moche hated amonge the people of Scotlonde, soo that he wyste not what he was beste to do ; and for to hyde hym he went to Norway to the kynge that had spoused his syster ; and there held hym socour for to haue ; and Robert the Brus myght not be founde in Scotlonde," &c. Sing. q. vi. b.

The writer repeats the same fable, Sign. r. ii. b. under this title ; "How Roberte Brus came ayen intoo Scotlonde, and gaderyd a grete power of men for werre vpon kynge Edward ;" asserting that he "before was fledde into Norway for drede of *de the* of [from] the good kynge Edward."

The same thing is asserted by Rastell, p. 199 ; also by Fabyan, who, having related the Bruce's discomfiture "in a playne nere vnto Saynt Johns towne," adds ;

"And Robert le Brwze after thys scomfyture and losse of hys chyef frendes, feryng lest the Scottes, with suche Englysshmen

as kyng Edward laft there, wolde aryse agayne hym, all comfortles fledde vnto the kyng of Norway, and there abode duryng whyle kyng Edward lyued." Chronicle, Part VII. Fol. lxvii. a, b.

It is not improbable, that this fabulous account originated in the circumstance of Bruce having found shelter with Angus of Ilay, called "lord and ledar off Kyntyre;" or in that of his having passed the winter in the small isle of Rachrin, between Cantire and Ireland, as Barbour relates in his third book. I know not whence the story, of the King of Norway having married his sister, could take its rise, unless from a misrepresentation of the affinity between Bruce and Richard de Burgh, Earl of Ulster, whose daughter he had married. From his expedition to Cantire, or from his residence in Rachrin, it might have been reported that he had gone, or meant to go, over to Ireland, to claim support from his brother-in-law.

V. 462.

According to another account which I have received of this battle, the Macfarlanes were associated with the Macdougals, the Macnabs, and the Macnaughtans, being all the adherents of John Baliol. Macdougall of Lorn, it is said, commanded the right wing, and Macnab the left. I am informed, that the person who laid hold of Robert Bruce, was *Allan*, not *Finlay*, Macnab *of that ilk, of Bovain*; that he was attainted by Bruce under this designation; and that the act of attainder is among the writs in the family charter-chest.

I am also assured by the representative of this ancient family, that the celebrated *brotch* remained in their possession till the time of Cromwell; but that, as the Macnabs adhered to the interests of Charles I., it was carried off by Campbell of Glenlyon, who, in co-operation with Campbell of Breadalbane, burnt the house of *Ellain àn Rauna*, or "the island of oars," the ancient seat of the Macnabs, at the west end of Loch-Tay, near Finlarig. Afterwards, when Monk was in Scotland, he wrote an order to General Gascoigne, then residing at Finlarig, to restore to Macnab's widow all her jointure lands. This was the only part of Macnab's property which was ever restored. The brotch, it is asserted, was still retained by the Campbells of Glenlyon, and is supposed to be now in the possession of F. Garden Campbell, of Troup, Esq. who has succeeded to that property.

ADDITIONAL NOTES TO BOOK THIRD.

*And worthy Crystoll off Seytoun
In to London betresyt was,
Throw a discipill off Judas,
Maknab, a fals tratour, &c.—V. 244.*

“Few events of this period seem to have occasioned greater lamentation than the death of Sir Christopher de Setoun: yet the place where he was betrayed into the hands of the English has been the subject of much vague and dubious conjecture. *Trivet*, (Annal. p. 344,) says, after mentioning the death of the Earl of Athol, “Post hoc captum est castrum de *Lochdor*, in quo inventus est Christophorus de Setone,” &c. *Walsingham* copies this passage (*Hist. Angl.* p. 91) exactly as here given: but there are manuscripts of *Trivet*’s Annals which give “castrum de *Lochore*,” and this reading *Lord Hailes* appears to have preferred, (*Annals*, vol. II. p. 14, N.) probably because he knew of no castle of *Lochdor*. *Sir Richard Maitland*, in his *History of the Family of Seatoun*, (MS.) calls it the Castle of *Lundoris*; of which, it is believed, nobody ever heard: and a much more probable conjecture has been offered, (*Statist. Acc. of Scot.* Vol. XI. No. 4, Parish of Urr,) supported by plausible evidence, that the Seatons had a castle and domain at Loch Urr, in Galloway, where this act of treachery might have been committed. The truth, however, seems to be, that the castle, of which the capture is mentioned by *Trivet* and *Walsingham*, was that of *Lochdon*, or *Lochdone*, in Ayrshire, of which *Sir Gilbert de Carrick* (ancestor of the Earl of Cassillis,) was hereditary keeper; and by whose deputy and son-in-law, *Arthur*, (probably, *de Dalrymple*) the castle was surrendered to the English; and that in this stronghold, the worthy Sir Christopher may have taken refuge for the time, and been made captive, seems to be rendered certain by an instrument yet remaining on record. This is a remission granted by Robert I. to Sir Gilbert de Carrick, “*racione quod castrum nostrum de Louchdone per Arthurum generum suum sursum reddebatur in manibus Anglicorum, et tradicionis causa Cristofori de Setoun generi nostri predicti sibi imposita licet minus juste ut verius intelleximus*,” &c. (*Regist. Mag. Sigil.* p. 115. S.) This remission, which is

witnessed by James the Stewart of Scotland, must have been granted before 1309; and even then the betrayer of Setoun would appear not to have been ascertained:—but leaving that disgrace to be disputed by *Arthur* and *Macnab*, the connection of Setoun's delivery into the hands of the enemy, with that of the castle of Lochdon, leaves little doubt as to what ought to be the reading in the text of Barbour's poem. In this instance, the common editions prior to that of Pinkerton, are correct."

For this Note I am indebted to Thomas Thomson, Esq. It is from Lochdon that the river Doon issues, which has acquired peculiar interest from some of the poems of Burns. Macpherson, in his Geographical Illustrations, writes *Lock Down*, also *Lock Dunc*, which he describes as having "a pele on a small island."

Such regard had King Robert for the memory of Sir Chrystal, that he erected a chapel on the spot where he had been executed, hard by the town of Dumfries.

The following account is given of this building:—"At the entrance into the town, from the N. E., are still to be seen the remains of the foundation of an old chapel, named *the Chrystal*, or more properly *St Christopher's Chapel*. It was built by Bruce, as a place in which mass might be said for the soul of his father-in-law, Sir Christopher Seton, who was hanged on this spot by order of the English monarch, King Edward I. The walls of this chapel were demolished in 1715, and the materials employed in the temporary works then raised for defence against the rebels." Stat. Acc. V. 141. 142.

I should suppose that *St Christopher's* is an error of the press for *Sir Christopher's*. Seaton was not the father-in-law, but the brother-in-law of Bruce, having married his sister Christian. According to Mackenzie, mass was to be here said for the souls of both husband and wife. *Lives*, III. 210.

In Robertson's Index, mention is made of a "charter of the foundation of ane chapel near Dumfreis, and L.5 striveling dotted thereto by the king furth of the lands of Carlaverok, where Christopher Seton, his *good brother*, was slain in his Majestie's service." P. 13, 89.

For several centuries this chapel, with the two acres attached to it, was neglected as a piece of property in which no one claimed any particular interest. But about a hundred years ago, a grant was made of the land to an individual by the council of Dumfries. As the site of the chapel has been lately granted by the crown

for the erection of a charity school, the right of possession is at this moment a question *sub judice*.

*For thai off Ross, that wald nocht ber
For thaym na blayme, na yeit danger,
Owt off the gyrlt hame all has tayne.*—V. 277, MS.

In Edit. 1620,—*them als* has tane.

The true reading is most probably;

Owt off the gyrlt thame all has tayne.

Schir Jhon the Hastings, at that tid.—V. 612.

For “Schir John the Hastings,” read “*Schir Jhon*.”

This is that John de Hastings, Lord of Abergavenny in Monmouthshire, who was one of the principal competitors for the crown of Scotland, being the grandson of Ada, the youngest daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon. It is from this princely family that the Marquis of Hastings, now (1820) Governor-general of India, has derived his title, as being their acknowledged heir-general; and as such “inherited, on the death of his mother, Lady Elizabeth Hastings, Countess of Moira, the ancient baronies of Hungerford, Hastings, Neumarch, Botreaux, Molines, Moels, Peverel, and de Homet.” V. Douglas’s Peerage, by Wood, II. 154. It is a singular circumstance, that the lineal descendant of the competitor of Bruce should be united in marriage to a lady who justly claims the honour of being sprung from the same maternal stock with Wallace.

ADDITIONAL NOTE TO BOOK FIFTH.

*‘ I: haiiff twa sonnys, wyght and hardy :
‘ Thai sall becum your men in hy.’
As scho diuisyt thai haiiff done;
His sworne men becomee that sone.*—V. 563.

It is probable that to this circumstance the popular tradition of the country refers, which is still preserved in the stewarty of Kirkcudbright, concerning a loyal widow and her sons, notwithstanding the difference as to their number. It seems, at any

rate, to deserve a place in this memorial in honour of our illustrious prince.

“Bruce is said to have gained a considerable victory at a bog called Moss Raploch, near the Dee, by means of a stratagem contrived by three young men; which may possibly have suggested a somewhat similar stratagem, which was afterwards attended with such important consequences at Bannockburn. Three young men, the sons of a widow by three different husbands, called Murdoch, M'Kay, and M'Lurg, collected a great number of goats and deer, and as soon as the battle commenced drove them to the top of a hill over against the English army, who, in the confusion of the fight, mistaking them for a reinforcement coming to their enemies, were panic-struck and fled, abandoning even a strong fort in the neighbourhood, called Craigoncalzie, where Bruce took up his residence. The contrivers of the stratagem were rewarded with a grant of the forfeited territory in the neighbourhood, where it is certain that men of the names already mentioned long possessed property.” *Beauties of Scotland, Kirkcudbright, vol. II. 399.*

The following additional particulars, in regard to the Battle of *Moss Raploch*, have been communicated by Mr Walter Scott, from information collected on the spot.

Moss Raploch is a pretty extensive *flow* in the parish of Kells, near the high bridge of Dec, on the confines of the parish of Minigaff, from which it is divided by the river Dee. Nearly in the centre of the moss is a flat, higher than the surrounding ground, where there is a large stone still denominated “the King's stane,” on which his standard is said to have been placed during the action.

The tradition bears, that the goats being driven to the top of the hill of Craigencallie, as the sun was nearly set over it, so that the rays shone full in the faces of the English, they were more readily deceived by the appearance of the bearded auxiliaries of Bruce. The king, it is said, passed the night preceding the battle in the house of Craigencallie; of which there are still considerable remains, which bear the name of *Bruce's Waas*, i. e. walls. Of late years, however, the ruins have been much reduced; the stones having been carried off to assist in the erection of the present farm-house of Craigencallie.

Tradition has lost the name of the English commander; but has been more retentive as to the circumstances regarding the

family. The widow is said to have resided on the farm of Craigencallie. After the battle, the king, being fatigued and hungry, went into her house and asked for something to eat. She, having nothing else to offer, made ready *graddan-brose* for him; which, as appears from another traditionary anecdote of the south, seems to have been a dish with which the king must have become pretty well acquainted. Grateful for the supply, and still more so for the important service which her sons had rendered him, he asked how he should reward her and them. The *canny auld wife*, without much hesitation, requested that he would bestow "the bit hassock o' lan' atween the Palnure and the Penkill burns on her three lads." The good king readily complied with the request. And the descendants of these persons possessed some parts of the lands included in the gift not very long ago, by virtue of the royal grant. Murdoch had that part of the property which includes the farm of Risk, now by purchase belonging to the Earl of Galloway, about two miles and a half from Newton-Stewart. Mackay, or Mackie, had the Larg, near the house of Kirrochtree. And Maclurg received for his share Machirmore, about a mile below Newton-Stewart.

The late Mrs Brown in Borland of Anwoth, whose maiden name was Murdoch, was a lineal descendant of the brother of this name. She informed the gentleman, who communicated these particulars, that the Mackies and Maclurgs had become extinct in the direct line, and that she was the only survivor in that from Murdoch. She seemed proud of her ancestry. She died lately, nearly an hundred years of age.

ADDITIONAL NOTES TO BOOK EIGHTH.

—*Off Poutyne, Aquitayne, and Bayonne*.—V. 103.

Poitou, a province in France. This corrupt pronunciation may have originated from the term *Poitevin*, an inhabitant of Poitou.

He gaif *the waward in leding*.—V. 168.

In MS.—*Thai had the waward*, &c. But as this does not make sense of the passage, I have adopted the reading of Edit. 1620.

V. 178.

Camden writes the name *Argenton*. Sir Giles, he says, was descended of David de Argenton, a Norman officer under William the Conqueror. In the reign of Henry III., Richard de Argenton founded an hospital, or small priory, of black monks at Little Wimley. The male issue failing during the reign of Henry VI., Elizabeth Argenton brought the estate of Wimondley, Hertfordshire, in marriage to Sir William Allington. William Allington, Baron Killard, was created Baron Allington of Wimondley, by Charles II.; but the title expired with his son Giles. Camd. Brit. II. 59, 67. The Allingtons now possess Swinhop, near Louth, Lincolnshire, said to be a part of the landed property of De Argentine.

The christian name of *Egidius*, or *Giles*, which was that of this valorous warrior, has passed from the family of Argenton to that of Allington; and we need not wonder, considering the distinguished character of him who bore it, that it was viewed with partiality. During the reign of Henry VII., Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, "had granted to him the guardianship of *Giles*, son and heir of Sir William Alyngton." Collins's Peerage, III. 30. Sir *Giles* Allington (Horsheath), Knight, is mentioned as living about the close of the sixteenth century. Ibid. II. 602. IV. 148. This is perhaps the same person who is mentioned by Camden as living in his time, and as the seventh in descent from him who married Elizabeth de Argenton. *Giles*, who died A. 1691, was second Lord Allington. Collins, IX. 45. Ralph Perrot, we are told, was married to Cassandra, daughter and heir of *Giles* de Argenton, sometime before the reign of Edward III. Ibid. III. 311. This seems to be the knight celebrated by Barbour. But how shall we reconcile this with the account given of the continuation of the name till the reign of Henry the Sixth?

I am informed by a friend of the Allingtons of Swinhop, that there was a branch of the family of Argentine in Normandy, and that the two families used to correspond with each other, as to births, deaths, &c., till within about two hundred years ago.

*On Sunday than, in the mornynge,
 Wele sone eftir the sone rising,
 Thai hard thair mess commounaly,
 And mony thaim schraiff full devoutly,
 That thought to dey in that melle,
 Or than to mak thair contré fre.— V. 378.*

That is, they heard mass; and many were *shriven*, or made confession of their sins. Barbour had too much good sense to take any notice of the signal aid that the king was said to receive from St Fillan, in this decisive battle. As far as I can find, the pretended miracle rests on the testimony of Boece. As the passage is itself curious, and is connected with a circumstance which merits preservation, I shall give it in the simple, but interesting, language of Bellenden.

“All the nycht afore the battall, kyng Robert wes rycht wery, hauand gret solicitude for the weil of his army, and mycht take na rest, bot rolland all ieoperdeis and chance of fortoun in his mynd, and sum tymes he went to his deuoit contemplatioun, makand his orisoun to God and Sanct Phillane, quhais arme (as he beleuit) set in siluer wes closit in ane cais within his palyeon, traisting the better fortoun to follow be the samyn. In the mene tyme the cais chakkit to suddainlie bot ony motion or werk of mortall creaturis. The preist astonist be this wounder went to the alter quhare the cais lay. And quhen he fand the arme in the cais, he crijt, Heir is ane gret mirakle: and incontinent he confessit how he brocht the tume cais in the feild, dredand that the rillik suld be tynt in the feild quhair sa gret ieoperdeis apperit.”

The king is afterwards represented as saying to his army: “God hes now schawin to ws his fauour be myrakle of Sanct Phillane, quhilk is cumyn (as I beleif) to your eiris. Thairfore I pray yow be of gud comfort as ye ar. Set on yone confusit multitude of peple. And traist weill, quhare God is concurrant, na multitude of ennimes may auail.” *Croniklis*, B. xiv. c. 11.

We also learn, that it was “ane deuoit man namit Maritius [*Mauricius*, Boeth.] abbot of Inchechaffray, quhilk said messe on ane hie mote, and ministerit the Eucharist to the kyng and his nobillis, and causit his preistis to mak ministratioun thairof to the residew of the army.” *Ibid*.

But for the truth of this assertion we have the more estimable

testimony of Bower. Scotichron. Lib. xii. 21. This Maurice was afterwards made bishop of Dunblane.

I have seen what is believed to be the *cais* which contained the arm-bone of St Fillan. It is evidently the head of a crosier, or pastoral staff, highly ornamented, of a kind of fillagree work of silver. It is in the possession of one of the name of Dewar, in Glenartney, and has belonged to his ancestors from time immemorial; one of whom found it in the old burying ground at Achloyne, in Glendochart, whence the chapel is still called *Caipal nà Farige*, or *farechd*, i. e. "the chapel of the crosier." From this valuable relique, the hereditary possessor has the distinctive designation of *Mac in Deora nà Farige*, "the son of Dewar of the crosier." A charter was granted by James the Fourth to Meliss, or Malice, Dewar, assuring the possession of the crosier to him and his heirs. Under this relique, the tradition of the country says, King Robert and his army received the sacrament before the battle.

ADDITIONAL NOTE TO BOOK FOURTEENTH.

*The King Robert gert ordane thar,
Giff it fell that his sone Dawy
Deyit, but ayr male off his body
Gottyn, Robert Stewart suld be
Kyng, and bruk all the realti',
That his douchtre bar, Marjory.*—V. 718.

I quote this passage, merely that I may have an opportunity of taking notice of a circumstance, which merits further investigation. In the year 1796, I had the following communication, by letter, from Major-General Hutton, a gentleman who has been indefatigable in his antiquarian researches, and particularly has, for many years, been making collections with a view to the publication of a *Monasticon Scoticum*, a work which is undoubtedly a great desideratum.

"I have met with some charters," he says, "of the Priory of Restennet, from one of which (in the British Museum) it seems pretty clear that Robert Bruce had a son, besides his successor, King David; a circumstance, I believe, which none of our his-

torians or genealogists have taken notice of. The information is from a charter by K. David, wherein he makes a donation to the Priory, on account of the favour and affection he bore towards it, in consequence of the body of his brother John, (whom he calls *frater germanus*) lying there interred. John of Eltham, indeed, who was killed at Perth by his brother, K. Edward III., and who may have been buried at Restennet, was brother-in-law to K. David. But then, I apprehend, he could not properly be called *frater germanus*. K. David appears to have been at Restennet 2d Jan. Ann. reg. tricesimo; as I have seen an extract of a charter by the king to John de Petyllock so dated."

Robertson mentions another:—*Consanguineo nostro Roberto de Bruys, terrarum de Rate, in vic. de Perth, apud Rostynot, 17 Januar. a. r. 39. Index, p. 85, 192.*

It is singular, indeed, if Robert had another son, that this should have been overlooked by all our historians. But the brother-in-law of David could never have been designed *frater germanus*, unless by a very strange mistake of the writer of the charter; which, although it had been made, would scarcely have been allowed to stand, considering the high rank of the person. Whether John of Eltham was killed by his brother at Perth, according to Bowmaker's account, or died of disease, as Knyghton has said, it does not appear likely that his body would have been carried from a place where there were so many religious foundations, to one at the distance of thirty miles, of far inferior note.

As every thing connected with the history of Bruce is worthy of preservation, I shall here throw together some detached pieces of information, which may be viewed as reliques of this great man, but could not, with propriety, be introduced in the Notes.

In that very curious and valuable work lately given to the public by Mr Thomson of the Register Office, "A Collection of Inventories and other Records of the Royal Wardrobe and Jewel House," &c., several articles are mentioned which had once been the property of King Robert the First.

In the account of the treasurer for the year 1488, we find the following memorandums:

"Item, foure masaris, callit King Robert the Brocis, with a cover.

"Item, ressavit in the cloissat of Davidis tour ane haly water

fat of silver, twa boxis, a cageat tume, a glas with rois water, a dosoune of torchis, King Robert Brucis serk. P. 8.

A. 1543. "Item, ane cowpe, callit King Robert the Bruce cowpe, of silver owirgilt." Ibid. p. 111.

There is a candlestick in the possession of H. W. Burnet, Esq. of Monboddo, which deserves to be noticed, as having on one occasion supplied our illustrious prince with light during his peregrinations. I shall give the history of it as communicated by the possessor. It belonged to a family of the name of Broomfield of Cairnycroft, in the parish of Tynron, Dumfries-shire, a small property, which, about the middle of last century, was bought from the Broomfields by the kirk-session of that parish for the benefit of the poor. According to the received tradition, when Robert the Bruce was passing through that country, towards Ayrshire, with a few followers, he entered the farm-house of an old woman, and was entertained with a very simple meal, consisting of *brose*, or pottage, hastily prepared by the *goodwife*, by first parching some oats, and then grinding them in a quern, or hand-mill, so as to produce what is called *Gradden-meal*. The king, when about to depart, asked her what recompense he should make? She, being apprised of the rank of her guest, requested that he might be pleased to give her the property of her small possession. This he graciously did, together with many privileges and servitudes on the neighbouring lands, which lie on the banks of the Shinnel. Such is the tradition of the family; who preserved the candlestick as a precious relique of royalty, designing it "the king's candlestick."

There was likewise a wooden *cog*, or cap, out of which his majesty eat his dinner. This was preserved in the family with equal care; but, after being often clasped and patched, it became so frail as to fall to pieces, and was lost in removing from one place to another.

To my friend, Walter Scott, Esq., I am indebted for the following account of the form of the candlestick. Every one is so well acquainted with his descriptive powers, that I need make no apology for giving it in his own words:

"It is of the simplest possible form; and yet, if composed of more valuable materials, might be termed rather elegant. The candlestick consists of three thin plates of iron, about half an inch broad. These are twisted together by means probably of a smith's *vise*, and the twisted part forms the stalk. The three

plates are bent first outward, and then upwards at the top, so as to make the socket, which is just of size enough to receive a small candle. At the foot the three plates of iron are again bent separate, each in a horizontal direction; and then, the extremities being turned downward, the whole forms the foot of the candlestick, which thus stands on three claws. I dare say it was made by the Goodman himself, at most, by the village smith." Mr Scott adds a remark, which no reader will find reason to apply to the preceding description: "What is most obvious and simple to the eye is sometimes most difficult to describe distinctly in words."

In another communication, Mr Scott reminds me of what Burns somewhere says of his design of "writing a drama upon the incident of Mac Eachin's Elshin, which run through *nine ply of bend leather* into Bruce's foot, when he was stitching on the heel of the king's boot, which he had lost during his wanderings."

This tradition is referred to in a letter from Mr Ramsay of Ochertyre to Dr Currie, published in his *Life of Burns*:

"He told me that he had now gotten a story for a drama, which he was to call *Rob Macquechan's Elshon*, from a popular story of Robert Bruce being defeated on the water of Caern, when the heel of his boot having loosened in his flight, he applied to Rob Macquechan to fix it; who, to make sure, ran his awl nine inches up the king's heel." *Works of Burns*, I. 201. Liverpool edit. 1800.

The stream referred to is obviously the *Cairn*, near Dumfries. Burns once thought of a poem on an event in the life of Bruce, which would have been far more worthy of his pen—the battle of Bannockburn. But either he, or Mr Ramsay, from indistinctness of recollection, must have injured this anecdote in the relation; for who ever heard of an awl nine inches long? I have used the liberty of giving Mr Scott's words, because, in his allusion to the story merely from memory, he seems, in fact, to have expressed it in the language which is still used in the frequent allusions proverbially made to it by the peasantry of the south.

A number of curious particulars respecting the mode in which the king spent the two last years of his life, at Cardros, may be learned from the Chamberlain Accounts, a work of peculiar interest, which will soon issue from the press, under the care of the gentleman mentioned above. Kerr, in his *History of*

Robert I., has given a summary view of his private mode of passing his time during this period, of his amusements, expenses, &c. Vol. II. 472, 474.

The funeral of his majesty had been conducted with great pomp. Barbour gives the following account of it:

And quhen thai lang thus sorowit had,
 Thai haiff had him to Dunferlyne:
 And him solemply erdyt syne
 In a fayr tumb, in till the quer.
 Byschappys and prelatys, that thar wer,
 Assoilyeit him, quhen the service
 Was done as thai couth best dewiss.—
 And he debowaillyt wes clenly,
 And bawmyt syne richly, &c.—B. XIV. 874.

It is a fortunate circumstance, that, in consequence of the exactness with which the accounts of the crown had been kept, we are able to form a pretty just estimate, both of the magnificence, and of the expense, of his funeral. In one *Comptum*, A. 1329, we have the following *items*:

“Et Johanni de Lithcu pro expensis faciendis circa sepulturam regis, xix lj.” Chamberl. Acc. I. 63.

“Idem onerat se xxij petris et dimidia ceræ de Camerario quas liberavit Johanni de Lithcu.”

The delivery of these twenty-three stones and a half to John de Linlithgow, mentioned above, renders it highly probable that this wax was consumed in the funeral ceremony.

“Memorandum, quod de Cindone et libris aureis liberatis per Camerarium, receptis per empcionem, liberantur Johanni de Lithcu, v. begynis cindonis, et v. libri foliorum aureorum pro luminari et apparatu sepulture regis. Et Thome Armourer, xxiiij beginis et dimidia ulne. Et totum residuum circa herciam, et vestimenta circa altare, preter nouem beginis et tres libros aureos remanentes penes Sacristam de Donfermlin.” Ibid. p. 72.

Begynis, it is supposed, denotes rolls, or packages, although I have met with no similar term in any other language. The very fine linens, denoted by *Cindon*, and the books of gold leaf, had been used for hangings and ornaments.

From another *Comptum*, rendered 28th August, 1329, we find that upwards of £8 had been disbursed for vestments and coffers,

and a coverlet for a bed, that most probably in which the body lay in state.

“In solucione facta pro vestimentis, et cofris, et uno cooperatorio lecti ad opus domini regis, viij tj. viij d.—Et Thome de Carnoto pro tumbis domini regis faciendis apud Parisios, lxvi tj. xiiij s. iiij d.—Et Johanni Apotecario de dono regis, xiiij tj. xiiij s. iiij d. Et eidem pro feodo suo, xviiij tj.—Et Johanni Apothecario de mandato regis, lxxvj s. viij d.—Et Cimentario tumbarum pro vadiis suis, et curialitate sibi facta per custodem,—xxxviiij tj. xij s. Et Ricardo Barber de anno precedente pro dictis tumbis, xiiij tj. vj s. viij d.—Et operario tumbarum pro nauulo dictarum tumbarum, et pro expensis suis de Parysiis usque Brugs, et in Angliam et alibi vsque Donfermelin, xij tj. x. s.” Ibid. p. 99—101.

From this *Comptotum* it is evident, as a literary friend has suggested to me, that the king had given orders for this tomb a considerable time before his death. We cannot otherwise account for its being erected so soon after this event. The king died June 7, 1329; and the account containing these articles was rendered on the 28th of August immediately following. Thus, little more than two months had elapsed from the time of his decease to the erection of the tomb; which, as appears from the statement given above, was first transported from Paris to Bruges, then through England to Dunfermline. As he had long felt the decline of nature, this anticipation was perfectly analogous to the magnanimity and foresight which he had still displayed, even in the most trying circumstances, during his life. It appears, indeed, from the payment made to Richard Barber, that this monument, if not finished, had been well advanced in the preceding year. The *Cimentarius* seems to have been the workman, who, after the arrival of the tomb at Dunfermline, erected it there.

As far as we can judge from what have been viewed as its remains, the workmanship had been worthy of the use for which it was intended. Several years ago, in consequence of digging in the old quire, nearly about the place where it is believed that King Robert was interred, several broken pieces of white marble were found. One of these was sent to me as part of his tomb. It seems to have been elegantly chiseled into different small compartments, resembling Gothic arches. The ornamental parts had been gilded.

For a long time the vulgar opinion on the spot was, that he

had been buried in the middle of that part of the monastery now used as the church; and the crown on the outside of the roof was appealed to in proof of this. "Before the pulpit of the church presently used," says Mr George Barclay, A. 1723, "lies King Robert Bruce." Fernie's Hist. of Dunfermline, p. 180. But Mr Fernie himself has rightly opposed this idea. Ibid. p. 88. For, as Barbour assigns his body to the quire, Fordun has said that he was interred in the middle of it. *Sepultus est rex apud monasterium de Dunfermelyn, in medio chori, debito cum honore.* Scotchron. Lib. XIII. c. 14.

The Chamberlains' Accounts, however, supply us with further proofs of the *honour* done to this justly lamented sovereign.

"Et empcione duorum equorum pro lectisternio portando, x tj. xij s. iiij d. Et pro bordis de Estlandia emptis, pro capella facta supra corpus domini regis, die sepulture sue, xl s. Et domino Daud de Berclay, pro expensis suis apud Donfermelyn tempore quo fuit prouisor circa sepulturam domini regis, xxviii tj." Ibid. p. 102.

Hence, it appears that, for greater respect, a temporary chapel, of foreign wood, had been erected for covering the king's body before interment. This *Dominus Daud de Berclay*, in the article immediately following, is said to receive £10 "for his salary during the time that he continued in the service of the Earl of Carrick,—tempore quo stetit in seruicio Comitiss de Carric." Shall we view him as the same person who is called by Barbour "Schyr David the Berclay," who was one of the first barons who joined the king, was with him at the battle of Methven, and was there taken prisoner? V. Note on B. II. 44. Perhaps it is Robert himself, before he was made king, who is meant by the title of "Earl of Carrick." If so, it was no degradation to Berclay to attend him whom he viewed as his lawful sovereign. He must at any rate have been a person of rank, from his designation, from the trust reposed in him as having the whole charge of the funeral, and from his office as one of the Lords Auditors, as appears from the introduction to this *Comptum*, p. 86.

"Et abbati de Donfermelyn pro oblacione die sepulture regis, per finem factum, LXVI tj. xij s. iiij d. Et rectori ecclesie de Cardros pro oblacione ipsum contingente, de sepultura domini regis, xx tj." Ibid. p. 103.

"Idem computat in solucione facta Henrico de Driden pro

anima regis,—C. s. Et Brymbill ex elemosina pro anima regis, vi. s. viij d.” Ibid. p. 106.

Besides these donations claimed by the clergy at death, or made for the repose of the king’s *soul*, we have an account of further expenses for fine linen cloth, gold leaf, and wax. Eleven hundred gilt leaves, six hundred half leaves, with paper, and a box to hold them, were bought at Newcastle and York. Seven packages and five elns of fine linen, with the concomitant expenses for the funeral, are charged at £7, 16s. 3d. &c. &c. 1226 stones, 4½ pounds of wax, with 200 stones, as in a former *Compotum*; with 72 stones received from the person who had charge of the customs at Perth, are also specified. Ibid. p. 109, 123.

Expenses had been also incurred, on the same occasion, at Dunipace and Cambuskenneth.

“Et pro quibusdam expensis circa funus domini nostri regis apud Donipas et Cambuskyneth, de quibus expensis vicecomes de Striuelyn habet reddere rationem, xiiij tj. xiiij s. iiij d.” Ibid. p. 184.

“Ex compoto Receptoris victualium apud Clacmanan.

“Et domino Malcolmo Flemynge ad obsequias domini regis, v boll. iij firiot.” Ibid. p. 188.

From these *Compota*, perhaps it may be supposed that the company who attended the funeral from Cardros had rested by the way at Dunipace and Cambuskenneth.

At Dunfermline the workmen, who were employed in clearing away the rubbish, with which the area of the old *Sauter church-yard* was covered, for the purpose of laying the foundation of a new church, came upon a tomb, supposed to be that of King Robert Bruce. Within the tomb they found a skeleton, wrapt in a case of lead, of which that part which covered the head terminated in the form of a jagged crown. Around this case were the remains of a shroud of fine linen, interwoven with threads of gold. This, as far as one can judge from the specimens preserved of it, was that same kind of cloth which, in our old records, is called *Toldour*, *Toldoir*, and *Twoldere*; (Collection of Inventories, &c. pp. 34, 43, 44.) most probably a corruption of Fr. *toile d’or*, cloth of gold. The body, thus enveloped, had been placed in a coffin of oak. Of this, however, only some fragments, nails, &c. remained.

When this discovery was made known to the Barons of Exchequer, an order was immediately given that the place should

be covered up and properly secured, for protecting the remains of this great prince from dilapidation, or any thing that might have the appearance of disrespect, till such time as it should again be opened by authority from them.

Accordingly, on the 5th of November, 1819, the tomb was, in the presence of an immense number of people, re-opened, and the remains of the king were deposited in a leaden coffin provided for the purpose. The skeleton was found entire; and, after being examined by several medical gentlemen, some of them of the University of Edinburgh, a drawing was made of the skull, and a cast of it was taken. A number of leaden boxes were then deposited in the coffin by Henry Jardine, Esq. of the Exchequer, containing the different coins of the realm, Barbour's Life of Bruce, in black letter, 4to edition of 1714, Kerr's History of his reign, the History of Dunfermline, the Edinburgh Almanack and Directory, with all the newspapers printed in that city during the preceding week, &c.

After the masons had prepared the foundation, the new coffin was laid in the same situation as the former one. For the preservation of the bones from putrefaction, it was judged proper to fill the coffin with pitch. A plate was put on the lid, bearing the year of the first interment, and also that of the re-interment. The whole was then built round with brick. The Lord Chief Baron and a number of gentlemen were present.

There seems to be no good reason to doubt that this was the tomb of King Robert. Its situation answers to the account given of the place of his interment by Bower, which he says was "in the middle of the quire." It was here also, or in the immediate vicinity, that the fragments of the marble monument were discovered several years ago, of which mention has already been made, p. 491. The appearance of the skeleton exactly corresponds with the account universally received, of the king's heart having been taken out according to his own instructions. V. Note, p. 476, 477. As the medical practitioners of that age were not the best anatomists, I am assured by the gentlemen of the faculty who were present, that they had most satisfactory evidence, from the inspection of the skeleton, that the *sternum* had been sawed through, that the operators might get at the heart. Besides, on the day of the re-interment, when the masons were covering up the tomb, they found among the rubbish a plate of red copper, 5½ inches in length, and 3 in breadth, scarcely

one eighth of an inch thick, which had been put on the first coffin, bearing this inscription, *Robertus Scotorum Rex*. This plate has unquestionable marks of antiquity. It is accurately represented in the Vignette in the second title-page of this volume. The letters exactly resemble those on the coins of this king, with this difference only, that the letter *O* appears on the plate in a quadrate form. The cross is placed under the inscription, with a mullet or star in each angle, precisely as on the reverse of his coins. The crown is also quite the same with that which appears there.

It has been proposed to erect, by subscription, a monument, on or near the spot where the body is interred; and surely this must be viewed as only a small tribute to the memory of a prince to whom his country owes so much for his unwearied exertions in asserting her liberty and independence against a host of foes, both foreign and domestic, and for a series of years in such untoward circumstances as seemed to blast all hopes of success. The favourable testimony of an enemy can be supposed to be exacted solely by the force of truth: and we may judge of the light in which Bruce was viewed by the English nation from the character given of him by Knyghton. "*Numquam fuerat in retroactis temporibus aliquis rex in Scotia qui tanta mala exercuit in Anglicos sicuti iste in temporibus suis. Nam in tantum subpeditavit Anglicos in tempore suo pro defectu gubernaculi regni Angliæ, quod duo Angli vix valebant debilem Scotum.*" Decem Scriptores, 2555.

EXPLANATION OF THE VIGNETTE IN THE TITLE-PAGE OF THIS VOLUME.

The Vignette, besides giving an exact representation of the plate described above, which had been originally placed on the coffin of King Robert, also exhibits an urn, meant to represent that in which his heart, after it was brought back from Spain, was deposited in the Abbey of Melrose. Here also appear his sword and helmet. In the foreground the battle-axe is introduced, which broke in the king's hand when he gave the fatal stroke to Henry de Bohun, a gallant English knight, who had singled out the king on the field of Bannockburn. For the device and drawing of this, as well as of the other Vignette, I am indebted to James Skene, Esq. of Rubislaw.

The sword and helmet, mentioned above, were for many ages preserved in Clackmannan Castle, and are now in the possession of the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine; having, together with the family-tree, been bequeathed to him, by the widow of Henry Bruce, last Baron of Clackmannan, as the representative of that very ancient and honourable family, who were descended of John de Bruce, a younger son of Robert, fifth Lord of Annandale, and uncle to King Robert Bruce. The right of representation is, however, also claimed by Bruce of Kennet, who sprung from a younger son of the second Baron of Clackmannan, and who bears the arms of that family entire.

The sword, so long preserved at Clackmannan, having been referred to, it ought to be mentioned that there had been another sword, in the possession of the royal family, as that of King Robert Bruce, at least as late as the reign of James the Fourth, which seems to have been viewed as a precious *heir-loom*. This sword, it appears, had been carried by the unfortunate James III. to that field near Bannockburn, where his fate was so different from that of his illustrious ancestor in the same place. Here it had been lost, together with a coffer belonging to the king, containing four thousand pounds of money in gold. One of the name of Simson had recovered and restored both; who, for his diligence and fidelity, received from James IV. an annual pension of £4, 10s. Scots, from the lands of Cessintuly, called Donald-Youngisoun, and from those of Coldoch, called Watte Smethiston.

Accordingly, in the *Comptum* rendered July 7, 1489, by James Redheuch, Chamberlain of Menteith, (preserved in our Records,) we find the following grant: "Waltero Simson, pro suo servitio, et recuperatione ejusdam *Baxe* quatuor millium librarum auri monetati, et ejusdam *gladi quondam Roberti Bruce*, in bello prope Striveling in die Sancti Barnabe apostoli, et domino Regi deliberatis, pro toto tempore vite dicti Walteri,—iiii tj. x s."

This might be a sword of state; as it does not appear that James III. was so fond of warfare, that he would attempt to wield the two-handed sword borne by his great progenitor.

DA Barbour, John
783 The Bruce
 .4 New ed.
A2B2
1869

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

